MAN'S WORLD

quote from the piece

"BILLIONS MUST DIE"

A REPORT FROM MY MIND

BY RAW EGG NATIONALIST

THIS MAGAZINE
PURE SATIRE. AL
BRANDS AN
ESPECIALLY THOS
PEOPLE, BRANDS
ARE ENTIRELY F
MAGAZINE SHOU
BY ANYONE. IF IT
GET A

E IS A WORK OF
LL CHARACTERS,
D EVENTS —
E BASED ON REAL
S AND EVENTS —
ICTIONAL. THIS
ULD NOT BE READ
T OFFENDS YOU...
A LIFE.

MAN'S
THE BEST OF MEDITATION
REMEMBER THE
NOOR AH LADIN IN CONVERSATION WIT
THE VILLAGE AND THE WARRA
THE SCRIMSHANDA
VITAL MONUMENT
CANNIBALISM IN CHI
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING
MAN'
PARENTAL
ADVISORY

ANTELOPE HILL

THE NEW MAN'S WORLD ANNUAL 2022.
AVAILABLE NOW FROM ANTELOPEHILLPUBLISHING.COM

CONTENTS

34 MEDITATIONS
The MAN'S WORLD opinion section, with essays on a wide variety of contemporary subjects by RAW EGG NATIONALIST, LUNKHEAD, MARCUS HARDWIRE and more

68 SURFING THE SILVER TSUNAMI
Thoughts on Japan and the Japanese with FIRST WORLD REFUGEE

78 WARRIOR AND MOBY DICK
An exclusive essay from ATHENIAN STRANGER

88 NIETZSCHE AND HIS CENTURY
MAN'S WORLD From the Archives: classic essay by OSWALD SPENGLER

106 THE BUGMAN ARCHIPELAGO
CIVILIAN1A makes the case for national divorce: let the bugmen have their precious cities, because we don't need them

118 THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO
The classic short story by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

140 MAN'S WORLD COUNTERBLAST
The centrepiece polemical essay returns. This time, COSMO SENEX provides a no-nonsense look at the chances of today's dissident artists

148 IN SEARCH OF VENUS
Welcome to *Nationalist Geographic*! MAN'S WORLD favourite STONE AGE HERBALIST returns to guide us through vast spans of history in search of the origins and meaning of the famous Venus statues

174 DREAMING OF AVANT-GARDE ACCELERATION
Essay by RINGLEADER

186 THE 39 STEPS
The classic adventure story continues, as Richard Hannay returns to London in his desperate bid to foil the evil plotters of the Black Stone

198 BOOK REVIEWS
CHARLES HAYWOOD reviews *Breakfast with the Dirt Cult* and NOSTROMO reviews *Early Christianity and Greek Paideia*

MAN'S WORLD

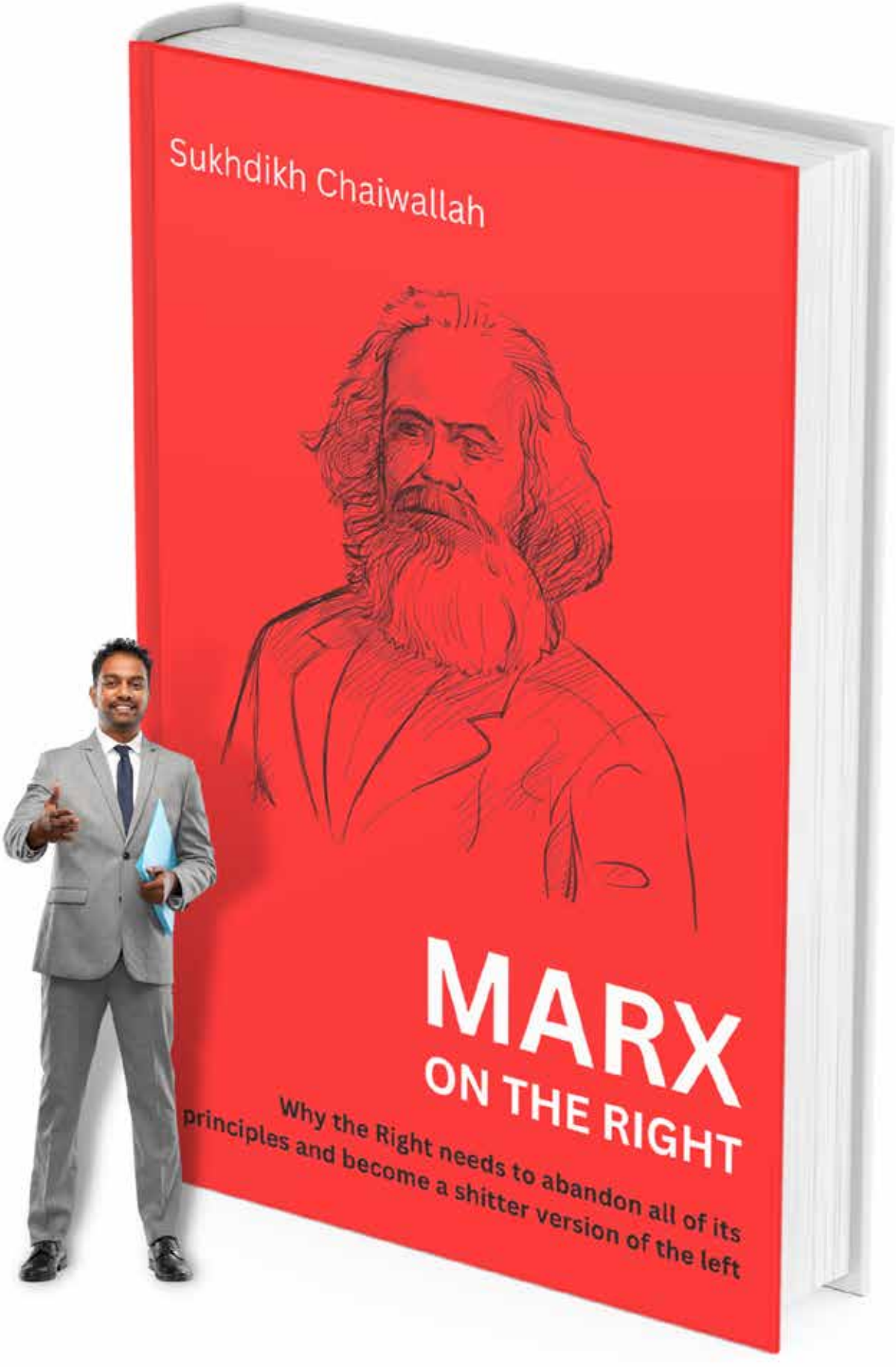
"BILLIONS MUST DIE"

A REPORT FROM MY MIND

BY RAW EGG NATIONALIST

incomprehensible noises

Slavoj Žižek


Sukhdikh Chaiwallah
MARX
ON THE RIGHT
Why the Right needs to abandon all of its principles and become a shitter version of the left

*actual size

236 THE AUTEUR OF "FUCK RACISM"
ASTRALFLIGHT and SPENDO give Quentin Tarantino a severe dressing-down

MOVIES

THE AUTEUR OF "FUCK RACISM"

Quentin Tarantino's entire oeuvre is defined by a very familiar ideology

by ASTRALFLIGHT and SPENDO (@spendokush)

216 FOOD
More delicious recipes from RAW EGG NATIONALIST, including a classic summer salad and an ice-cream homage to the great bodybuilder Chuck Sipes

258 THE SECOND HOUR OF DECISION
MONOPTHALMOS pieces together what the sequel to Spengler's great work would have looked like had he not died

268 ETERNAL PHYSIQUE
A profile of the legendary Casey Viator, who is most famous for his participation in the "Colorado Experiment", when he put on over 60lbs of muscle tissue in a month

276 SPIRIT OF THE SAMURAI
ALARIC THE BARBARIAN provides a thrilling account of the ethic of perhaps the most famous — and feared — warriors in history

286 NOOR BIN LADIN IN CONVERSATION WITH
NOOR BIN LADIN returns with an interview of National Pulse founder RAHEEM KASSAM

304 MOZGOVOY
An exclusive extract from a new book about the death of the infamous Ukrainian separatist leader Mozgovoy

312 LOST CAUSES
An exclusive extract from RICHARD NICHOLS' page-turning spy novel in the great tradition of Fleming and wForsyth

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

SEMPER FIDELIS.

Always faithful. Always true.

It's more than just a motto.

It's a creed to live by. And a creed to die by, if needs be.

That's why, here at Cuck Operator Coffee Kompany, we stand with the United States Marine Corps as it remains always faithful, always true to its core values of Diversity, Equity and Inclusivity.

And if that means revealing the identity of a former Marine to the national media in order to help speed the country's descent into Rwanda II: Electric Boogaloo — well, we think that's a fair price to pay for never wavering from your mission.

So we, the proud veterans of CUCK OPERATOR COFFEE KOMPANY say:

OO-RAH, MARINES. KEEP ON DOXXING!

Gage Cuckrane, CEO and Founder of C.O.C.K.

CUCK OPERATOR
COFFEE KOMPANY

C O
C K

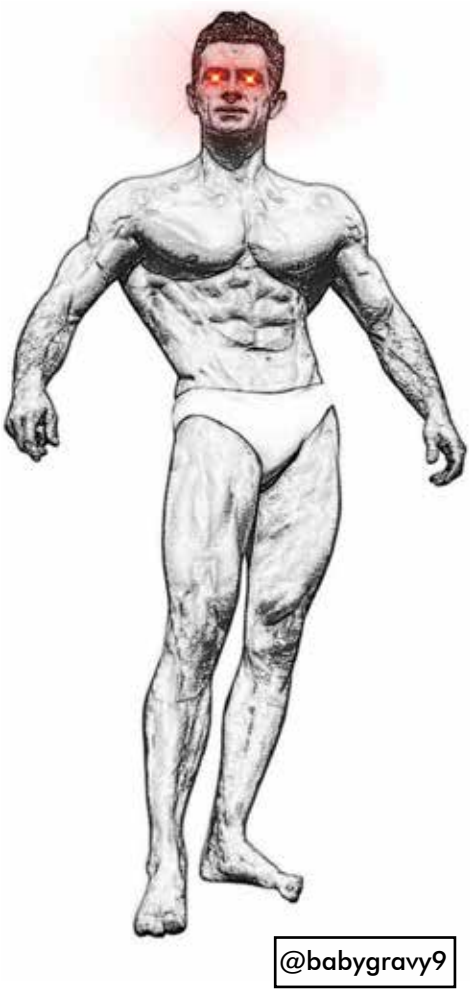
RAW EGG NATIONALIST *Your editor*

"MAN'S WORLD:Nobody does it better!"

Hello again, dear friends. Welcome to the latest issue of MAN'S WORLD. That's Issue Eleven (just count on one from ten: you can do it!). You've got quite the ride ahead of you, so make sure you're properly strapped in and let's get going.

Once more, MAN'S WORLD has delivered something truly unique. Peerless. Without compare. [*He goes on, listing various synonyms.*] But I really mean it. Who out there is doing anything that really measures up, in any way, to what we're doing? Does any so-called magazine — online or in physical format, or both — educate, inform AND entertain you like MAN'S WORLD does? Only MAN'S WORLD gives you the full package. If there's something distinctive about the so-called "dissident right", something that only this motley band of thoroughly well-adjusted young men (and a few well-adjusted women) can offer the world, you'll find it here and nowhere else.

And I'm not just saying that because I'm the man behind MAN'S WORLD. The "future of dissent" is not, as some think, simply the publication of articles that contain just a pinch more spice than you'd find in a standard "conservative" offering. Nor is the "future of dissent" a series of vague nods to the value of "aesthetics" — whatever that's supposed to mean — interspersed with a few sub-vaporwave images hastily assembled in Photoshop.



"DOES ANY SO-CALLED MAGAZINE — ONLINE OR IN PHYSICAL FORMAT, OR BOTH — EDUCATE, INFORM AND ENTERTAIN YOU LIKE MAN'S WORLD DOES?"

No, the "future of dissent" is none of these things. Bronze Age Pervert showed us the path, way back in 2018 (50 years ago!!) with his "exhortation" *Bronze Age Mindset*, but most haven't fully understood exactly what he was trying to say or, just as importantly, what he was trying *to do*. Vitality, humour, love of life in its every facet and manifestation — joyous affirmation: this is what we have to feed the world, and especially the young and hungry, for whom the mainstream right has nothing to offer but dull prescriptions and shopworn moralism.

Oh yes, Issue Eleven! It's very good. Very good indeed. 350 pages of the finest essays, books reviews, interviews, advertisements (real and fake) and much more. MAN'S WORLD: Nobody does it better! ■

WANT TO WRITE FOR MAN'S WORLD?

Here at Man's World, we're always looking for new contributors to dazzle, inform and amuse our readership, which now stands in the hundreds of thousands.

If you have an idea for an article, of any kind, or even a new section or regular feature, don't hesitate to get in contact by sending an email to mansworldmagazine@protonmail.com or contacting our new Twitter account (@mansworldmag_). You can also try to contact the man himself on Twitter.

Generally, the word limit for articles is 3,000; although we will accept longer and (much) shorter articles where warranted. Take a look at the sections in this issue for guidance and inspiration.

MAN'S WORLD

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

editor-in-chief

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

editorial director

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

deputy editor

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

art director

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

deputy editor's assistant

RAW EGG NATIONALIST *editor at large*

EDITORIAL

COPY: RAW EGG NATIONALIST

RESEARCH: RAW EGG NATIONALIST

STAFF: RAW EGG NATIONALIST

ART

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

senior art director

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

art coordinator

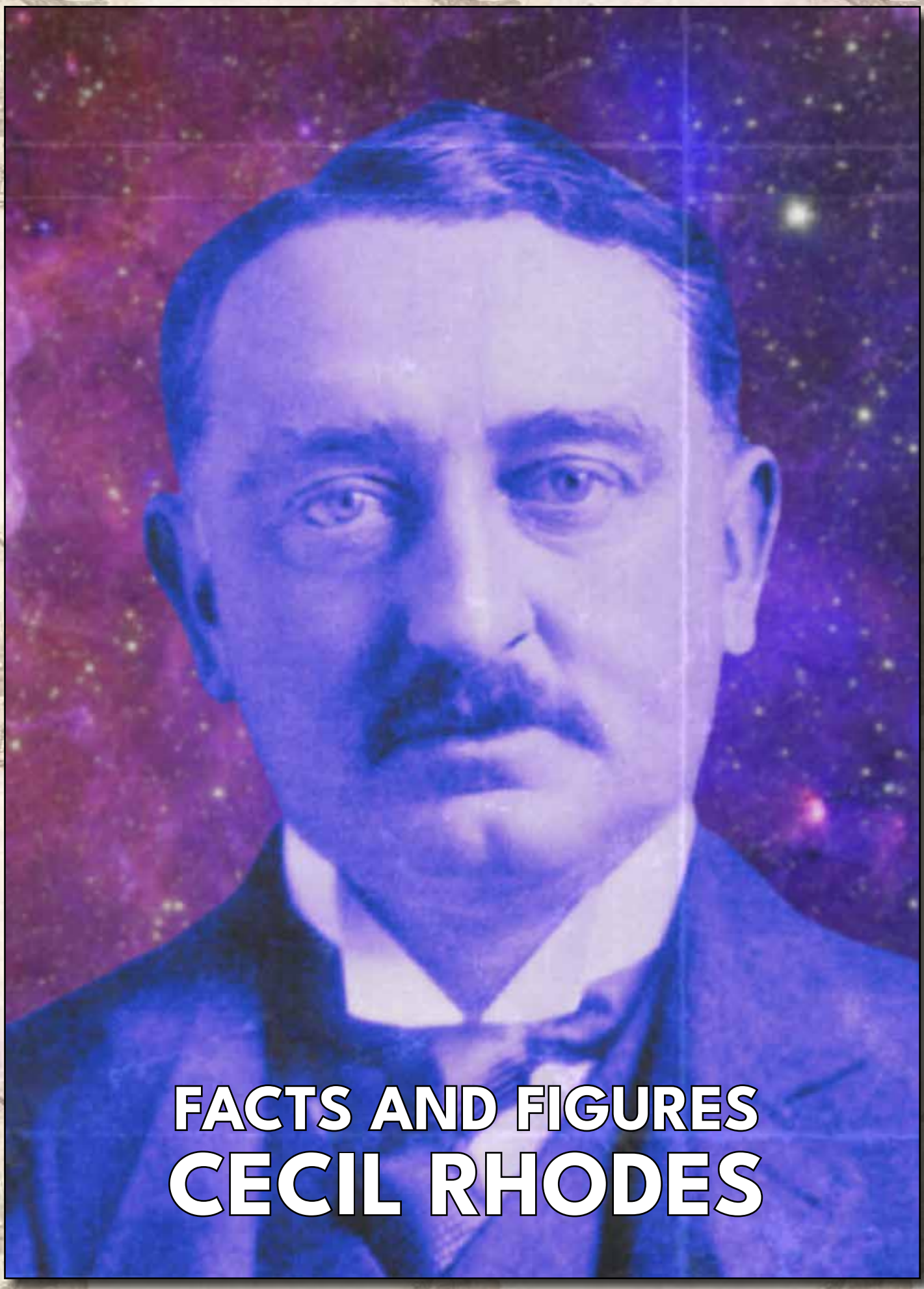
PUBLIC RELATIONS

RAW EGG NATIONALIST

vice president / director

ADVERTISING

GLOBAL: RAW EGG NATIONALIST



FACTS AND FIGURES
CECIL RHODES

"TO THINK OF THESE STARS THAT YOU SEE OVERHEAD AT NIGHT, THESE VAST WORLDS WHICH WE CAN NEVER REACH. I WOULD ANNEX THE PLANETS IF I COULD; I OFTEN THINK OF THAT. IT MAKES ME SAD TO SEE THEM SO CLEAR AND YET SO FAR"

BORN: 5 July 1853, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire, England

DIED: 26 March 1902, Muizenberg, Cape Colony

Cecil was the fifth son of Louisa Peacock Rhodes and the Reverend Francis William Rhodes

Cecil first left Englad for Africa in 1870, to live with his uncle in South Africa, on his cotton farm. Cecil had been a sickly child, suffering from asthma, and it was believed the climate would benefit his condition.

His journey to South Africa took 70 days.

Rhodes entered the diamond trade soon after arriving, and within two decades would gain complete control over the world's diamond markets. He founded De Beers in 1888.

He entered South African politics in the early 1880s, and became prime minister in 1890.

After early forays into imperial expansion, Rhodes founded the British South Africa Company in 1889, which was authorised by the British government to obtain new territory.

The modern-day nations of Zambia and Zimbabwe were part of Rhodesia, a vast swathe of territory that his company obtained and administered for the Crown.

He founded the Rhodes Scholarships in the hope of creating future leaders for the Anglo-Saxon nations (the British Empire, the USA and Germany).

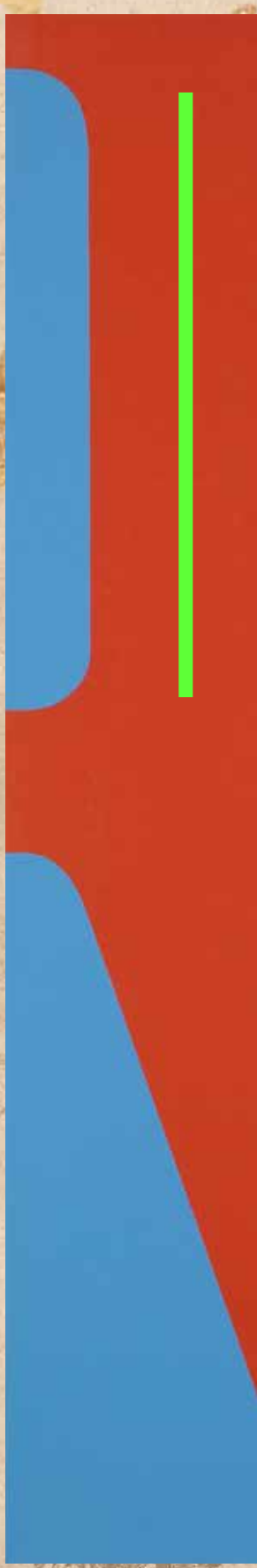
IN THE SEMINAL ORDER, WE BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF HIERARCHY. EVERY MAN NEEDS TO KNOW WHO IS TOP... AND WHO IS BOTTOM.

BRIAN GOLDBERG
FOUNDER OF THE SEMINAL ORDER

SEMINAL
ORDER

The History of ~Western Art~

with RIVELINO THE ARTIST

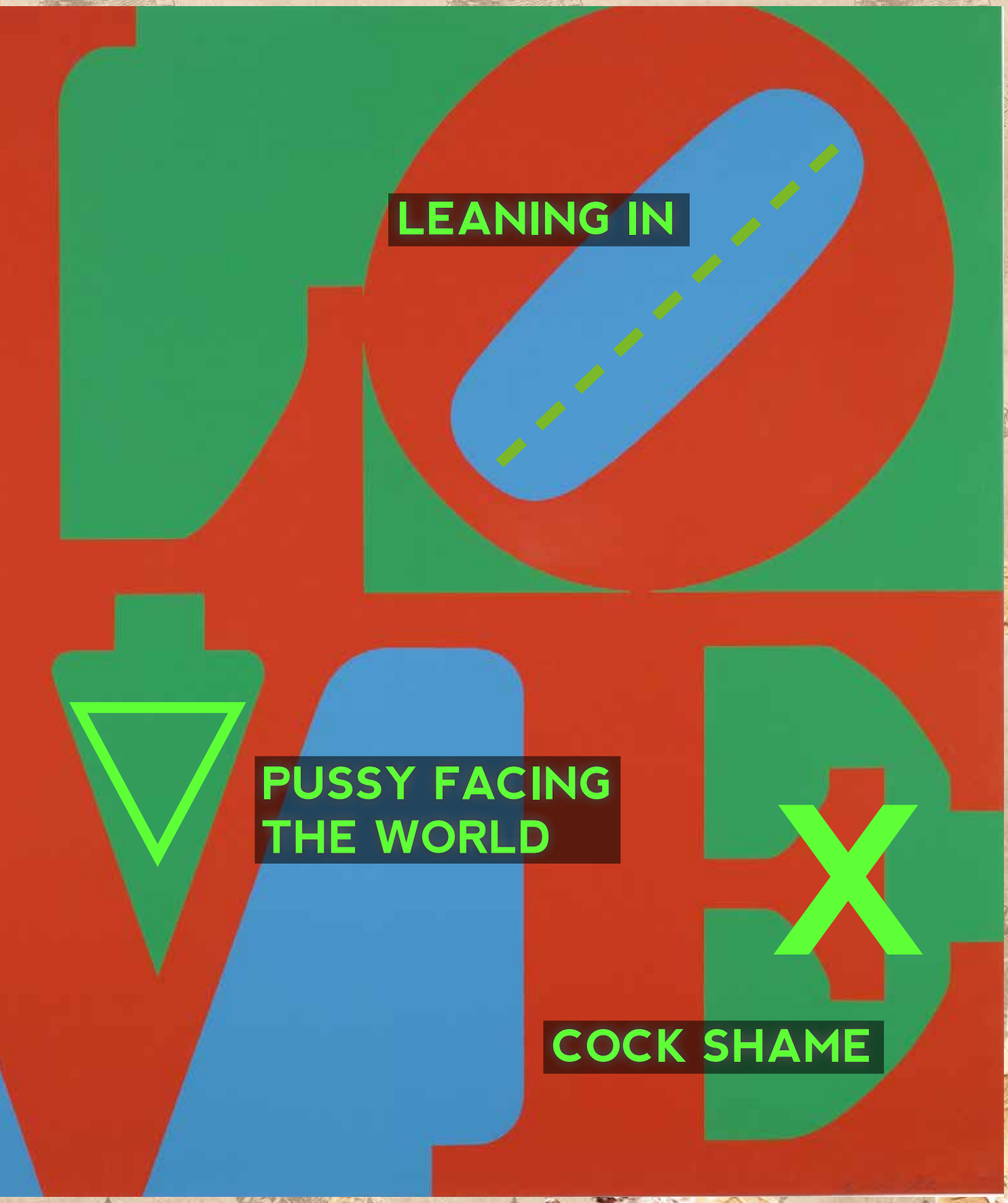


"Love", Robert Indiana, 1967
Screenprint
Museum of Modern Art, New York

"The word spells love. But the picture is far more than a word. That lovely round O, beside the upright L and carried by the bracing E, takes on a bodily form. It swoons, it leans, its head has been turned. It flirts. It has been knocked sideways by love. The American pop artist Robert Indiana created a pure and concentrated modern pictogram with this surpassingly famous painting, lettered in the colour of love against a blue and green landscape. The image has sold by the million, a valentine for our age. Love – what else matters?"

Where, oh where, to begin? The letter O here is leaning in desperately. It's not a wonder V is flashing her pussy to the world. E's lack of cock confidence will be his downfall. Only the L seems to have retained its dignity and managed to stand up straight. Bravo! Be an L.

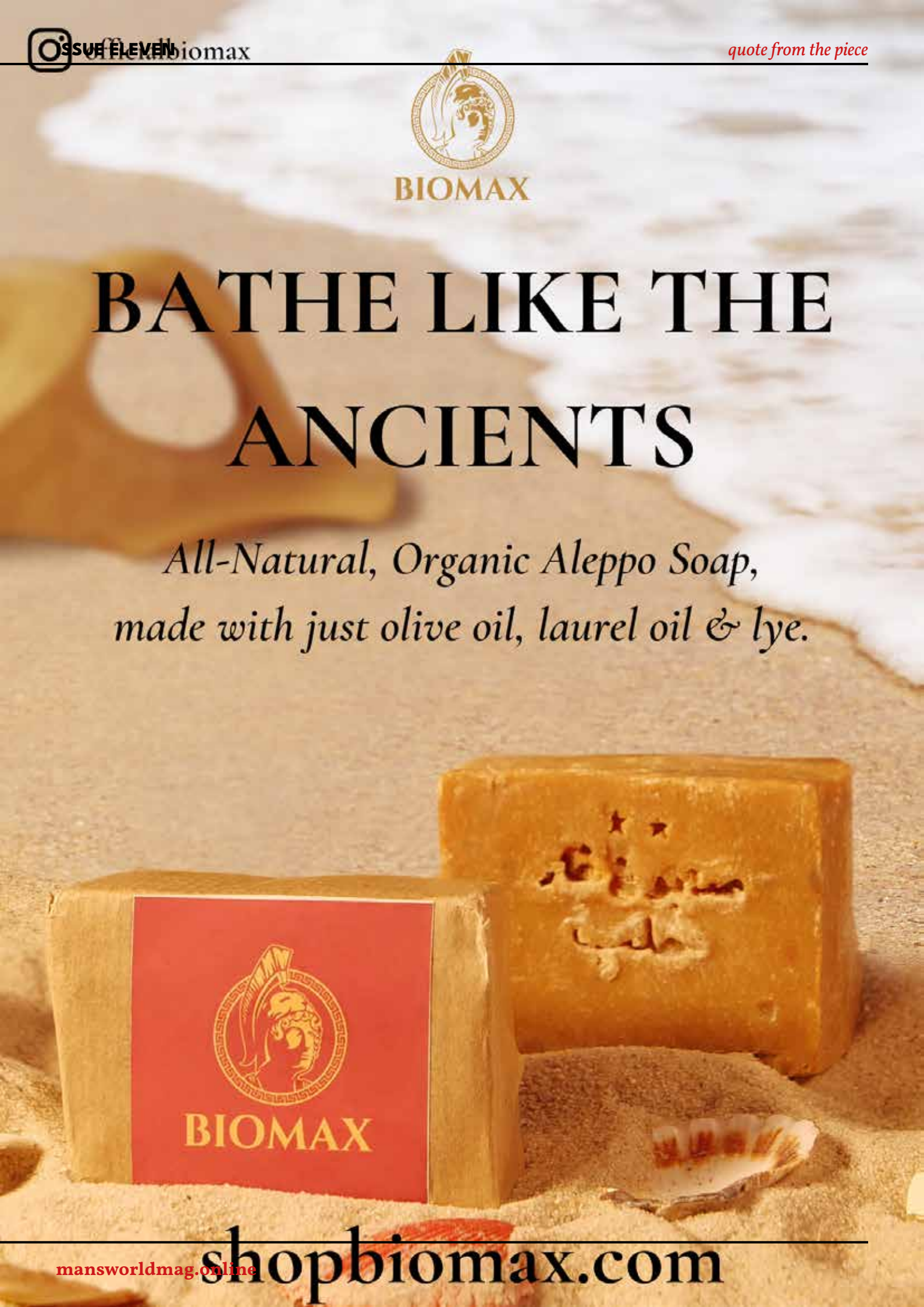
DIAGNOSIS: Flop art.


LEANING IN
PUSSY FACING THE WORLD
COCK SHAME

THE ONE AND ONLY

MILK-LY!

RAW MILK. THE ONE AND ONLY HEALTH DRINK.


BIOMAX
BATHE LIKE THE ANCIENTS
All-Natural, Organic Aleppo Soap,
made with just olive oil, laurel oil & lye.
BIOMAX
shopbiomax.com

UNCLE TED

THEODORE JOHN KACZYNSKI
1942-2023

LETTER TO A YOUNG ANON

by TED KACZYNSKI

During his decades in the Colorado Supermax prison, Uncle Ted received untold letters, many of which he replied to carefully and in depth. Here is one of those replies, touching on the important subject of self-discipline

You ask several questions, none of which can be answered briefly. I don't have time to attempt full answers to them, but I can offer a beginning of an answer, as follows:

You ask what qualities an individual should aspire to. First and foremost, one should aspire to self-discipline. This is a quality in which nearly all of our young people nowadays are deficient. I suspect that the deficiency is a result of excessive exposure to electronic media, "social" media in particular. In any case, I would advise you and your friends to undertake the systematic cultivation of self-discipline. For a start, I would suggest the following:

1) Almost all of the young people who send me handwritten letters fail to write neatly, legibly and clearly; and you are no exception. As a first exercise in self-discipline, you and each of your friends should send me a handwritten letter that is neat, very legible, and well-organized, with every word spelled correctly. Undoubtedly you are capable of doing this; it's just a matter of applying the necessary self-discipline.

2) You should undertake a program of physical training. You can start by running half a mile a day. When you feel comfortable with that, move up to a mile. And so forth, until you are running five miles at least four times a week. The object of this will not be to win races or anything of that sort, but simply to cultivate self-discipline. And, of course, it's always advantageous to be in good physical condition.

3. In view of your age I suppose you are still in school, and it may be that your schoolwork requires you to use computers. But, apart from your schoolwork, cut your use of computers, Iphones, and other electronic media down to a maximum of one hour a day. This will not only be good training in self-discipline – it will reduce the damage your suffer from over-exposure to electronic media.

You ask about leadership. Self-discipline is probably the first and most important quality of good leadership. In particular, one must learn to control the expression of one's emotions. The ability to remain calm and self-possessed under all circumstances wins respect. See *Anti-Tech Revolution*, page 173.

That's all I have time for now. Let me know how it does. But when you write to me I may not be able to answer promptly, due to time constraints and because the prison authorities have been playing tricks with the money that I need to buy postage stamps.

Yours for the Revolution,

Ted Kaczynski

@FORBESPHYSIQUES

FORBESPHYSIQUES.COM

FORBES PHYSIQUES

LET'S RETURN TO AESTHETICS

astral
flight
@astralflightpod
podcast
astralflight.substack.com

NATCU
LON
CUCKSERVATISM IS

June 25-28th
UCK UK
DON
BUTLERS WHARF
GOING... NATIONAL!

FIAT LUX

~ a novel by ~

William du Jour

wear power
Bronze age solar symbols
Odinic magic
sacred runes
past as present
ancestral attire
teutonic togs
survive the
Jive
web-shop
survive-the-jive.creator-spring.com

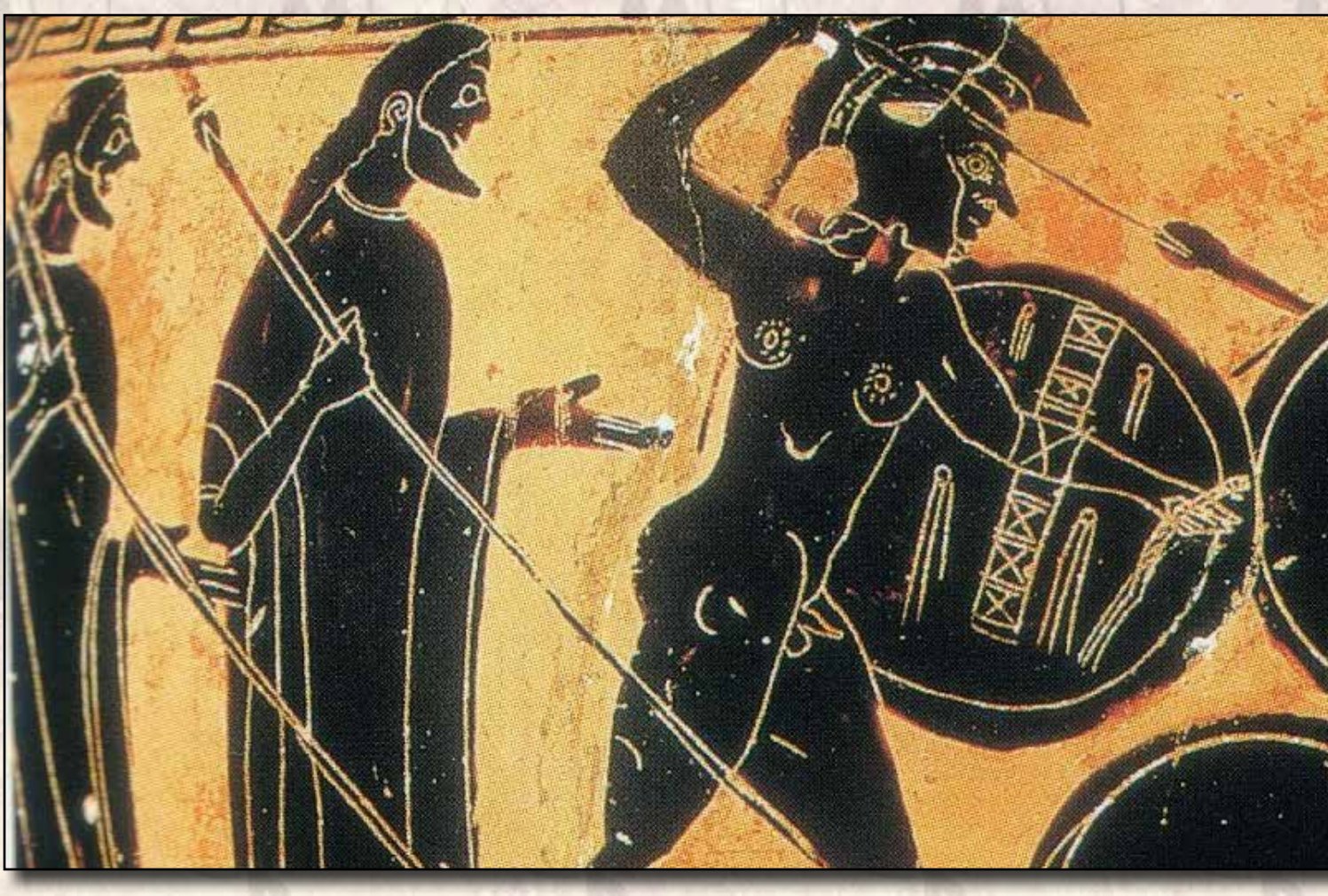
THE ABSOLUTE STATE OF BLUECHECK TWITTER

cartoon by ENDING BIGLY (@endingbigly)

Brian Krassenstein
@krassenstein

"I don't understand why kids seeing a naked gay man on a bike is a problem. I saw loads of naked gay men in my childhood, and look how I turned out!"

TANAKA MANUFACTURING



BREAK BAD NEWS LIKE A REAL SPARTAN

Master Laconic expression and even your mortal adversaries will admire you

by COST OF GLORY

Sh*t happens, and when it does, it's good to be a man about it. Here's a lesson from the Spartans on how to do it.

Late in the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians rallied and defeated the Spartan fleet at the battle of Cyzicus, driving their ships to the shore. The Spartan supreme admiral, Mindarus, went down fighting in a bloody struggle on the beach. The entire Spartan fleet was destroyed, 80 ships.

This was very bad news.

The Spartan left in charge pulled out a scytale, their primitive message encryption device, and dashed off a famous letter to the authorities back home, containing only 12 words. We'll take it piece by piece.

"Ships gone."

Deliver the worst news first. Does he write "We write with unfortunate news…," or "Fate is fickle…" or anything that might soften the blow here? No. Does he elaborate with details? "In a hard fought sea battle, where Sparta's finest…"? No. That's all obvious.

"Mindarus Dead."

Find the second worst news, and say that sec-

ond, if there is any. Take a deep breath, don't lose nerve, and keep going. As the news giver, you need to give people a scope of the badness as quickly as possible.

"The men starve."

Spell out the implications. Allow the reader to imagine the situation enough to get a scope of what they (and you) are dealing with. Think about it: this, and all the statements prior to it, are actionable. (Need ships, need new admiral, need food, etc.).

"At our wits' end what to do"

Include everything you have done so far. It may not be obvious, but the above statement is Spartan for "We have tried everything our training instructs us to do, including consulting locals for assistance, selling excess supplies, and spear fishing in the shallows. It is our opinion that we require your help, as any further remedy (such as surrender) would exceed my authority as commanding officer."

Here's the original Doric Greek message, 12 words (there's a contraction in there):

Ἔρρει τὰ κᾶλα. Μίνδαρος ἀπεσσύα. πεινῶντι τᾠνδρες. ἀπορίομες τί χρὴ δρᾶν.

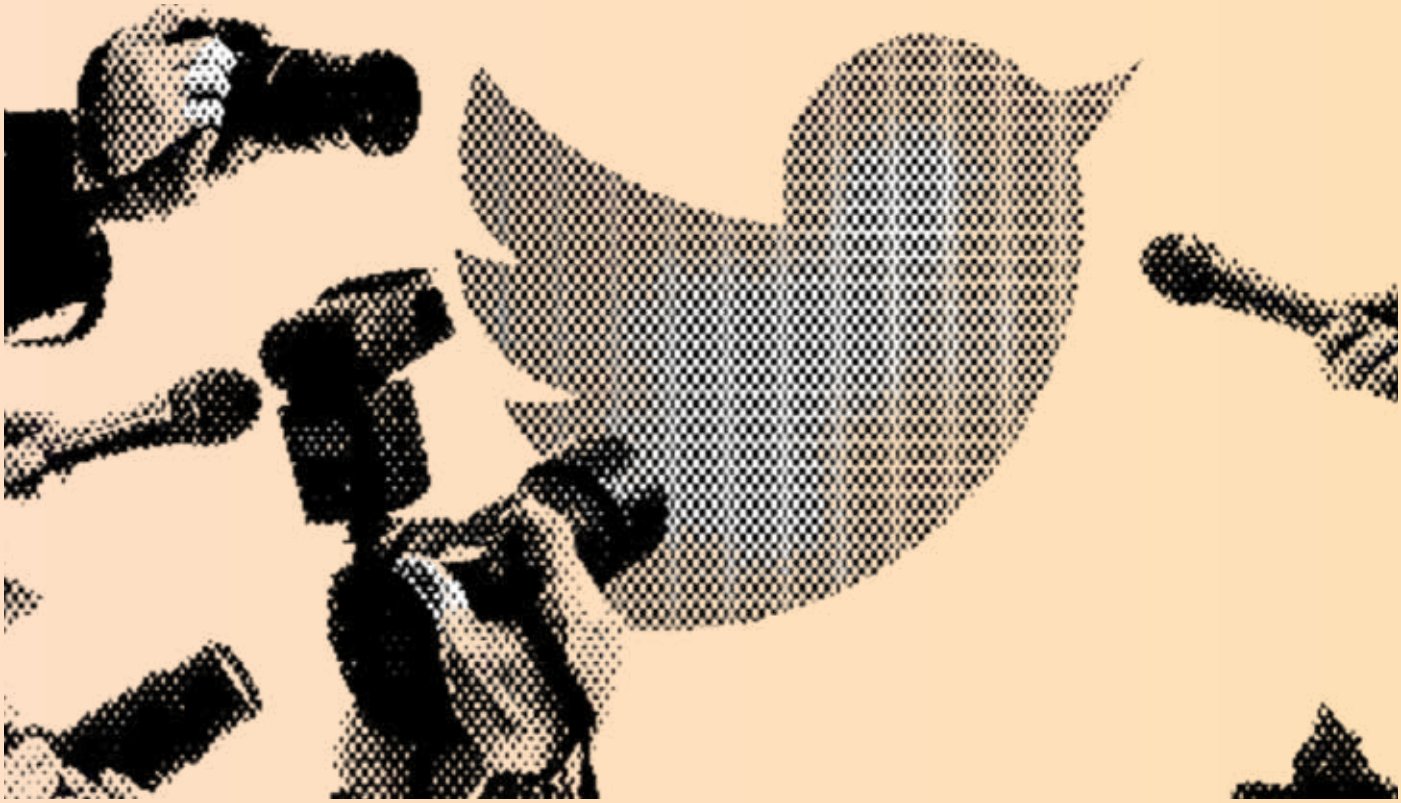
The letter was intercepted by the Athenians. They cracked the code and read the message. Even though they were exultant about their victory, they marveled at their enemies' laconic brevity ("laconic," as you know, comes from Laconia, the Spartans' homeland). They shared the message with the other Greeks and it became famous.

Xenophon tells the story in his Hellenica. I cover it as well, on the Cost of Glory podcast, in the Life of Lysander. In the aftermath of Cyzicus, the Spartan authorities sued for peace, which the Athenians rejected.

When Athens eventually lost the war, Sparta installed the oligarchic regime of The Thirty. One of the leaders of The Thirty, Theramenes, was a commander at Cyzicus, alongside both Alcibiades and Thrasybulus, the man who would go on to topple The Thirty in a democratic counter-coup. How sweet it is for a state to unite all its forces in a common effort, instead of turning their spears on each other.

But you, Anon, learn to deliver bad news well, like the Spartans did, and you will develop the habit of doing it more. This is useful, because hard, honest exchanges like these are one of the things that separate the serious men from the trivial.

MEDITATIONS



RAW EGG NATIONALIST

CAVEAT TWITTOR

DON'T SEW THE SEEDS OF YOUR OWN DEMISE

There are people out there who want to ruin your life. They're watching you. And if you're not careful they will ruin your life. At best, you might find it hard to get a job. At worst, you might lose your job, your family, your friends – *everything*. You might even end up in jail.

I don't mean to be melodramatic. I'm not trying to scaremonger. Such people do exist, and they're paying close attention to what you're saying online, anon. You may think nobody would be sad enough to do such a thing – "I have less than a thousand followers and just post Gigachad memes!" – and it's only the "big" accounts like BAP or I that are in the sights of the internet police, but you're wrong. There absolutely are people sad enough to be adding you to a Twitter list or an Excel spreadsheet, and trawling through your posts looking for information that could be used to identify you or someone close to you. Some of these people may even be journalists. Never make the mistake of believing there's a depth to which a journalist wouldn't sink. Look at Taylor Lorenz.

And even if you aren't wrong in *your* specific instance, at this moment in time, you'd be better off behaving

"THERE ABSOLUTELY ARE PEOPLE SAD ENOUGH TO BE ADDING YOU TO A TWITTER LIST OR AN EXCEL SPREADSHEET"

as if you *are* being watched. Primarily, that means tightening your opsec (more on that in a moment) and thinking carefully about what you post and whom you associate with. Down the line, you could be a much bigger account with lots of followers, and if you're not careful now, you may already be sowing the seeds of your own very public demise. Take it from me: I never thought I would have 150 followers, let alone 150,000, but here I am. I'll be honest, I probably made some mistakes back in the early days, including telling people my real name, which is JOHN WINTHROP, and that I live, for tax purposes, on THE ISLE OF MAN. (Thankfully nobody seems to have picked up on the fact that I am JOHN WINTHROP who lives on THE ISLE OF MAN.)

The perils of online anonymity have been thrown into the starkest of relief in recent months by the terrible saga of Ricky Vaughn, which I'm sure you're already familiar with. But for those who aren't, I'll give a summary. Ricky Vaughn was a Twitter account with a huge reach during the 2016 presidential election cycle. His memes were regularly retweeted by the most influential figures on the right. The MIT Media Lab even ranked him ahead of NBC News, Stephen Colbert and the Drudge Report in its list of the top 150 influencers of the election. Because of a disagreement with Congressional candidate Paul Nehlen, the name behind the Vaughn account, Douglass Mackey, was revealed on Twitter and then confirmed in a detailed Huffington Post exposé. For the unforgivable crime of helping Trump win the election, the media continued to pursue Mackey, even after he retired the Ricky Vaughn account and moved to Florida. Then in January 2021, just a few days after Biden took office, Mackey was arrested on federal election interference charges, because of a fake "text your vote for Hillary" meme he made in 2016. He's already been convicted in court, using legislation created over a century ago to fight the Klan's violent attempts at voter suppression in the South, and now faces ten years in prison.

If you think that sounds stupid, you're right: it does. It's incredibly stupid. But that doesn't change the fact that this is the world we live in today.

Just a couple of months ago, a much less prominent Twitter account than Ricky Vaughn – but a great poster nonetheless – was doxxed by a so-called journalist in a fourth-rate online magazine. I don't want to draw more attention to the case, or provide any substantiation of the journalist's claims, so I won't say the name of the account, the man alleged to be behind it or the shitty little rag the piece was published by. What I'll do instead is just give you an idea of how the poster's supposed identity was established, according to the piece. Here goes:

- The account's handle was originally the same as the name of the man alleged to be behind it, before changing to its based iteration.
- The account and the man alleged to be behind it shared the same email account.
- The man alleged to be behind the account posted about travelling to the same places as the account, including leaving a Google review for a hotel that matched a description of a hotel in one of the account's Twitter posts.
- The man alleged to be behind the account posted about the same films as the account, including leaving IMDB reviews that matched some of the account's posts.
- Both the account and the man alleged to be behind it posted extensively about a

certain Far Eastern country. The man behind the account has a wife from that country.
- The account regularly posted about politics in the country where the man alleged to be behind the account is from (not the US), despite the account claiming to be based in the US.

This is an invaluable lesson in opsec: everything this poster did, you should avoid doing yourself. Of course, this list isn't exhaustive, but it's a very good start. Do not convert a personal account into a based anon account. Do not use a personal email address for your based anon account. Do not cross-post on social media and other publicly accessible sites. In fact, don't cross-post, full stop. Do not post about interests or personal circumstances and attributes that might be uniquely identifying: if you are one of the five people in the world to have a cyclopean eye or goat's horns, keep it to yourself, and likewise details about where you went to university, when, and other such information.

You might be wondering how the journalist discovered the shared email and the old Twitter handle. Good question. It was an open secret – confirmed by Elon Musk in his Tucker interview – that large numbers of people at Twitter have had more or less unfettered access to users' accounts, including direct messages and private information. The easiest explanation, therefore, is that somebody at Twitter simply gave the email address to the journalist. I've heard it said that a certain Javascript application allows an account's previous handles to be revealed, but I don't believe this. Again, I think it's more likely that somebody at Twitter simply provided that information to the journalist, and that the Javascript story, which doxxers like to parrot, is to provide plausible cover for this collusion.

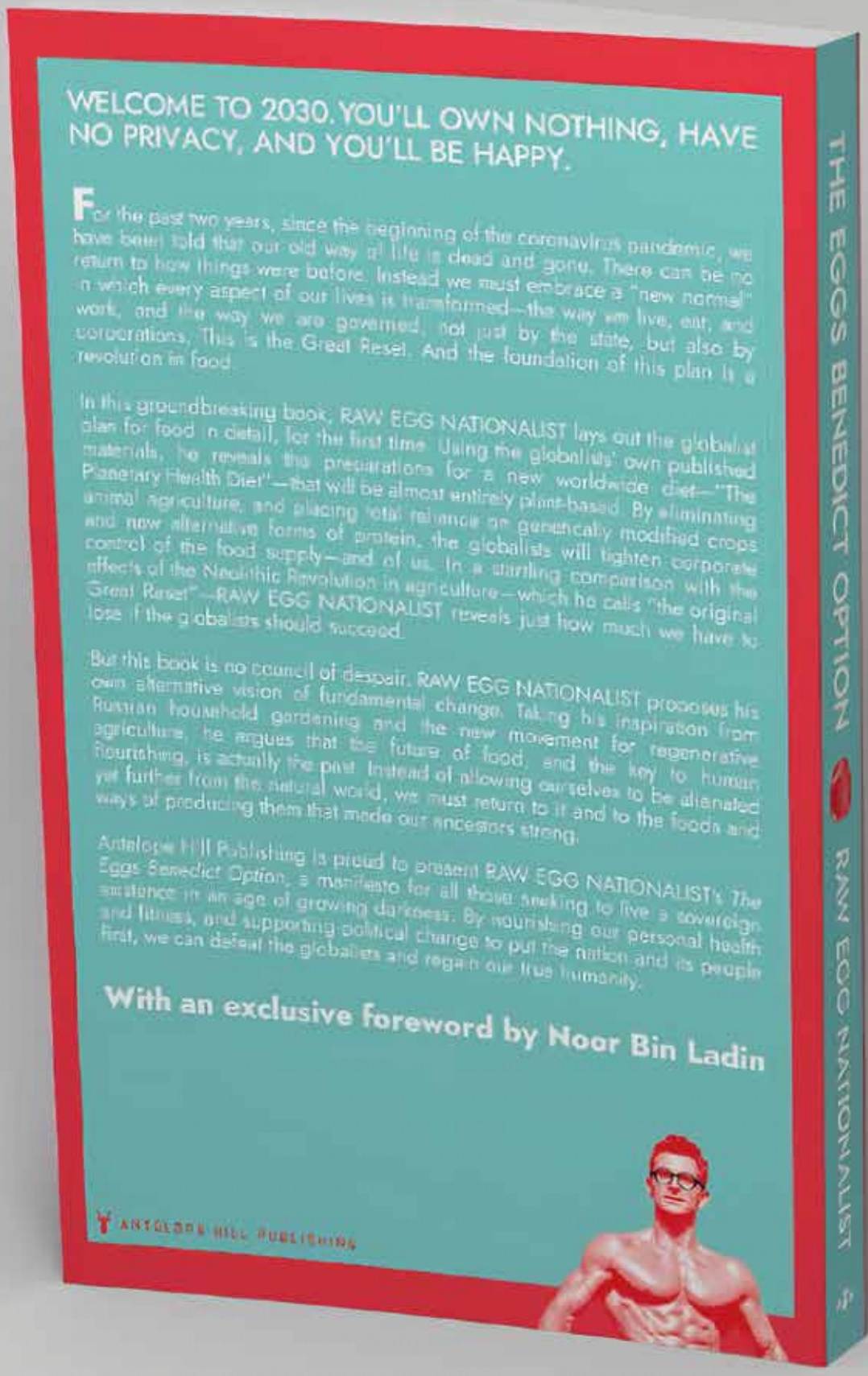
All of which is to say that, even now, despite Musk's takeover of Twitter, you shouldn't consider it to be a friendly platform. Information that is supposedly private is not necessarily so. You would be better off treating every kind of interaction as public, including conversations in group chats.

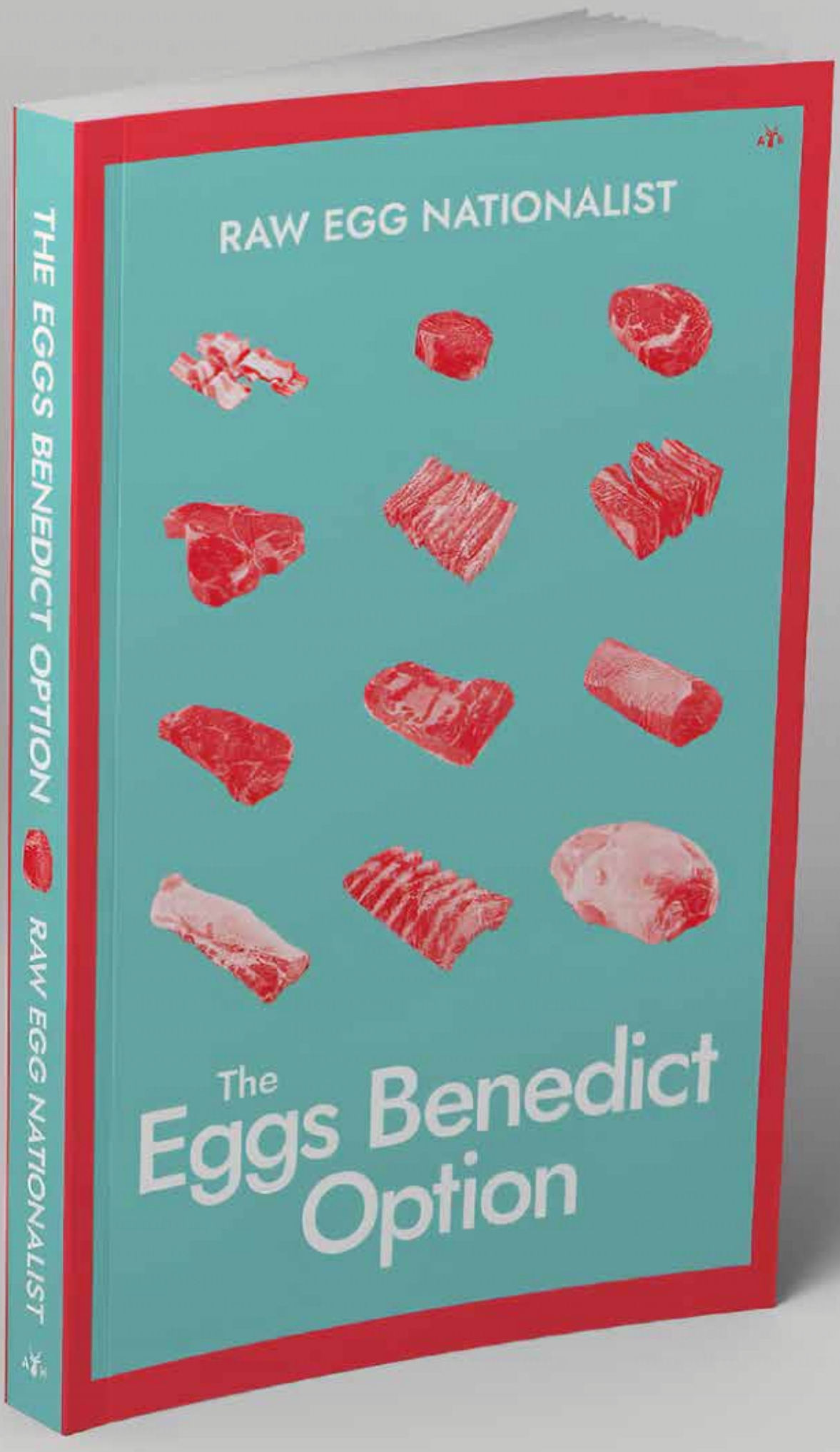
The situation is complicated by the fact that there are also people on our side, or at least ostensibly on our side, who are more than happy to play the doxxing game and collude with our enemies for momentary positional advantage. I'm sure you know who I'm talking about, and if you don't, you will if you stick around long enough. Take note of who traffics in tittle tattle and personal information, who posts screenshots of group-chat and personal messages, and especially people who tweet and retweet doxxings: these are people to avoid if you can.

You should be extremely wary of people who suggest meeting up in real life, and that includes people who run websites and online magazines. I have never, and will never, ask you to meet me in public or private, for any reason. I'm not interested in who you actually are. You could be Emily Rajtakowski wrapped up in a big silk bow and I wouldn't care. Really – and there are few presents I'd rather unwrap, any day of the year, than EmRa. The fact that someone is going to pay you $100 for an article on your latest big idea does not make them your friend. Write the article, by all means, but don't take the money. Ask for it to be donated to an animal shelter instead. All I can say at this point is that there are going to be some extremely damaging revelations about certain people in this sphere, probably quite soon, and you're going to feel mighty silly if you've given them your bank details or, worse yet, met up with them for a drink and told them your life story after one too many frothy IPAs.

I know this has been the essayistic equivalent of a cold shower. But cold showers have their benefits. Like I say in my judge's commentary for the excellent second Passage Prize book, what the "dissident right" needs at this moment, more than anything else, is a significant dose of realism. That includes not only a frank reckoning, collectively, with what the movement is all about, but also a personal coming to terms for each and every one of you. What is it you want to do? How much risk are you willing to take? Do you really care enough to jeopardise your personal safety? Those questions are questions only you can answer. Good luck.

STREAMING NOW ON NOTFLIX
ENGLAND'S VIKING KANG
KANUTE


WELCOME TO 2030. YOU'LL OWN NOTHING, HAVE NO PRIVACY, AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY.
For the past two years, since the beginning of the coronavirus pandemic, we have been told that our old way of life is dead and gone. There can be no return to how things were before. Instead we must embrace a "new normal" in which every aspect of our lives is transformed—the way we live, eat, and work, and the way we are governed, not just by the state, but also by corporations. This is the Great Reset. And the foundation of this plan is a revolution in food.
In this groundbreaking book, RAW EGG NATIONALIST lays out the globalist plan for food in detail, for the first time. Using the globalists' own published materials, he reveals the preparations for a new worldwide diet—"The Planetary Health Diet"—that will be almost entirely plant-based. By eliminating animal agriculture, and placing total reliance on genetically modified crops and new alternative forms of protein, the globalists will tighten corporate control of the food supply—and of us. In a startling comparison with the effects of the Neolithic Revolution in agriculture—which he calls "the original Great Reset"—RAW EGG NATIONALIST reveals just how much we have to lose if the globalists should succeed.
But this book is no council of despair. RAW EGG NATIONALIST proposes his own alternative vision of fundamental change. Taking his inspiration from Russian household gardening and the new movement for regenerative agriculture, he argues that the future of food, and the key to human flourishing, is actually the past. Instead of allowing ourselves to be alienated yet further from the natural world, we must return to it and to the foods and ways of producing them that made our ancestors strong.
Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present RAW EGG NATIONALIST's The Eggs Benedict Option, a manifesto for all those seeking to live a sovereign existence in an age of growing darkness. By nourishing our personal health and fitness, and supporting political change to put the nation and its people first, we can defeat the globalists and regain our true humanity.
With an exclusive foreword by Noor Bin Ladin
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING
THE EGGS BENEDICT OPTION
RAW EGG NATIONALIST


THE EGGS BENEDICT OPTION
RAW EGG NATIONALIST
RAW EGG NATIONALIST
The Eggs Benedict Option

J.L. MACKEY

SELF-HELP IS SNAKE OIL

In some sense, the world is entirely different from how it was fifty years ago. In others, it is exactly the same. People, however, are the same they've always been, with their life goals, careers, problematic in-laws, inter-office politics, children, and retirement planning. And yet – the self-help industry has never been larger. While in recent years it's undergone some interesting rebranding (from *How to Win Friends and Influence People* to the extremely blunt *Unfuck Yourself*), it's still fundamentally the same in what it claims to accomplish.

The idea of the "expert" has become incredibly capacious. We take our cars to master mechanics, who have been practicing for decades, because we are personally unable to diagnose or fix a strange sound coming from our car's engine bay. The idea of letting a painter or novelist fix a car is obviously silly, but questions regarding life have become exempt from any kind of domain-specific bounding. Now, a person with a PhD in a field that didn't exist twenty years ago is apparently qualified to tell us how to fix the inner workings of our entire lives.

Reliance on experts for sensemaking has been a wildly successful marketing ploy on the part of academia. What better way to ensure the money continues to roll in than making people believe an advanced degree is what's needed to navigate their office work environment or fast food-induced lethargy?

The majority of self-help books say the same things, which are also the same things our parents, teachers, and adults told us when we were children. These truths get repackaged in new and technical, multisyllabic terminology and receive an endorsement from someone "famous" and – BAM! – suddenly we're supposed to believe it's novel information. *Atomic Habits*, one of the best-selling self-help books in the past decade, has these chapter titles, for readers wanting to achieve a set of goals: "make it obvious", "make it attractive", "make it easy", and "make it satisfying". Somehow these basic tenets, which a grade schooler could derive, costs fourteen dollars and are stretched across three hundred pages. This book allegedly sold ten million copies. *Seven Habits of Highly Effective People* is the same thing: "be proactive", "begin with the end in mind", "seek first to understand". Forty million copies sold.

The self-help industry is a multi-billion dollar one. Articles concerning its valuation make up the first ten search-engine results. Assuming this content is even marginally beneficial, you'd expect to see some noticeable benefits across society. But rates of obesity, depression, medication usage, and other unfortunate things are increasing as fast as they ever have. The success of self-help books seems then, primarily, to be making their authors and publishers boatloads of money in direct sales and conference appearances. Anthony Robbins, a notable self-help author and motivational speaker, will gladly charge you a $1000 for a conference ticket. In one of the promotional photos for one of his events, Robbins is wearing a $100,000 watch. He is allegedly worth upwards of $600 million. His success literally comes from telling others how to be successful. By any definition, that is pure grift. Meanwhile, the reader or conference attender is left with a large credit card bill, and little to show for it other than more colorfully-bound books or a poorly-fitting t-shirt from a swag bag.

Be a good person. Find something worth waking up for, and do it diligently. Help others when you can. Tell the truth. Every reasonable person knows these to be true. The postmodern failure is the insistence that it must be more

complicated. ("But what does it mean to be a 'Good Person?'" "What is 'Truth'"?) Pulling the chair out from under yourself is guaranteed to make your ass hurt. Real social lives have been largely supplanted by virtual ones. Meaningful hobbies by Netflix. Having children by having pets. Relationships by transactions. Instead of becoming masters of a craft, we watch an otherwise unknown Vietnamese man on Youtube become one. All for the sake of convenience.

The glib, casual tone these book titles take (*Unfuck your Brain*, *The Subtle Art of Not Giving a Fuck*, *Let That Shit Go*, etc.) only serves to demonstrate a lack of the thing they claim to find for the reader: profound sincerity and meaning. Such titles are undoubtedly the brainchild of some marketing person in a low-brow attempt to grab the attention of younger readers. These people, like the authors themselves, seem mainly to care about sales figures. Good products sell themselves. They don't need gimmicks or questionable sales tactics. Whatever marketing theory is drawn upon for such titles, it clearly works. They sell like bottled water in a desert. The popularity for books with titles like these seems like another iteration of the same perceived problem: the world is changing and people are fundamentally changing with it. New language is required. The same things, just said differently.

One begins to wonder: Who is consuming this content? Book sales data is generally very hard to come by, and the demographics of their readers are only slightly less so. However, it is an ironic near-certainty that the demographic least likely to consume self-help content is the same one which keeps this country running on its most basic levels: blue collar men. There is no existential crisis of purpose or meaning in replacing a power-line transformer when it fails and explodes, or ensuring the municipal drinking water supply meets quality standards, or when a steam-powered machine in a paper mill goes down and one must crouch in the humid dirty darkness to fix it. *These things need doing, and I am capable of doing them.* The work is hard, but it has tangible results.

And because the work can be grueling, time away from it develops a real value and importance. Maximizing it with meaningful and deeply satisfying endeavors becomes natural. It is a much different story for those whose work and personal lives become blurred together, or those who find themselves living in a giant city while still lacking a sense of community and belonging. When there's nothing to really show for the efforts which our lives revolve around, it becomes natural to question our lives.

The wisdom and advice now looked for in books and podcasts used to come from the elderly and the esteemed: religious leaders, family matriarchs and patriarchs, people accomplished in their fields. People who knew us, and so could give us tailored advice, people who have our best interests at heart, and genuinely want us to be successful. This form of teaching is simple and straightforward, and has worked since time immemorial. Progress and innovation still took place. We still got penicillin and the steam engine and the internet, and we didn't even have to unfuck ourselves. Grandpa used to sit on the porch and tell us what we needed to hear, but we put him in an old folks' home a while ago. Now we're starting over in a more technical, advanced, nuanced way, led enthusiastically by the experts, who have developed The Answers. The idea that actionable, quality advice is one-size-fits-all is prima facie absurd. Luckily, it's never too late to call Grandpa up and ask him for some advice – and he'd probably be honored and happy for having been asked. The wisdom and knowledge is just sitting there, and doesn't require an Amazon Prime membership for next or same-day delivery.

The self-help industry will dance all around it until the cows come home, but it doesn't have a solution for motivation – because it can't provide one. It can, at most, suggest to us different ways of looking at or thinking about things, but what's still required is the doing of the thing. Some book, podcast, interview, or Dr. Phil episode isn't going to get someone off their butt to repair a broken relationship or complete a marathon. They either want to do the thing badly enough – in which case, they do it – or they don't. No jargon here. Do or do not. There is no secret sauce. Conveniently, no

Real lamb's wool pillows, hand-made by a family business.

The best night's sleep you've ever had!

THEWOOLSHIRE.COM

self-help book will admit this.

Technology and modernity may have streamlined our lives but they have done nothing to change what people need: healthy familial relationships and supportive close friends, trust in other people, outlets for creative energy, and the ability to enact the power process and find meaning. Technology has flooded our lives. It has simultaneously made it easier to do, and to ignore, the things we know are good and right. As it has always been, technology is just a tool-but there's a lot of money in convincing people caught in the screen and gigabit deluge that existence itself has somehow meaningfully changed. *Are YOU living at your highest refresh rate, friend?* Selling the problem and its supposed cure ensures they always come out on top. Smartphones will very conveniently tell you when you've been on them too much. Netflix will auto-pause after you binge an entire season of a show. How thoughtful.

The questions concerning what it means to be a good or fulfilled or moral or successful person have been asked for thousands of years, and have been written about ad nauseam for the same amount of time. In a way, this desire for a third party to tell us how to live is a self-inflicted kick in the pants. When traditional ideas are pushed out of the window with a teenage sense of rebellion, they have to be replaced. But what should they be replaced with? And who should decide? This method of questioning leads to nowhere and nothing but an endless regress of further questions. *Why? Why? Why? Why…*

If only we could make a little more Progress, then things would fall into place. Just a little more superfluous complexity may finally simplify things. A final screen to tell us how to manage the other screens efficiently. An app that optimizes the usage of other apps. Personal, unencumbered free time to devote to thinking deeply will finally become available only after we all have self-driving cars for our commutes. An ultimate book to replace all other books. Personalized AI servants with calm British accents to weave through our professional lives and schedules and email accounts. Just imagine what you could accomplish, then!

JOHN MAC GHLIONN

THE RISE OF THE CUCK

Last year, Vogue's Michelle Ruiz asked, somewhat ridiculously, if monogamy was officially over. It's safe to say that it's not. However, it's also safe to say that, in the U.S., monogamy is less kosher than it was a couple of decades ago. Today, a staggering 33 percent of American adults now say that their ideal relationship is non-monogamous. Multi-partner relationships are on the rise, with throuples, a romantic relationship between three individuals, growing in popularity. Three's a crowd, they used to say. Not anymore, apparently.

Across the U.S. an increasing number of those in monogamous relationships are also exploring alternative, sexual avenues. They are prepared to stay with their partners, but only if their partners are willing to open their minds (and legs) to new experiences.

Joe Duncan, a prominent sex researcher and writer, told me that these new experiences come in a variety of flavors. First, he said, you have the typical swingers, "couples who explore erotic encounters, mostly with other couples. They usually enjoy excursions for mutual benefit." In other words, it's about fulfilling the couple's fantasies. Then, there is "hotwifing," "where the woman has erotic encounters with people outside the primary relationship, while the man does not". "The men," Duncan stressed, "derive immense pleasure from the thought of this for a variety of different reasons."

Finally, we have "cuckolding," a close sibling of "hotwifing,"

where a man gets turned on by watching his wife have sex with another man. However, unlike "hotwifing," there is a male degradation/female domination component. "Cuckolding tends to have underlying themes of humiliation and BDSM, as it plays heavily on power dynamics," said Duncan. The female and the third party assume the dominant positions, while the husband assumes a totally submissive, standoffish position. "The prominence of power themes depends on those doing the deed," said Duncan. Quite often "there's an element of masculinity," with the wife telling her husband, either explicitly or otherwise, that the stand-in is "so much more of a man than you are." The husbands are always submissive, and, as Duncan noted, "the women involved sleep with other men in front of their male spouses and either humiliate them or trash-talk them."

To be clear, Duncan added, "the men are deeply aroused by this and it's done to fulfill his fantasy." David J. Ley, a renowned clinical psychologist who has spent years researching sexual dynamics in the U.S. and beyond, told me that some men find the humiliation liberating. The humiliation gets them off. Ley seemed to think that this was something worth celebrating. I beg to differ. Ley argues that the emergence of cuckolding and hotwifing come at a time when the shame and stigma around alternative sexual lifestyles are starting to recede. Again, he thought this was a point worth celebrating. Again, I beg to differ.

In a recent essay for The Atlantic, Matthew Loftus put forward a strong argument against the legalization of vice. "Our hearts and minds are shaped not only by reason but also by our habits," he wrote. These habits "are just as often inexplicably self-destructive as they are reasonable." One wonders what Loftus would have to say about "cuckolding." Now, it's important to state that I'm no sexual prude, and two (or three) consenting adults should be allowed to do as they wish with their own bodies. Nevertheless, important questions must be asked like: what kind of man is willing to "pimp" out his wife for his own sexual gratification, and what does the rise of cuckolding say about broader society in general?

As Duncan reiterated, the purpose of "cuckolding" is primarily for the man's pleasure, as "it fulfills his fantasies (of watching, hearing stories about it, listening, etc.)." The fact is, he said, "most men harbor fantasies about it." In fact, in the U.S., "it's one of the most popular male fantasies in existence, at least according to men's porn searches." He's right: it is. In recent years, porn searches for "swingers" have declined substantially, while internet searches for "cuckolding" have increased dramatically. Justin Lehmiller, a sex researcher at the Kinsey Institute, suggests that cuckolding may be the "new swinging." Think about that for a second. At least with swinging, both the husband and wife (or boyfriend and girlfriend) get to partake in the sweaty infidelity. With "hotwifing" and "cuckolding," things are a little different. Only the woman gets involved, while the man essentially takes a seat in the bleachers and watches on (popcorn optional). Around the very same time "cuckolding" searches started to explode in popularity, OnlyFans, an online platform mainly used by female sex workers to sell their DIY porno to the masses, burst onto the scene. On first inspection, the practice of "cuckolding" and OnlyFans appear to have little in common. On closer inspection, however, they both involve putting female promiscuity on a pedestal. Moreover, they both involve males occupying the role of horny, desperate spectators.

The rise in both "cuckolding" and OnlyFans comes at a time when fewer men are having sex. Roughly one-third of young men in the U.S. are sexually inactive. The emasculation of American men is a real and growing problem. One can't help but feel that this weakening of the male psyche plays a role in both cuckolding and OnlyFans. To share your wife with another man is not just odd, it goes against everything traditionally masculine men are wired to do.

Rollo Tomassi, the best-selling author and "Godfather of the Red Pill" community, told me that, in this hyper-feminized world, "eroticizing and embracing cuckoldry is in the reproductive interests of the low-value, low-testosterone men we have in abundance today." Testosterone levels *are* dropping. And there's an obvious reason why cuckolding has gone mainstream in recent times. Men are, on average, noticeably weaker – physically, spiritually and psychologically – than they were a few decades ago. For some, "cuckolding" is a liberating experience. On the whole, however, it is a reflection of a shift towards a gynocentric society, in which an increasing number of men are only too willing to humiliate themselves.

Discover Arktos, the world's premier right-wing publishing powerhouse!

Established in 2009 in the United Kingdom by CEO Daniel Friberg, Arktos has since expanded its reach to mainstream outlets, revolutionising the publishing landscape. It is now primarily concentrated on publishing articles through its newly revamped website, offering readers a fresh and engaging platform to explore thought-provoking content.

Our European editorial offices have built a legacy of excellence. Derived from the Greek word αρκτος, or 'bear', Arktos is a name that carries the essence of the Arctic, invoking the majesty of Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. This powerful name also symbolises the last light of the day as one of the Greek Hours.

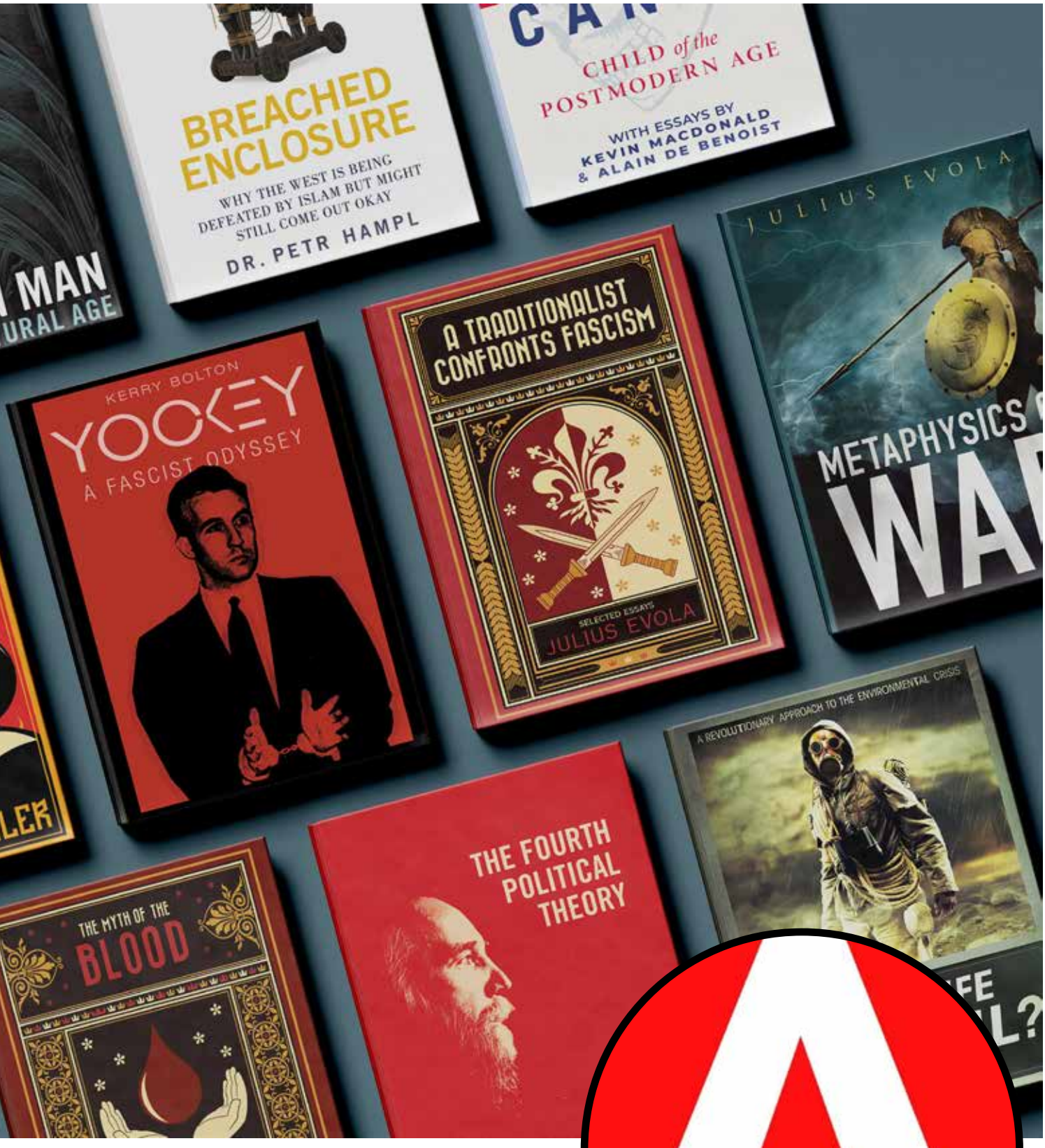
We have published works from over fifty acclaimed authors, featuring names like Julius Evola, Alain de Benoist, Tomislav Sunic, Guillaume Faye, Paul Gottfried, Roger Scruton, Tito Perdue, Kerry Bolton, Sri Sri Ravi Shankar, Steven J. Rosen, and Oswald Spengler. Since our public launch in May 2010, we have released more than 250 titles in sixteen languages, achieving worldwide circulation through our website and other distribution channels.

As the leading publisher of New Right and Traditionalist thought, we have introduced the writings of influential thinkers to English-speaking audiences. Our books have garnered acclaim from numerous sources, such as The American Conservative and Adbusters.

At Arktos, we explore a wide array of subjects, including politics, philosophy, spirituality, religion, history, culture, and literature. Our publications feature reprints, original translations, and innovative works from distinguished authors.

We pride ourselves on giving a platform to unique perspectives that challenge mainstream narratives. As a catalyst for intellectual exploration, Arktos empowers individuals to envision a world beyond the status quo.

Dive into our eclectic catalog and discover treasures that will captivate your mind! Sign up for an Arktos membership to gain access to member-exclusive articles and enjoy additional benefits.


BREACHED ENCLOSURE
WHY THE WEST IS BEING DEFEATED BY ISLAM BUT MIGHT STILL COME OUT OKAY
DR. PETR HAMPL
CHILD of the POSTMODERN AGE
WITH ESSAYS BY KEVIN MACDONALD & ALAIN DE BENOIST
JULIUS EVOLA
METAPHYSICS
A TRADITIONALIST CONFRONTS FASCISM
SELECTED ESSAYS JULIUS EVOLA
KERRY BOLTON
YOCKEY
A FASCIST ODYSSEY
A REVOLUTIONARY APPROACH TO THE ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS
THE FOURTH POLITICAL THEORY
THE MYTH OF THE BLOOD

ARKTOS

arktos.com

LUNKHEAD

AMERICA AWAITS HER KING

The passing of Queen Elizabeth II and recent coronation of her son King Charles III have given the world cause to reflect on this peculiar institution called the British monarchy — lauded and condemned in turn as a precious patrimony of the British people and an obsolete relic of a shameful past. There's no doubt that, despite the affectations and pretensions of our democratic age, people the world over remain enthralled by the glory of the tradition, with royal weddings, funerals, and coronations consistently ranking among the most watched events worldwide. Despite its impotence, the British monarchy continues to fill a niche in the Western consciousness which nothing else can, and demonstrates that even in our current age of small souls, the desire to look upon and participate in greatness — or even some facsimile of it — remains an ingredient essential to man's nature.

Yet, for all their fascination, Americans maintain nearly unanimous hostility to this most time-tested system of political organization. Monarchy in the American psyche has come to be somewhat of a Rorschach test, with all observers projecting onto it everything they hate. For the left: traditionalism, hierarchy, patriarchy, religion, nationhood. For the right: tyranny, big gubmint, gun-grabbing, taxes, and the infamous Goldberg-ian bogeyman of "liberal fascism". Indeed, anti-monarchism in the Current Year consensus is one of the few things on which all mainstream players agree. And this is no surprise: for generations, the dominant narrative of the Revolution in our civic mythos has been one in which the Patriot cause was synonymous with thoroughgoing radical republicanism, and King George III the archetype of executive despotism inevitably arising from unchecked personal rule. History, so to speak, has been written by the Whigs.

Needless to say, our old friend Mr. Overton tells us the odds of any "American Caesar" in the near-term are thus rather long (the last time a royal was this far outside a window, it was 1618 and the Thirty Years War had just started), but that should be no discouragement. Right is right, after all, and the story deserves to be set straight. Nothing is written, and many things that were once inconceivable have a habit of becoming quite possible. Objects in mirror may be closer than they appear.

The Schoolhouse Rock version of the Revolution is grossly incomplete, and gets key elements of the story *exactly backward*. As Harvard's Eric Nelson summarizes in his 2014 revisionist account *The Royalist Revolution*, "The American Revolution, unlike the two seventeenth-century English revolutions and the French Revolution, was — for a great many of its protagonists — a revolution against a legislature, not against a king. It was, indeed, a rebellion in favor of royal power."

The simple fact is that at several decisive points in the journey toward American independence, it was not republicanism, Whiggery, or (least of all) Democracy™ at the ideological helm, but *royalism*. The first of these was during the Imperial Crisis of the 1760s (precipitated by the Stamp and Townshend Acts), in which prominent Patriots including Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Adams, countless pamphleteers, and even Jefferson found themselves in the Jacobite camp alongside the deposed and beheaded Stuart kings, beseeching George III to reassert royal authority over a tyrannical Parliament. Invoking the terms of their colonial charters, the Patriots argued that the person of the King was their sole source of unity with Britain; that he alone, and not any legislative body, possessed

"THE SCHOOLHOUSE ROCK VERSION OF THE REVOLUTION IS GROSSLY INCOMPLETE, AND GETS KEY ELEMENTS OF THE STORY EXACTLY BACKWARD"

authority to rule the colonies — his personal property. It was not, as the common narrative suggests, the *amount* of taxation with which the Patriots were chiefly concerned, but their *legitimacy*. For the Patriots of the Imperial Crisis, the defunction and replacement of the Crown by Parliament constituted a fundamental break from lawful British governance; thus even the most benign law or tax imposed on the colonies by such a body constituted tyranny and de facto slavery.

Even after bullets started flying, the Patriots by and large saw themselves not as rebels against the King, but as the true defenders of Kingly power against republican usurpers. As one British officer recounted of the Patriot forces in 1775, "the Rebels have erected the Standard at Cambridge; they call themselves the King's Troops and us the Parliament's". In Britain, the Parliament, press, and Church alike all lauded George III for resisting the repeated American pleas to restore royal power. Archbishop of York William Markham summarized the sentiment of the British elite of the time: "The Americans have used their best endeavours, to throw the whole weight and power of the colonies into the scale of the crown [and rejected] the glorious revolution. [It was simply through] God's good providence, that we had a prince upon the throne, whose magnanimity and justice were superior to such temptations." The British charge against the Patriots was not one of being republican agitators, but reactionary Jacobite extremists — and with good reason.

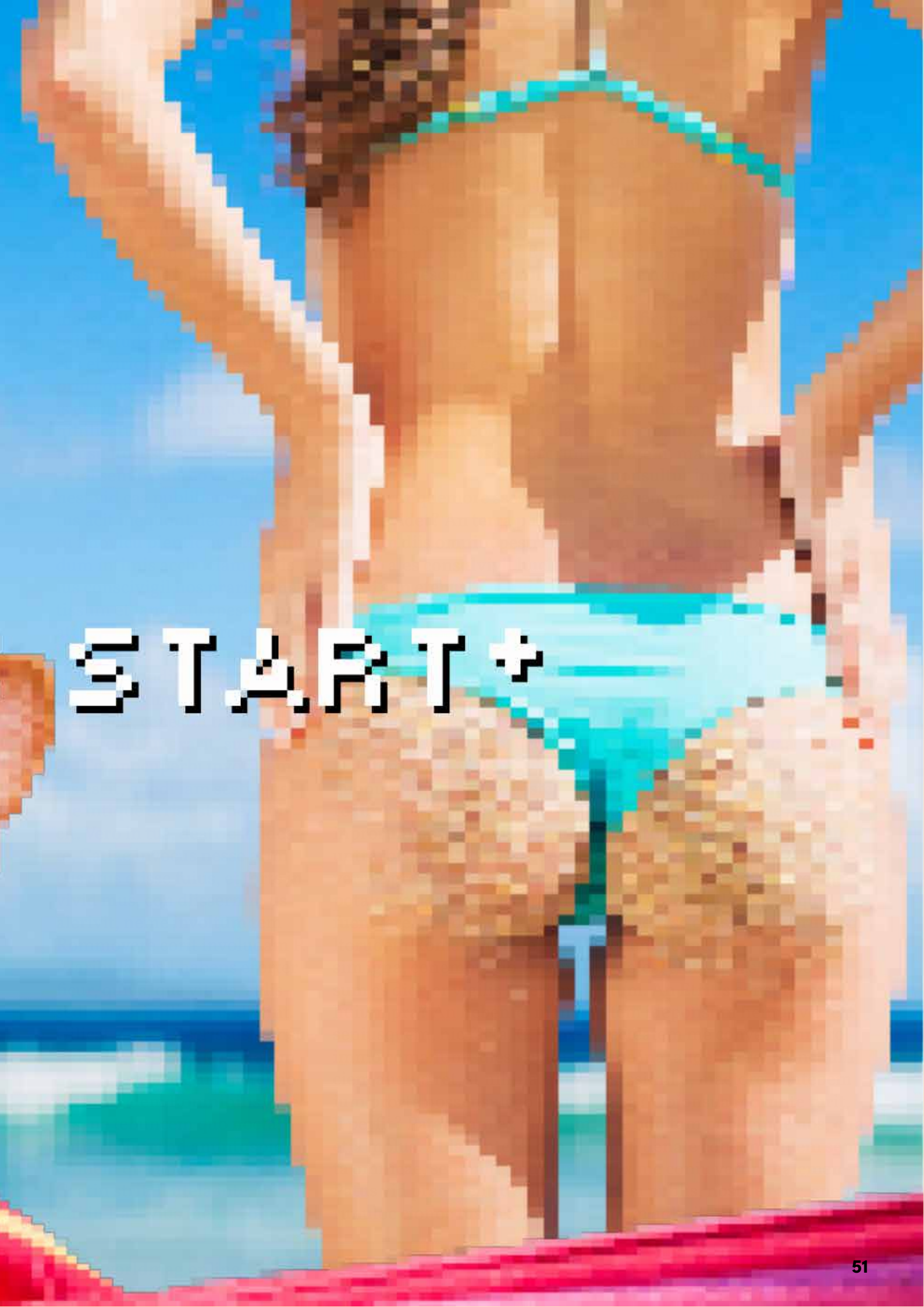
The royalist cause continued to be decisive after the Revolution and throughout the formulation of the Constitution of 1789, most notably in the design of the office of the Presidency. This point can be illustrated by way of comparison: which is a more powerful office today, the American Presidency or the British Crown? Charles III will hold precisely the same amount of power as George III —that is, none, because *it's the same office*. In contrast, the American President under the Constitution of 1789 stood out even among 18th century heads of state for his sweeping executive authority, most notably the veto, which by 1776 had fallen into disuse by the Crown for nearly a century. As Adams remarked, "our presidents, limited as they are, [have] more executive power, than the stadtholders, the doges, the podestàs, the avoyers, or the archons, or the kings of Lacedaemon or of Poland." Nelson neatly summarizes the concept: in the aftermath of the Revolution, "on one side of the Atlantic, there would be kings without monarchy; on the other, monarchy without kings." This mere fact alone is damning to the common narrative — a revolution against executive power which results in greater executive power would be an odd thing indeed. That America maintains a presidential system while virtually all post-monarchical European nations have parliamentary systems is no accident of history, but rather reflects the uniquely pro-royal tendencies present from the very foundation of the American project.

All this prompts the question: if royalism was such an influential force in the Patriot cause, why did they put over themselves a president and not a king? To understand this quirk of political history, one must understand the unique blend of royalist, religious, and Whiggish ideas which converged to create the American Constitution.

Royalism took a severe blow as the dominant creed of Patriot thought in 1776 following the publication of the hugely influential anti-royalist pamphlet *Common Sense* by Thomas Paine, who ech-

BRONZE AGE PERVERT

CARIBBEAN RHYTHMS


START

Cuck Operator
Coffee Kompany

SPICIER THAN A MEXICAN DAY LABOURER'S JOCKSTRAP.

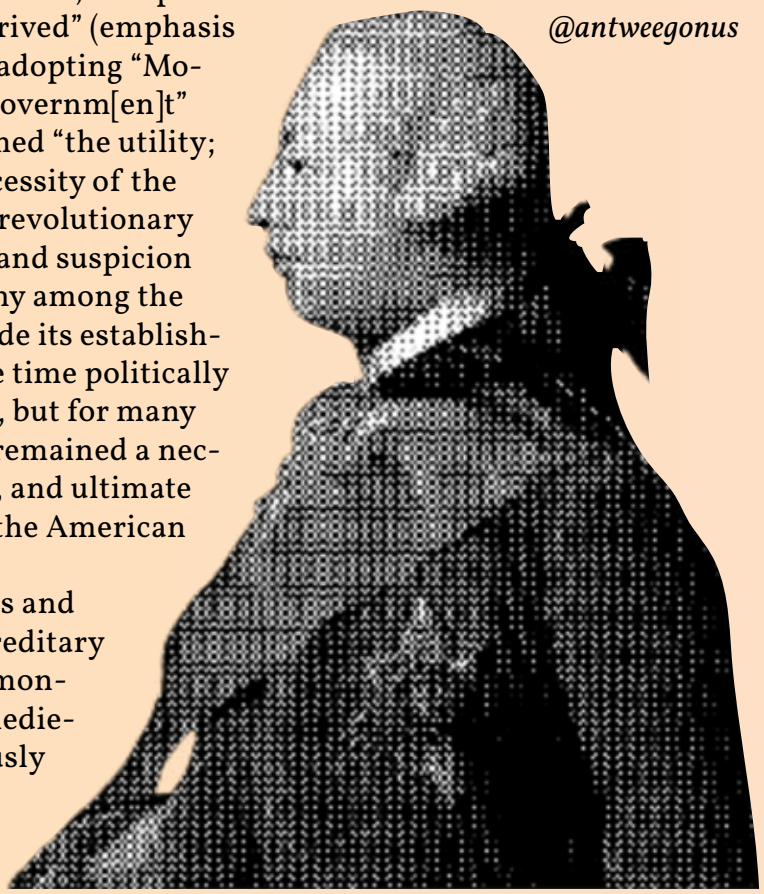
oed John Milton (who in turn echoed a particular strand of revisionist Talmudic teaching) in condemning monarchy and its associated titles, honors, and pageantry as inherently idolatrous and sinful. Paine's promulgation of this revisionist Hebraic interpretation of the Old Testament, in which monarchy itself is "reprobated by the almighty" garnered both high praise and sharp criticism. Adams called Paine's account "ridiculous," "foolish," "willful sophistry and knavish hypocrisy." Landon Carter of Virginia complained to Washington that Paine had savagely distorted "the Scriptures about Society, [and] Government." A prominent anonymous reply to the pamphlet compared Paine to Shakespeare's Shylock: "the Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

Paine's ideas were controversial to say the least, but one thing they certainly were not was genuine. Adams recalled a conversation with Paine (a deist who once called Christianity "a fable") shortly after the pamphlet's publication: "I told him further, that his Reasoning from the Old Testament was ridiculous, and I could hardly think him sincere. At this he laughed, and said he had taken his Ideas in that part from John Milton: and then expressed a Contempt of the Old Testament and indeed of the Bible at large, which surprised me." But genuine or not, the pamphlet achieved its desired effect of near-single-handedly turning the tide of American sentiment against anything resembling royalty.

The royalist faction compromised on their royalism during the Constitutional Convention to obtain their primary goal of a strong executive, but their compromise was one of cultural sensibility and necessity, not political first principles. Many among them retained their desire to see a proper kingship established over America in the near future. In one letter to Benjamin Rush, Adams made clear his belief that America would eventually need to evolve a proper "hereditary Monarchy" (and aristocracy) "as an Asylum against Discord, Seditions and Civil War, and that at no very distant Period of time" and prophesied the establishment of such an office "the hope of our posterity." Adams' view echoed those of Hamilton and Washington, the latter of whom wrote to James Madison shortly before the Convention that, "the period is *not yet* arrived" (emphasis added) for adopting "Monarchical governm[en]t" but confirmed "the utility; nay the necessity of the form." The revolutionary sentiment and suspicion of monarchy among the masses made its establishment at the time politically imprudent, but for many Patriots it remained a necessary aim, and ultimate destiny of the American people.

The pros and cons of hereditary vs elected monarchs, of medieval religiously endowed kings vs joint-stock CEO-kings, the particular manner in which such a Restoration would or should be accomplished – all these are outside the scope of this column. Merely, the key point here is that those who wish to see America move on from the democratic delusions of the interregnum have a rightful place within the American tradition, which they need not discard to achieve their aims. The establishment of an American King and fulfillment of the prophecies of Washington and Adams should be understood not as a corruption of the American project, but a refinement; not a departure from the founders' vision, but an arrival; not a descent into reactionary despotism, but an elevation to a truly well-ordered liberty. America awaits her king. Are her sons up to the task?

Lunkhead tweets
@antweegonus



THE SCULPTOR'S ART

WITH FEN DE VILLIERS

What would it take for art to recapture its former greatness? It astounds me to see how many people still hold the belief that there needs to be this masterful refinement of flawless renderings of the figure, with anatomically perfect realism. This is a dead-end view.

If art is to truly resonate, then it must be pushed beyond the expected and polite standard. Great art happens at the extremes, the razor's edge of the artist's imagination.

One artist that truly embodied this spirit was Rene Paul Chambellan. There are few reliefs that can compete with the explosive vitality, confidence and exuberance of his series for the Chanin Building in New York. These Art Deco bas-relief sculptures represent achievement and success and the means to gain them, such as effort, endurance, enlightenment and courage. They bring an incredible balance between anatomical reference and the pure verve of imaginative play, working to the spatial armature of the human form.

Chambellan's aesthetic is raw, rude and modernistic, but it holds an undeniable essence of glory. Compositions like these, with straight lines and jagged edges, carry far more primal energy than some overly fussed-over refined works. None of these reliefs are caught up in sentimentality towards the past. They were created for their time, and they still retain their vital energy today.

It's worth taking a moment to dwell on this idea that not all strong works have to mirror the grand aesthetic refinements of greater periods to still speak to something higher. If we had to wait for artists' technical skills to match Renaissance levels, then we would never put one foot in front of the other. It's the bold energy and vision we can bring now that will fuel the next great art movements.

MARCUS HARDWIRE

SUDDEN DEATH AND THE NEW MALTHUSIANS

When Sarah first pulled the hardened, pink mass out of the femoral artery of the recently-deceased grandmother, she thought it was a giant parasite.

As a Canadian funeral home director with over 25 years of embalming experience, Sarah took immediate notice of an uptick in sudden, unexplained deaths at the beginning of 2021. But when she began finding the irregular blood clots, which she termed "fibrous masses", they were like nothing she had ever encountered. Unlike normal blood clots — which are soft like jelly and dark brown in colour — these clots had the thickness of calamari and were pink in colour. And as the year wore on and more people got vaccinated for COVID-19, Sarah said every single body she embalmed would eventually contain these clots.

Three other embalmers from the United Kingdom, and the U.S. states of Alabama and Wisconsin, also told me that had seen the same strange clots appearing in early 2021, which they all noted was around the time the "safe and effective" COVID-19 vaccines were being rolled out. But, of course, when conducting additional research, a number of "experts" and "fact-checkers" assured me that these were just normal blood clots. Just like they have been adamant that heart attacks in children, healthy athletes suddenly collapsing during sports games, and a sharp uptick in mortality among young people are nothing to fret about.

These shallow "debunkings" of claims related to COVID-19 vaccines maiming and killing people might work on those who haven't examined the issue closely. But having spoken to over 200 vaccine-injured people while reporting for an alternative media outlet in Canada, I was keenly aware that there was more to the story than was being purported.

The stories of the vaccine injured were heartbreaking. A teenage girl with probable heart damage and irregular, heavy periods. A 41-year-old youth crisis worker seeing her "brain slip away" due to what her doctors said is permanent neurological damage. A young, recent immigrant to Canada who is unable to work due to excruciating nerve and muscle pain. A 36-year-old who is permanently paralyzed and considering applying for Canada's Medical Assistance in Dying program (which was recently expanded to people whose only medical condition is a mental-health struggle.) The stories went on and on, and each person expressed a feeling that they had been completely ignored by the medical establishment.

"But if all these people really were injured, we'd have heard about them by now!" the vax-enthusiasts exclaim. Yes, in an ideal world, we would have heard of them, and the COVID-19 vaccine rollout would have been cancelled like the 1976 flu vaccine was. But virtually all of these cases went unreported, as the doctors of the vaccine-injured unsurprisingly refused to believe that the shots they pushed could have caused so much damage, and subsequently refused to fill out adverse vaccine reaction forms for them. The rare doctors that do take the issues seriously risk being investigated by medical boards and losing their ability to practice medicine. And even if the forms make it to Health Canada, they are often turned down. It would not be far-fetched to surmise that the number of reported vaccine injuries is just the tip of a very large and horrific iceberg, and that this trend is true across many countries.

Then, of course, we have the issue of excess deaths, which often manifest as indi-

HEY GENOCIDAL RACE MARXISTS...

PLEASE DON'T KILL ME. I JUST WANT TO BE FRIENDS.

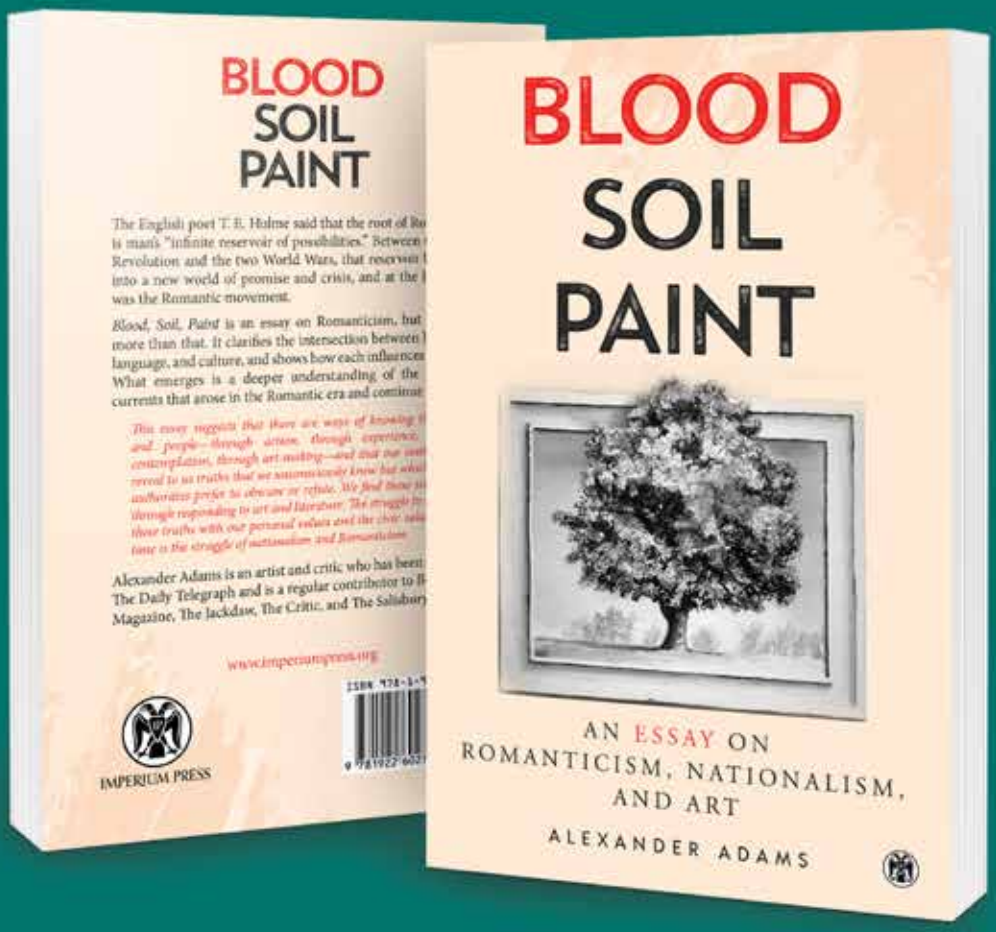
GURNING POINT USA FOUNDER, CHARLIE DERP

GURNING POINT USA

BLOOD, SOIL, PAINT

Blood, Soil, Paint is an essay on Romanticism, but it's much more than that.
It shows how aesthetics, race, and nation intersect to produce culture.
To understand the modern world we must understand its roots in Romanticism.

Blood, Soil, Paint gives us the key.



ORDER NOW

imperiumpress.org

"WHAT ISN'T HARD TO PROVE IS THAT THE ELITES OF THE WORLD ARE CONCERNED WITH THE ISSUE OF HUMAN OVERPOPULATION"

vidual news articles on young, healthy people "dying suddenly," along with ridiculous explanations that never touch on their vaccination status. Yet the broader statistics tell an even more chilling story. In the last five months of 2022, when the pandemic had mostly been forgotten about, Canadians under age 44 saw 27% more deaths than expected. In the United States, the CEO of a large insurance company disclosed that during the third and fourth quarters of 2021, deaths among those aged 16 to 64 were 40% higher than before the pandemic, and the majority of these deaths could not be attributed to COVID-19. Kazuhiro Haraguchi — a Japanese Member of Parliament who claims to be suffering from malignant lymphoma due to the COVID-19 vaccine — also recently mentioned the correlation between his country's high vaccination rates and alarmingly high excess mortality. The trend is the same across all countries, with an alarming number of young people inexplicably passing away at unheard-of rates.

By now, it should be clear to anybody who has basic pattern recognition skills (and a mind not yet hopelessly colonised by propaganda) that something has gone horribly wrong with this mass medical experiment – and that is what it is, an experiment. But perhaps, in the eyes of some power-hungry and psychopathic individuals, things have gone exactly as planned.

For decades, conspiracy theorists have warned that a shadowy group of Satanic elites were plotting to cull the world's bloated population in order to make way for a dystopian New World Order. While this theory is difficult to prove, what isn't hard to prove is that the elites of the world are concerned with the issue of human overpopulation — even if they refuse to ever mention the issue by name, instead choosing to frame it now as "climate change."

In 1972, a global non-profit known as The Club of Rome commissioned a study on exponential population and economic growth in a world with finite resources. The report, called *Limits to Growth*, determined that the world would likely see a "sudden and uncontrollable decline in both population and industrial capacity," unless population, industrialization and food production trends were modified to "establish a condition of ecological and economic stability." Given that the world's population has ballooned from 1 billion in 1804 to 8 billion in 2022 — and that a billion people have been added to the count roughly every 12 years since 1974 — the findings of the report were not surprising.

This report also echoed the earlier theory of Thomas Malthus, an 18th century economist who argued that the exponential nature of population growth, coupled with the linear growth of resources, could only lead to a devastating population collapse. Malthus' work, in time, led to the emergence of Neo-Malthusians — those who believe that the world's population must be kept low enough that this "Malthusian Catasrophe" does not happen.

Some environmentalists have been so blunt in their condemnation of the planet's ever-increasing population that they've practically positioned themselves as Neo-Malthusians. In 2013, Historian Sir David Attenborough called humans a "plague on the earth". Anthropologist and monkey enthusiast Jane Goodall remarked during a 2020 World Economic Forum panel that all the environmental problems humanity currently faces "wouldn't be a problem if there was the size of population that there was 500 years ago." Similar sentiments were expressed by the infamous Georgia Guidestones, a 19-foot tall granite

PPA, a common antifungal used in processed food, has been found in extremely high levels in the stool of autistic children*

*doi.org/10.1038/s41598-019-45348-z

monument that, before its destruction in July 2022, claimed we should "be not a cancer on the Earth" and that the population of humanity should be kept under 500,000,000 "in perpetual balance with nature."

Under this perspective, humanity is reduced to an ever-spreading horde of resource-hungry, useless eaters, whose growth needs to be carefully managed in order to prevent climate disaster. Additionally, many of our current political issues take on a more ominous meaning. Is easy access to abortion and birth control really about empowering women, or is it about reducing the population of certain groups? (Look up what the founder of Planned Parenthood said about black people to find the answer.) Is Canada's expansion of Medical Assistance in Dying a genuine expression of compassionate end-of-life care for the terminally ill, or is it a shiny, more voluntary rebranding of Nazi Germany's T4 program to eliminate people who are a drain on resources? And was the rollout of the COVID-19 vaccine a remarkable scientific breakthrough to end a deadly pandemic, or was it a slow-acting, deadly poison for tens of millions of people?

Of course, normies will outright dismiss the whacky suggestion that the pandemic could have been a pretext under which a vaccine was rolled out to solve overpopulation. Yet for years, they have been exposed to the concept of neo-Malthusian elites depopulating the world to save humanity, via forms of entertainment. There are countless examples in movies, video games and books, but the most pertinent would have to be the TV show *Utopia*, coincidentally released at the height of COVID-19 in September 2020. In the show, a fake pandemic is used as a pretext to inject the world's population with a vaccine that completely sterilizes them. This plot, which guarantees the world's population will fall from 7.8 billion to 500 million, is done to stave off ecological disaster. As the villain of the show puts it, "If we don't do something right now, in a decade, our world will experience extraordinary privations, a war of all against all. How much evil do you have to do, to do good?"

This scene from the show begs an important and frightening question; Is it beyond the realm of possibility that powerful figures, concerned with civilizational catastrophe via overpopulation, have decided to eliminate a portion of people deemed to be inconsequential and a burden on our dwindling resources? Given the frightening number of people that have been maimed and killed by the COVID-19 vaccines — as well as a complete refusal by politicians, media outlets and the medical establishment to address the issue — I suggest it's very possible that this was decided a long time ago.

While it's easy to feel overwhelmed by this realization, I have seen reasons to be hopeful. The aggressive push for vaccines and accompanying fallout have led many to distance themselves from the profit-driven and morally dubious clutches of pharmaceutical companies, instead using and natural medicine and proper nutrition as a way of healing from disease. In fact, many of the vaccine-injured have made huge strides in recovering using holistic medicine. I predict this trend away from big pharma will accelerate in the coming years, as the remarkable stories of healing become more mainstream. Additionally, the pandemic was such a profoundly destructive event that many of the most "asleep" normies were awakened to the way our world is governed, with influential elites impoverishing, sickening, and cementing their control over the population while claiming to do the opposite. There is an ever-growing movement of freedom-loving, health-focused individuals that will exert significant influence on the political stage, and the vaccine catastrophe has directly strengthened this faction.

Of course, these trends mean little for those who have been left to pick up the pieces of this medical disaster: the injured themselves, their families and the families of the dead. It remains to be seen if there will be a massive revelation about the vaccines, and what sort of consequences will befall those responsible for it. But one thing is for sure — as Sarah so eloquently put it after sending me a gruesome photo of the fibrous mass she found in the aorta of a young man — "the mass exodus of humans from this world will continue."

MAN'S WORLD: CONCEPTUALISE THE AROMA.

ANDREA MEW

DESCRAMBLING THE GYNECOCRATIC HENHOUSE

Like Pandora unable to tame her curiosity when presented with a box tempting special gifts, once you begin your deep descent into the concept of gynecocracy, you simply cannot stop the proverbial evil spirits from coming forward. And, as is the case with the mythos of Pandora, there is a deeply spiritual problem at play which could end our very own Golden Age of humankind.

Looks can be deceiving. From an unsophisticated vantage point, it would appear that egalitarian strides made by gender revolutionaries of yore amounted to a net positive. After all, women currently outnumber men in higher education. The "she-cession" which prestige media fear-mongered about once 2020 lockdowns took some women out of the workforce has mostly been overcorrected. In fact, not only are women in the workforce topping pre-lockdown levels, the female labor force participation rate is projected to rise 6% for ages 25-54 and 13.2% for ages 55 and older.

None of these patterns alone prove we live in a gynecocracy, but when many factors coalesce –the normalization and standardization of contraceptives, the rise in diversity and inclusion mandates within academia or the workplace, the entertainment industry's proclivity toward self-censorship, the acceptance or ambivalence toward abortion, the denial of biological truths in favor of sensitivity, the increasing hostility toward Judeo-Christian tradition, and the vilification of Homo sapiens' biological needs once understood by ancestral knowledge – well yes, we have indeed cooped ourselves up within a henhouse.

A little while back, I mused on the viral concept of "the longhouse," explaining through many eggy examples how the notion of a gynecocracy is accurately likened to that of a henhouse. This shelter is predominantly occupied by females (hens), and often if a male (cock) finds himself within the henhouse he either must self-flagellate, becoming his weakest self, or he falls victim to a trap of shallow machismo. With a gynocentric culture, the latter is rarely tolerated. Instead, it would appear that men opt to shed their innate masculinity and both men and women alike disregard natural biological dispositions.

Observing the over-feminization of the West from the perspective of a female often leads to feelings of unease. The mighty foundations of modern society have been systemically, covertly, and in some cases, overtly undermined. No, I don't harbor any guilt about being a woman in the workforce – and frankly, I'm blessed to be working in the women-centric roles that I do – but, I do harbor deep sympathies for ladies young and old who have been led down a potentially unfulfilling path as a result of Marxist psychological warfare.

I will be abundantly clear: throughout all of human history, women have worked in some way, shape, or form. In big-game hunting societies, it was within the group's best interest for women to craft clothing, weaponry, and equipment for the male hunters. In some cases, women actually joined the hunt alongside the men. But, anthropologists who have studied modern hunter-gatherer societies report that it just made sense for women to be excluded from hunting or at least opt-out when necessary to fulfill child-rearing roles.

That's not to say these upper Paleolithic women's roles weren't undervalued, nor were they dismissed from the hunt entirely. They knew how to follow tracks, they could forage, they processed and sewed hides, and in the hunt likely tracked and flushed out animals rather than being the ones to kill larger beasts. But women had a more logical sense of priority.

In the Middle Ages, European women worked many jobs

critical to the growing medieval society. They baked bread, milked cows, brewed beer, washed clothes, spun wool and other fabrics, made parchment, served as healers or midwives, were shopkeepers, and in some cases were even employed as ironmongers or blacksmiths, among other stereotypically masculine roles. But again women had a more logical sense of priority.

Around the First and Second World Wars, women in post-industrial societies took the reins on many jobs that men once filled. After all, someone needed to fight on the front lines, and someone needed to keep the army well-stocked with supplies and moral support to know that there was hope upon their return home. Elite ladies weaponized their social connections as operatives and spies or lent their intelligence toward cryptology. Once the dust settled and a strong postwar economy emerged, America's birth spikes created the "baby boomer" generation.

Today, women's priorities are out of kilter, but that doesn't mean females should be segregated to the household, barred from the workplace, and pigeonholed into adopting a comically performative "trad wife" persona. We clearly contribute more to society than just the children carried in our wombs, but we hold the power to determine whether or not our species will pass into oblivion. We must reevaluate our priorities and not just live on whims and feelings; we must be more pragmatic and logical.

Feminist critiques of gender roles brought us to this bizarre juncture in history where many anti-natalists revere the notion of population collapse. Thank goodness the human species won't be contributing to further environmental damage or be born into an immoral, crony capitalist economy, right?

America isn't alone in this masochistic mindset, despite our über-progressive voices being among the loudest in the world. Our birth rate is under repopulation levels, meaning that adults aren't having enough kids to replace our existing population. This year, India (superpower by 2020… or, uh, 2030?) will likely fall below repopulation rate, South Korea is looking at a 93% population collapse, and overall more than half of humans worldwide are living in a nation that falls below its repopulation rate.

"But, just push your baby-making further and further off in the future when you've established your career, bought a house, and traveled to all seven continents," instructs the henhouse. Some who speak these sentiments are genuinely mean-spirited, like the anti-natalists who can't conceptualize why someone would want to start a family when the future just seems so tragically bleak to them. But, others are simply oblivious to the societal repercussions associated with redefining priorities for the human species.

Indeed, egg freezing technologies (which weren't developed to be our standard operating procedure, rather a Hail Mary pass for couples in need) provide a false sense of security and fertility clinics overreport their in-vitro-fertilization success rates. While it is possible and an absolute blessing for some couples to use fertility technology, it's an absolute shame that things like the sexual revolution and the introduction of hormonal birth control, for example, have likely stunted our reproductive capacities. I often wonder if we'd need these groundbreaking procedures, pills, and potions if we had left Mother Nature alone.

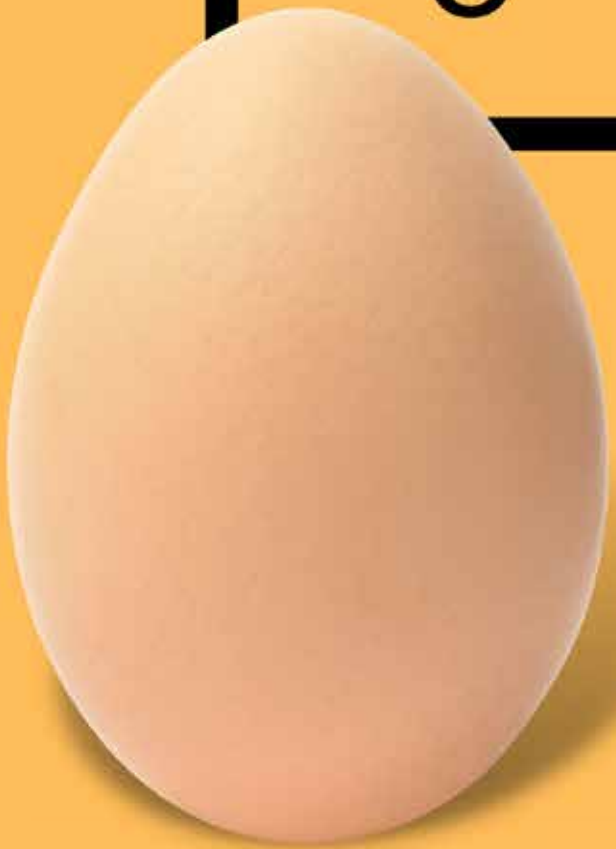
You can't simply turn your fertility on or turn off like a light switch on the wall. As hormonal birth control now functions like a rite of passage into teen life, we're setting up literal children to suppress their natural cycles. Anecdotally, I fell into the trap and nearly all of my female peers did as well.

The scientific literature generally makes the claim that contraceptives don't cause infertility outright, but the persistent suppression of ovulation absolutely can make things more complicated when a woman is finally "ready" to conceive a child. I could rant ad nauseum about the multifaceted, underreported issues associated with hormonal contraceptive use, but that's just the problem, isn't it? Adverse events toward medications or immunizations are so severely underreported. For instance, less than 1% of all adverse events for vaccines and less than 0.3% of all adverse events to drugs are filed and reported to the FDA.

Hormonal contraceptives are a lifestyle drug. They allow for safer sexual liberation and empower women to be-

ONLY

egg



(Seriously. It's only an egg.)

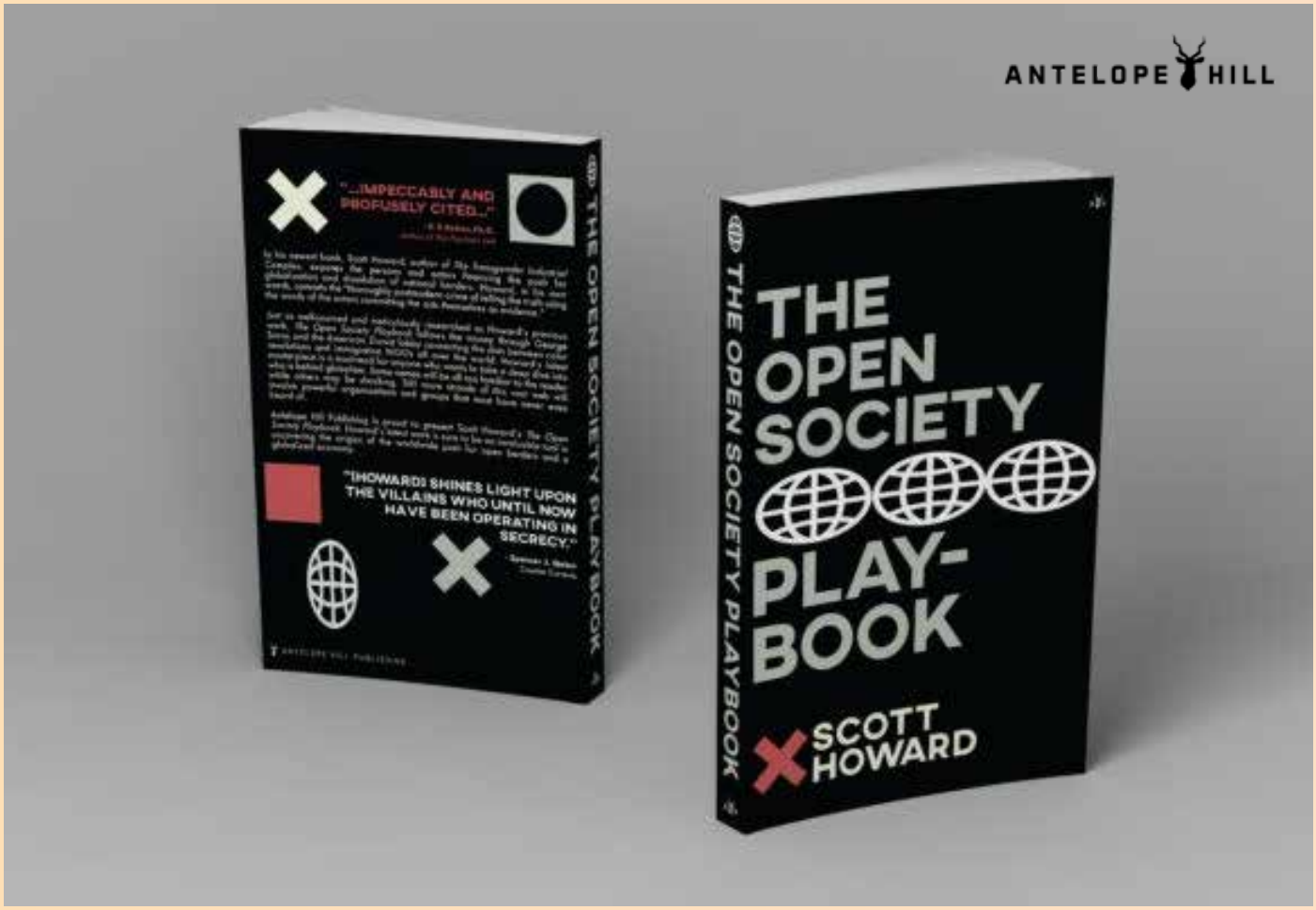
have like men. However, it's a double-edged sword, because constant use renders women dependent on Big Pharma due to their laundry list of side effects. Hormonal contraceptives can (but don't always) affect our pheromones, cause chemical castration, lead to immune system imbalances, destroy our libido, worsen our rates of anxiety and depression, act as a band-aid solution to mask serious health conditions, and in general lead us further astray from cycling through our natural state as female human beings.

Our descent into spiritual decay may be to blame for these increasingly vocal denials of biological truths. The institution of marriage was once revered as a powerful social tradition, and a service-oriented one at that. In holy matrimony, you create your family's own personal haven in an otherwise heartless world, and together, you and your spouse raise one another up to fill the spaces left by each other's shortcomings.

Pitting man against woman or woman against man in broad, misandrist and misogynist spiritual warfare misconstrues the function of human connection. If we no longer respect the other sex for their unique characteristics as gifts from God – such as how women are well-suited to be the "ezer" or "strong helper" to their man and bring him to his highest glory as a complement where he may be lacking – we're only adding fuel to the fires of not only toxic masculinity, but toxic femininity as well. Both sides of the aisle could benefit from true humility before God.

All of these issues and so many more which plague us today lack a clear-cut solution. Anyone who promises you otherwise might just be an opportunist looking to cash in on the next trend, or they may just be ignorant to the sophistry they spread as the gospel truth.

Having said that, it would be remiss to ignore the fact that, despite correlation not leading to causation, emasculation and gynocentrism play an integral role in everything I've been talking about. I've said it once before, and I'll say it again: America has an egg problem. The proverbial henhouse we've cooped ourselves up in elevates women above men at their own behest and represses the positive elements of masculinity.

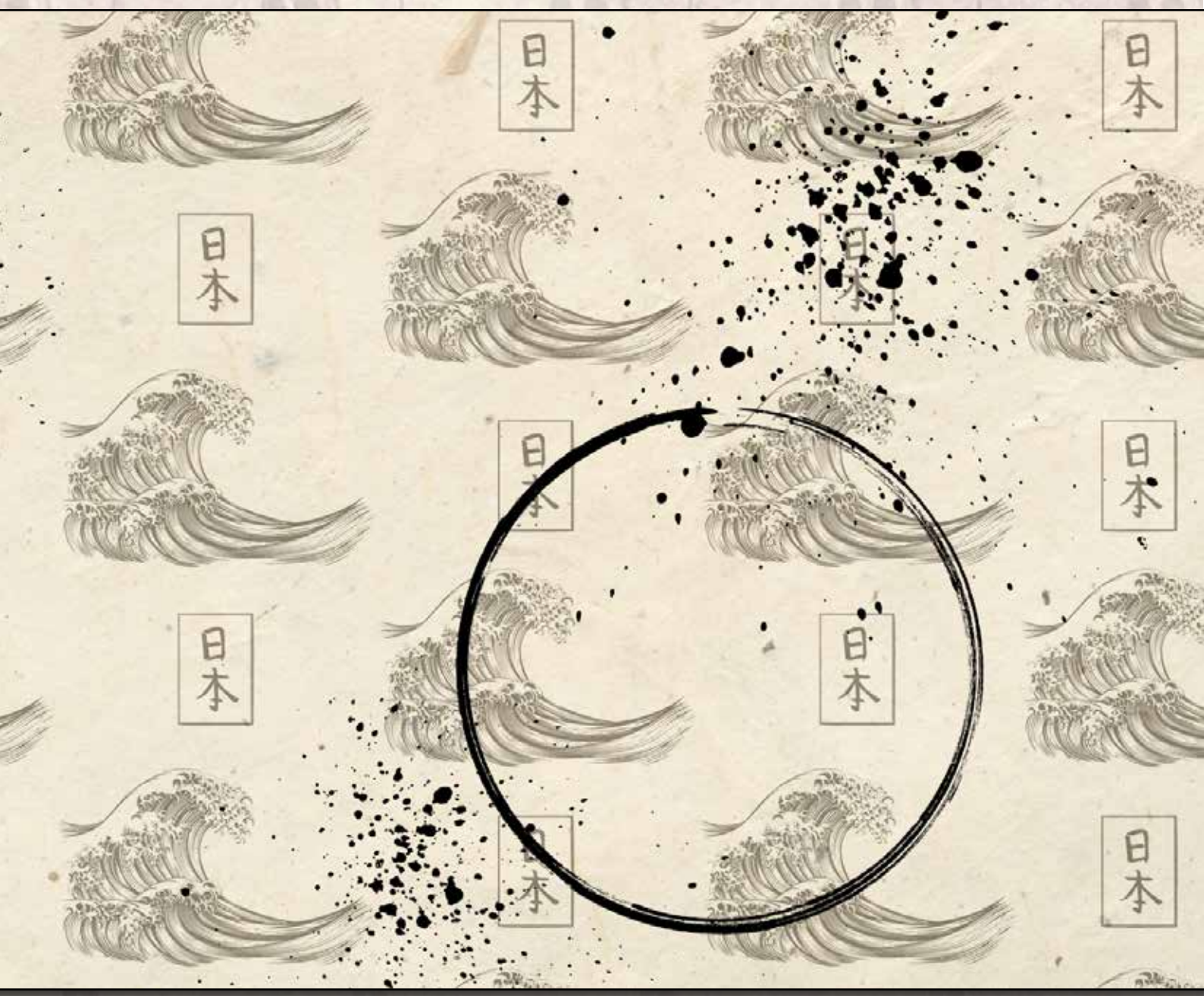

ANTELOPE HILL
THE OPEN SOCIETY PLAYBOOK
SCOTT HOWARD
"...IMPECCABLY AND PROFUSELY CITED..."
"[HOWARD] SHINES LIGHT UPON THE VILLAINS WHO UNTIL NOW HAVE BEEN OPERATING IN SECRECY."

SURFING THE SILVER TSUNAMI

Some reflections on a "doomed" country

by FIRST WORLD REFUGEE

When I first moved to Okinawa several years ago, I left America behind with a heavy heart, begrudgingly accepting military orders to be stationed on the tiny island some 900-odd miles from Tokyo, and thousands from home. At first I found Japan bewildering: the inscrutable language my feeble Duolingo practice was no match for, the strange little formalities in daily interactions, and of course the constant feeling that comes with being an outsider in a homogeneous society. Like many before me however, as my time living here comes to a close, I find myself falling deeper in love with this eclectic island as well as broader Japanese



culture.

Japan has been making headlines lately, with their prime minister expressing his grave concern over their ticking population bomb. Japan has one of the lowest birth rates in the world, and 2022 marked a low point since such statistics were first recorded in 1899.

When you walk the clean, safe streets of Tokyo, ride on the stunningly efficient and pristine Shinkansen, or "bullet train", and enjoy the first-class service in a Japanese restaurant, as an outsider it's easy enough to roll your eyes when Prime Minister Fumio Kishida says Japan is "on the brink". If this is the brink, I'd be fascinated to hear Mr. Kishida's commentary on the American carnage in cities like Chicago, Baltimore, or Detroit. I often think this to myself as I ride on a crowded metro with zero fear of being assaulted, robbed, annoyed, or even mildly inconvenienced by other passengers.

Of course the "Silver Tsunami", as Japan's demographic crisis is known, is a crisis of creeping economic malaise and decay rather than immediate violent tumult. It's a slow-boil problem, which is one reason stirring people to action is so difficult.

In the 1980s, the fear was that Japan would take over the world, with the attendant illustrative trope of the tipsy and jovial Japanese salary man giving his ignorant Yankee coun-

terpart at the bar top a crash-course MBA on the superior Japanese approach to business. Japan was rich and enjoying the luxury of being a protectorate of the U.S. military while offloading the associated costs (U.S. service members wreaking havoc on the civilian populace and noisy, dangerous aircraft) mostly to the Okinawans.

Perhaps my favorite demonstration of the excesses of this prosperous era is the story of Nui Onoue, a restaurant owner who became famous for holding religious seances that ostensibly divined stock picks from a toad statue. She rode the toad all the way to managing literally billions of dollars worth of assets before it all came tumbling down and destroyed two major banks as a result.

Anyway. By 1991 the market crashed, with both property and stocks plummeting, sending Japan into the so-called "lost decade". Seemingly ever since, Japan has been in a societal funk with falling birth rates, hence the memes of Prime Minister Shinzo Abe (RIP) begging young people to have children.

No simple solutions present themselves. Rapid large-scale immigration is a non-starter, and contrary to what liberal blank-slaters would have you believe, it would destroy the racial homogeneity and cohesion that makes Japan a high-trust society. A silly common retort I hear to this is "Akshually Japan is already a #diverse country..", with the indigenous Ainu or Ryukyan people given as typical examples of this. This is willfully obtuse, as these are minute percentages of the overall Japanese population, and to compare these indigenous Asian peoples to potential immigrants from, say, the Middle East or North Africa is simply disingenuous.

But pro-natalists are also at their wits' end as policy solutions like free daycare have not been able to stem the tide of decreasing birth rates. Basically, Japan's upside-down population pyramid ensures that there simply will not be enough workers to provide for an increasing number of seniors; hence some "experts" like a Yale professor have put forth mass suicide as a potential solution. Even for a nation famous for pioneering suicidal Kamikaze attacks and Banzai charges in devotion to the Emperor, this idea thankfully seems unlikely to gain traction.

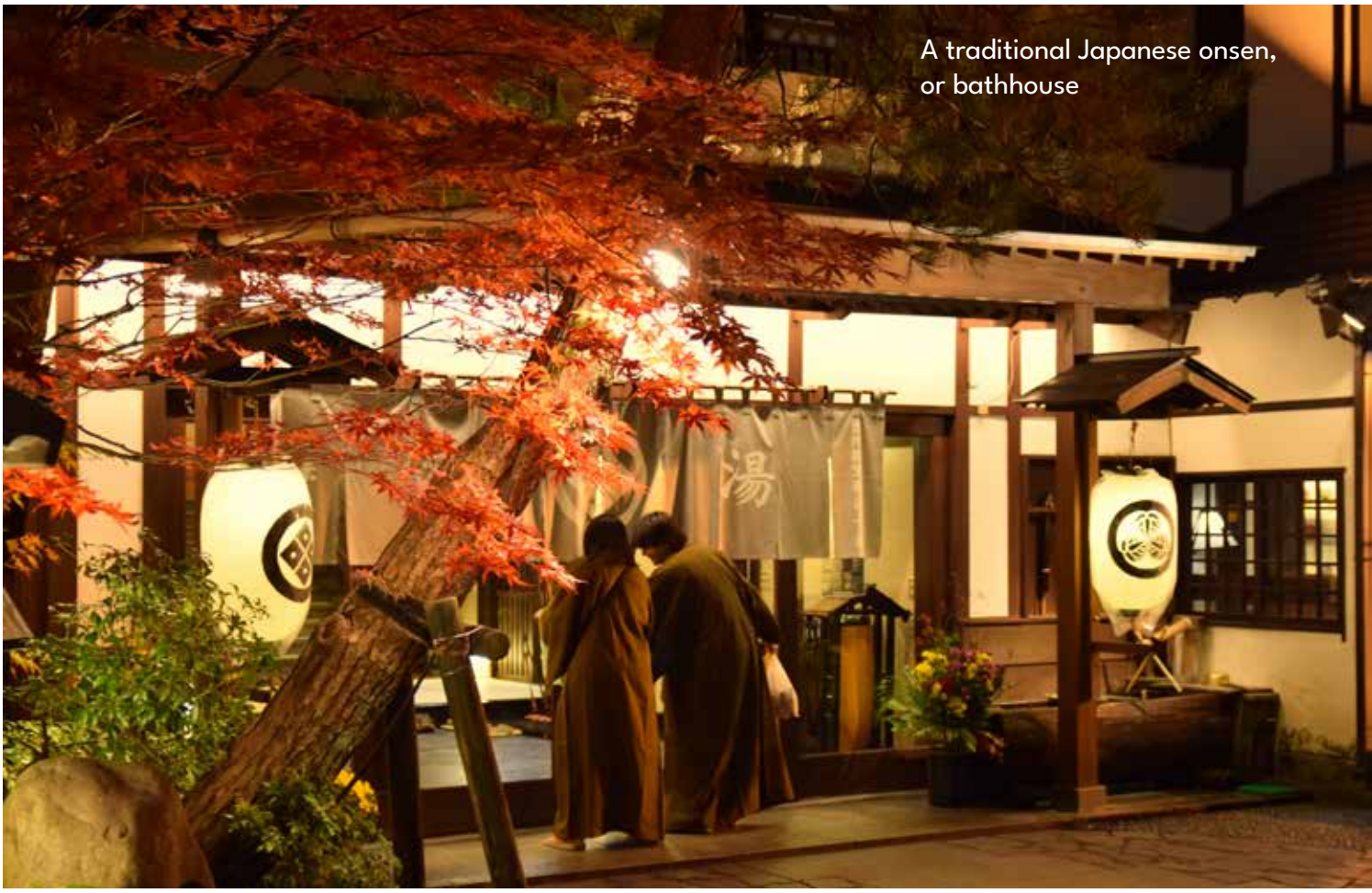
Maybe it's just easy for me to be optimistic since I'm not Japanese and am soon leaving this place, but I don't think all the doom and gloom is merited. Let's put it this way: If you had to choose to live in Tokyo or Niamey, Niger (fertility rate of 7 children per woman) in 50 years, which would you choose? What about in 75 years? 100? What if we change the location to say, Baltimore? From my perspective Tokyo seems the clear favorite in every scenario.

Japan is remarkably safe, and even given the economic downturn expected with the population decline, there's no foreseeable reason this should drastically change. Simply put, it is difficult to put a dollar value on the fact that I do not have to worry about locking my doors, and that my wife can go for a late-night walk around the neighborhood, even with her headphones in, without the fear of violent crime.

One thing that I've adjusted to these past several years is breaking the link in my mind between poverty and crime. In America, when you find yourself in a run-down, ugly, poorly maintained part of town, your Spidey-sense starts tingling because you (correctly) deem yourself to be at heightened risk of being the victim of a crime.

Until I moved to Japan, I didn't truly realize that this linkage between poverty and crime that my mind was making is not a universal imperative. Case in point: Okinawa is the poorest prefecture in Japan (relatedly it also has one of the highest rates of out of wedlock births). While it's a tourist hotspot and known for scenic natural beauty, there are a few blighted, run-down areas on this island getaway. Despite this, like the rest of Japan, Okinawa is extremely safe.

While the typical midwit American belief is that poverty causes crime, the truth is of course the inverse. I think I knew this on an intellectual level before moving here, but it's different to experience it firsthand. So as long as Japan does not decide to trade safety for economic growth by importing millions of people more prone to criminality, Japan will at least continue to be an orderly, secure society even while dealing with economic shocks



A traditional Japanese onsen, or bathhouse

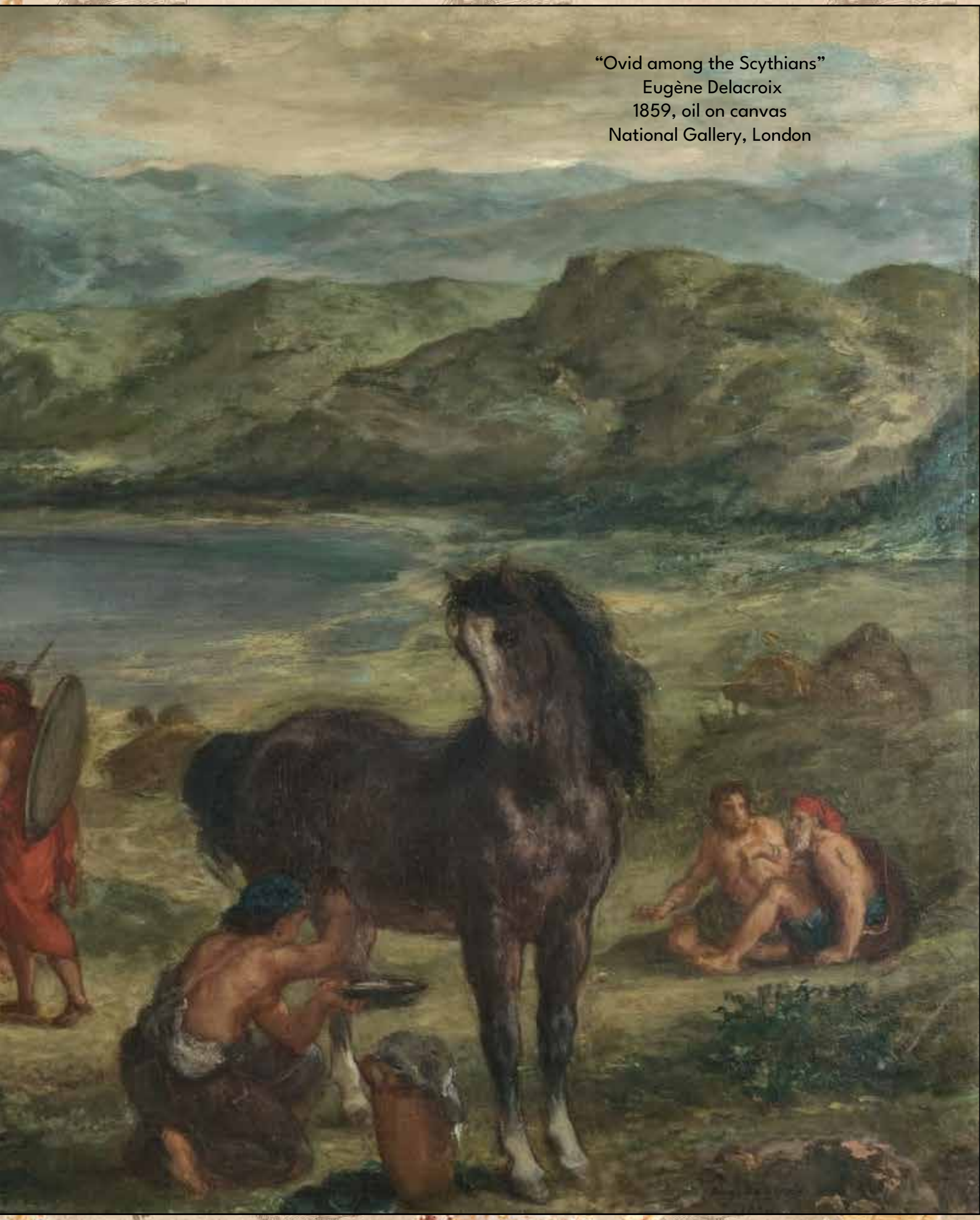
"UNTIL I MOVED TO JAPAN, I DIDN'T TRULY REALIZE THAT THIS LINKAGE BETWEEN POVERTY AND CRIME THAT MY MIND WAS MAKING IS NOT A UNIVERSAL IMPERATIVE"

due to population decline.

Japanese civilization has a history of rising from the ashes, and I think it is foolish to write them off just yet. Decreasing fertility rates are a symptom of economic growth and modernity that the entire developed world is going to have to come to grips with, and mass importation of people from the third world is simply not a tenable solution for anyone who truly loves Japan for what it is, i.e. Japanese.

Japan in particular seems to have quite a bit of bandwidth to reallocate labor to more productive sectors of the economy. I think of this every time I go for a drive and notice the myriad Japanese men whose job is to stand and hold a "Construction Ahead" sign, parking lot attendants directing traffic, or more recently the dozens of workers less than 20 feet apart simply holding "This Way" signs upon arrival at either of Tokyo's airports in order to assist travelers in jumping through the hoops of the Covid-testing regime. Japan also employs far too many of its men in the national and prefectural police forces, out of all proportionality to actual criminality, with 1 out of every 250 Japanese men working in law enforcement.

Ultimately, my faith that Japan will figure out a solution to its demographic decline, or just weather the storm and stay afloat, may be based more on hope and the limited anecdotal experiences of a blissfully unaware outsider



"Ovid among the Scythians"
Eugène Delacroix
1859, oil on canvas
National Gallery, London

rather than cold rationalism. I have grown to like Japan, and consequently the Japanese people, more than any place I have ever been.

In James Clavell's best-seller *Shōgun*, the main character, sailor John Blackthorne, is blown ashore by a great storm, the first Englishman to arrive in Japan. At first chafing under the harsh and strange treatment by his Japanese captors, Blackthorne, and consequently the reader, spends roughly the first half of the book focused on finding a way to return home.

But then Blackthorne turns the corner one night when asked by two female companions what his home is like:

"All at once his mind began to contrast it with the warm, friendly stench of his English home, rushes on the earth floor, smoke from the open brick fire rising to the roof hole... Two small bedrooms and then the one large untidy room of the cottage for eating, living, cooking, and talking. You walked into the cottage in your sea boots, summer or winter, mud unnoticed, dung unnoticed, and sat on a chair or bench, the oak table cluttered like the room, three or four dogs and the two children... Climbing and falling and playing higgledy-piggledy, Felicity cooking, her long dress trailing in the rushes and dirt...

"Felicity. Dear Felicity. A bath once a month perhaps, and then in the summer, very private, in the copper tub, but washing her face and hands and feet every day, always hidden to the neck and wrists, swathed in layers of heavy woolens all year long that were unwashed for months or years, reeking like everyone, lice-infested like everyone, scratching like everyone.

"And all the other stupid beliefs and superstitions, that cleanliness could kill, open windows could kill, water could kill and encourage flux or bring in the plague, that lice and fleas and flies and dirt and disease were God's punishment for sins on earth...

"Born in sin, living in shame, Devil's brood, condemned to Hell, praying for salvation and forgiveness, Felicity so devout and filled with fear of the Lord and terror of the Devil, desperate for Heaven. Then going home to food. A haunch of meat from the spit and if a piece fell on the floor you'd pick it up and brush the dirt off and eat it if the dogs didn't get it first, but you'd throw them the bones anyway. Castings on the floor. Leavings pushed onto the floor to be swept up perhaps and thrown into the road perhaps. Sleeping most of the time in your dayclothes and scratching like a contented dog, always scratching. Old so young and ugly so young and dying so young. Felicity. Now twenty-nine, gray, few teeth left, old, lined, and dried up..."

Feeling itchy yet? Clavell is simply masterful! Reading that just makes me yearn to melt into a tranquil onsen in the mountains. Blackthorne's stream of consciousness continues:

"What was it Rodrigues had said? 'The Japans're heaven on earth, Ingeles, if you know where to look,' or 'This is paradise, Ingeles.' I don't remember. I only know it's not there, across the sea, where I thought it was. It's not there.

"Heaven on earth is here."

No matter how hard I try, I can never "become" Japanese in the same way that anyone can "become" American. I also cannot become Japanese in the way the real life Blackthorne did and have a Japanese warlord deem me a respected hatamoto and grant me a minor fiefdom, making me instrumental to the development of new Japanese ships and participation in international commerce. That exclusion is certainly part of the allure.

Yet, this nation has a special place in my heart now, and it's difficult to hear sober-minded analysts prognosticate on its impending doom, especially when their touted "solutions" are ones that would make Japan cease being, well, Japanese.

Being a visiting outsider who has only scratched the surface of Japanese history and culture in my short time here, I do not purport to offer any solutions, only admiration for the land of the rising sun.

Japan may not be heaven on earth, but if this is doom, it isn't so bad.

Visit firstworldrefugee.substack.com. First World Refugee tweets @lennypepperwood

REMEMBER... SHE WANTS TO TOUCH IT.

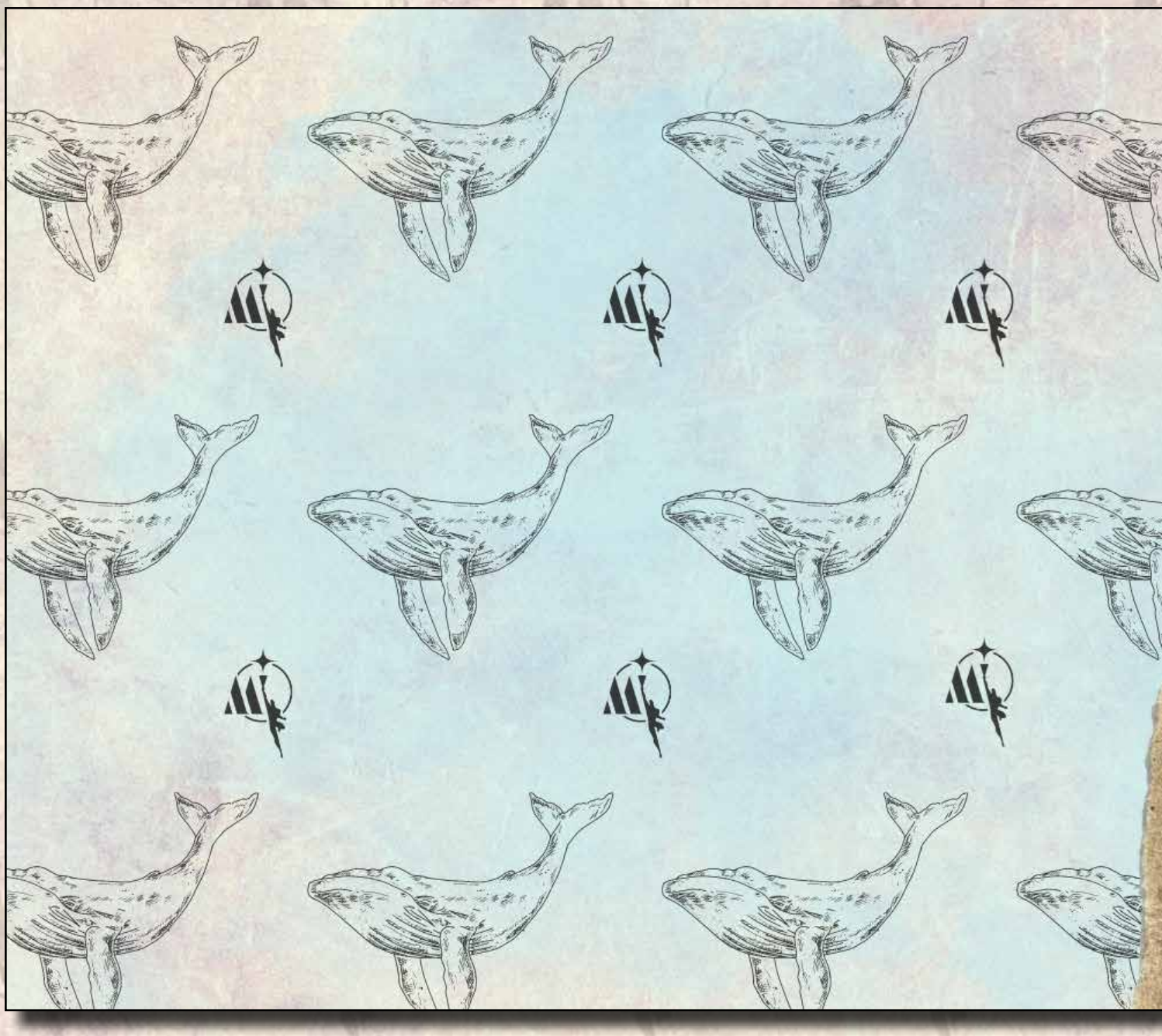
(YOUR JAWLINE.)

GRECO GUM

NE

A podcast for the lost arts, reclaiming the literary Holy Land from the heathen

NewWrite



“THE TRUE THEME OF WARRIOR IS THE COMPLETE BREAKDOWN THAT OCCURS IN FAMILIES WHEN SONS NO LONGER WANT TO BE UNDERSTOOD AS THEIR FATHER’S LEGACY”

WARRIOR AND MOBY DICK

On fathers and sons and the great books of the Western Canon

by ATHENIAN STRANGER

The movie *Warrior* was released on September 9, 2011. In its official trailers, the movie is presented as being about a mixed martial arts competition in which two estranged brothers end up fighting each other in the championship bout for the title of "the toughest man on the planet." While the movie is pitched to a broad audience, the marketing presentation belies the depth of its themes. If all you knew of the movie was hat you saw in the trailer or what's said of it in reviews, even and especially reviews offering praise, then you wouldn't know the movie derives its most significant themes from Melville's masterpiece *Moby-Dick*.

The true theme of *Warrior* is the complete breakdown that occurs in families when sons no

longer want to be understood as their father's legacy. Manliness compounds this because the greatness of man is that he seeks greatness. Specifically, the spiritedness of manly nature consists in the way that men always strive to chart their own course, even when they also strive to honor the legacy of their father. The tension in balancing such spiritedness to be one's own man while honoring one's origins simply is the nature of man at his greatest. Here we enter the proverbial depths, since in speaking of the nature of man one is speaking of one of the few questions worth asking, those very rare kinds of questions from which truly great books of the Western tradition have emerged as offering answers which orient in a definitive way the Western tradition itself. In speaking of the nature of man we've stumbled upon the question "What is man?" The best evidence that this question is what *Warrior* is itself most concerned with emerges from the opening scene, and it's introduced as such by nothing less than one of the greatest books of American literature.

We begin from the beginning, but it turns out that this beginning is in the middle of things. Canvassing a rather dismal horizon of industrialized Pittsburg with The National's "Start A War" playing in the background, *Warrior* begins with an old man (Paddy Conlon, played by Nick Nolte) leaving a church, Bible in hand as he says goodbye to the other congregants. This initial juxtaposition is jarring. We're witnessing an apparently pious and pleasant old man leaving church as we listen to the following lyrics playing almost unobtrusively:

"We expected something,
Something better than before,
We expected something more.

Do you really think
You can just put it in a safe behind a painting
Lock it up and leave?

...

Walk away now and you're gonna start a war..."

The confluence of what we're seeing and what we're hearing are such that two of the greatest elements of life are being thrust upon us: God and war. Further, they're thrust upon us in a way that what we're hearing emphasizes the human experience in life of failed expectations and the all-too-human act of closing oneself off to those failures by simply walking away from them. Simultaneously, what we're seeing suggests the ever-present possibility of man's greatness, namely, the longing to redeem oneself. Something has gone terribly wrong, so wrong that the fundamentals in life of God, war, and redemption have taken centerstage. The beginning of the movie is historically ever-present. Indeed, the theme of redemption and, in particular, redemption in the eyes of God, is as old as human nature itself.

That we're meant to experience the presence of these defining elements to life is suggested by what immediately happens next. In his car, Paddy begins to listening to an audiobook. Pressing play, the narrator says the following:

"Chapter 36
The Quarter-Deck
(Enter Ahab: Then, all.)

It was not a great while after the affair of the pipe, that one morning shortly after breakfast, Ahab, as was his wont, ascended the cabin-gangway to the deck..."

It's unmistakable that Paddy is listening to Melville's *Moby-Dick*. Specifically, Paddy is listening to the chapter in which we are first introduced to why *Moby Dick* is not merely a whale but, as the full title proclaims, *the* whale. Moreover, tied as it is to its own previous beginning, and much like the opening of the movie itself, the suggestion is that all beginnings involve an inherent arbitrariness. It's significant for us that in a later chapter entitled "The Honor and Glory of Whaling," Ishmael begins by saying that "There are some enterprises in which a careful disorderliness is the true method." Life is always beginning in the middle of things.

Paddy will be listening to *Moby-Dick* throughout the entirety of the movie, and key lines of the book will be relayed at critical junctures. Why? Because Melville's *Moby-Dick* is concerned with "all the generations of whales, and men," which is to say, with the entirety of man's understanding of his relationship to God along with the transmission of that understanding to his fellow men. To pursue the whale is to pursue the greatest of God's creations other than man himself. It's one thing to pursue the whale in order to behold the magnificent power of its creator, but it's something quite

"THE THEME OF REDEMPTION AND, IN PARTICULAR, REDEMPTION IN THE EYES OF GOD, IS AS OLD AS HUMAN NATURE ITSELF"

different to pursue the whale in order to become its master and possessor. To pursue the whale in order to possess it is to pursue what is not necessarily granted to man by God, and what is not granted to man by God can be granted by man to man – from a father to his son.

In quickly moving back and forth between Paddy driving home and his son Tommy (played by Tom Hardy) arriving in wait at his door for him, we hear the all-important scene in *Moby-Dick*:

" 'It's a white whale, I say,' resumed Ahab, as he threw down the topmaul; 'a white whale. Skin your eyes for him, men; look sharp for white water; if ye see but a bubble, sing out.' "

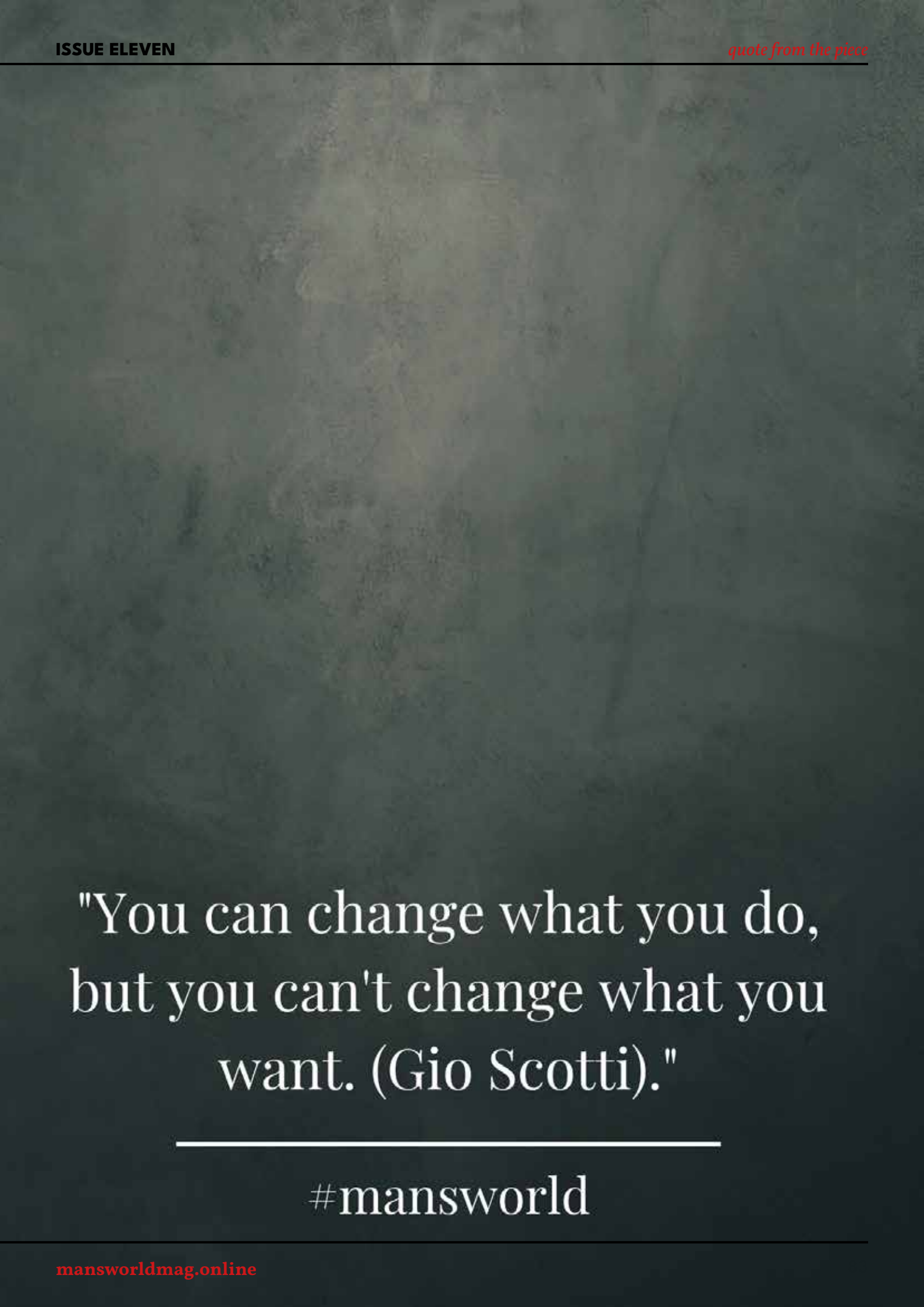
Ahab is introducing his men to the true object of their adventure on the Pequod, and we're similarly being introduced to the true object of *Warrior*. Specifically, Paddy and Tommy have been estranged for fourteen years, and whatever characterizes the nature of the relationship between Ahab and the whale looms over that of Paddy and Tommy. The discussion between Paddy and Tommy that follows reveals the extent to which that relationship resonates with the themes of *Moby-Dick* that are simultaneously being introduced by the movie. Like the whale in *Moby-Dick*, the issue is how the father and son understand their pursuit of the other and how that pursuit relates to God.

Pensive and disheveled, Tommy is sitting upon the steps of Paddy's doorway, downing pills with alcohol as he waits. Greatly surprised by Tommy's arrival, Tommy says, "I was just passing through, and I figured why not have a bout with the old man." Complimenting the care Paddy has shown in the upkeep of his old car, Tommy reveals the tension between the two: "Well, you always did take good care of her. Paddy Conlon, a man of priorities." Paddy can provide exemplary care for things, but apparently his family had not been one of those things. After a long silence followed by a curious grin, Tommy offers Paddy a drink while emphasizing that his mom had taught him to never arrive empty-handed as a guest. Paddy acknowledges, "She did, but that's not for me anymore, Tommy." Confused, Tommy asks him if he changed brands. Paddy smiles lovingly, shaking his head no and inviting him inside. The screen fades to black and the title of the movie emerges in all white. The stark contrast now marking the true beginning of the movie underscores the contrasting tensions we've just witnessed at play in what we might call its curious pre-beginning.

Inside, Paddy begins making coffee as Tommy looks meticulously over the living area of the home he grew up in. While looking over the books in the room, Tommy further provokes Paddy by noting that the home lacks a woman's touch. Upon Paddy's response of "No more women for me," Tommy casually reveals the source of the wound between them: "Yea, it must be hard to find a girl who can take a punch nowadays." Paddy was an abusive drunk.

The church he has just come home from might have been an evening service or it might have been an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. In either case, Paddy is on the road to redemption, as has just been suggested by the books Tommy has looked over in the living room. On the table next to Paddy's recliner, the Bible. On the mantle over the fireplace next to the childhood photos Tommy's examining, Steinbeck and Dostoevsky. Paddy's redemption includes not only a return to God but also a journey into the greatest books of the Western canon. Paddy has found something about the great books that's invaluable to his own redemption, a window into worlds not his own but from which he can make his own better.

In offering Tommy coffee, Paddy has entirely confused him: "Coffee? You haven't seen a guy in fourteen years and you aren't gonna have a drink with him?" Patty's sober, and he tells Tommy that his sobriety is approaching a thousand days. Con-


"You can change what you do, but you can't change what you want. (Gio Scotti)."
#mansworld

founded, Tommy takes another drink and returns to examine the childhood photos on the mantle, focusing especially upon a picture of a couple with their daughters. Taking careful notice, Paddy says "He's a school teacher down in Philly." Tommy has a brother, Brendan (played by Joel Edgerton), from whom he's also estranged. Clearly moved, Tommy continues looking over the photos decorating the wall and an end-table next to the mantle, turning on a light on to see them better and picking up one of particular importance. It's a photo of a woman holding a child. It's his mother holding him.

Examining the photo closely, Tommy says: "So you found God, huh? That's awesome. Mom kept calling out for him but he wasn't around. I guess Jesus was down at the mill forgiving all the drunks, huh? …Who knew…"

The breakdown of the relationship between Paddy and Tommy — father and son — has culminated in Tommy being estranged from Paddy, his own brother, and even God. To put an even finer point on it, whereas Paddy seeks redemption, Tommy embraces nihilism. For Paddy to see his own legacy, his end, in Tommy is for him to see himself as nothing. For Tommy to see himself as his own beginning is for him to see his beginning as his end, as entirely without family, an isolated existence of meaninglessness. Here, in the starkest of terms, we see that it takes but a single generation of breakdown of the bond between fathers and sons to turn the genealogy of generations of fathers and sons to complete nothingness. To lose the youth is to lose everything.

Paddy, visibly pained by the memories, says nothing. He knows he's earned the criticism — self-knowledge, owning responsibility, is nothing if not the very first criterion of redemption, and certainly central among the virtues of an honorable man. The difficulty resides in how justice and injustice are two sides of the same coin in which the soul most especially traffics. The same longing for justice that motivates a man toward redemption is the same longing that motivates another in his indignation toward injustice. One man's redemption might be injustice in the eyes of another man, and we immediately see that this is the case between Paddy and Tommy. Not waiting further for Paddy to respond, Tommy says "So are you gonna ask about her or just sit there all sober?" Tommy resents Paddy's sobriety. Redemption requires that one come to terms with the past. Paddy's sobriety consists in almost a thousands days of moving beyond the past, but the past he's moving beyond is Tommy's everyday present. For Paddy, it was "enough" to have learned that Tommy's mother had died in Tacoma and that Tommy had entered the Marines. That's not "enough" for Tommy.

Sitting down in the chair across from Paddy Tommy says: "Well, that's too bad because you could've gotten some good details. You could've heard about her coughing up blood on her knees in a shitbox with no heat, having me rub her down with holy water because she didn't have no insurance. All the while waiting for your pal, Jesus, to save her."

Visibly holding back tears, Paddy simply says he's sorry, to which Tommy replies: "Well, that's good to know that you're sorry, pop. It goes a long way. I think I liked you better when you were a drunk." With those words, Tommy's head nods over into the chair and he drops the lid to the bottle of alcohol he's been drinking as he falls asleep.

The phrase "I liked you better when you were a drunk" will be repeated much later by Tommy, and it undergirds the most important themes from *Moby-Dick* in the movie. Specifically, the fate of Paddy's sobriety resides in his relentless pursuit of redemption with Tommy. For Paddy, Tommy is the whale. Yet, Paddy is not Ahab or, better stated, Paddy is a recovering Ahab, an Ahab who is finding his way back to God. Like Ahab, he will go down in his pursuit but, as a partially redeemed Ahab, Paddy will go down for the sake of his crew — Tommy and Brendan — not despite them. Indeed, in the most poignant scene of the movie Paddy will sacrifice his sobriety in a last-ditch effort to win back Tommy by becoming the drunkard Tommy says he prefers.

There, completely intoxicated and listening to *Moby-Dick*, we discover the role of the great books in Paddy's redemption. In moving from saying "… they're lost" to "…we're all lost…we'll never make it back," Paddy has read himself into the book, he has poeticized his own ending by means of *Moby-Dick*. This is the power of the great books: they provide us with the most powerfully completed examples of greatness to use when we seek meaning through our own beginnings, middles, and ends in life.

Athenian tweets @athens_stranger

FOCUS ON YOUR GOALS

"So you found God, huh?"

AND DON'T BE A FAG

BROUGHT TO YOU BY BADITUDE - BADITUDEMUSIC.COM

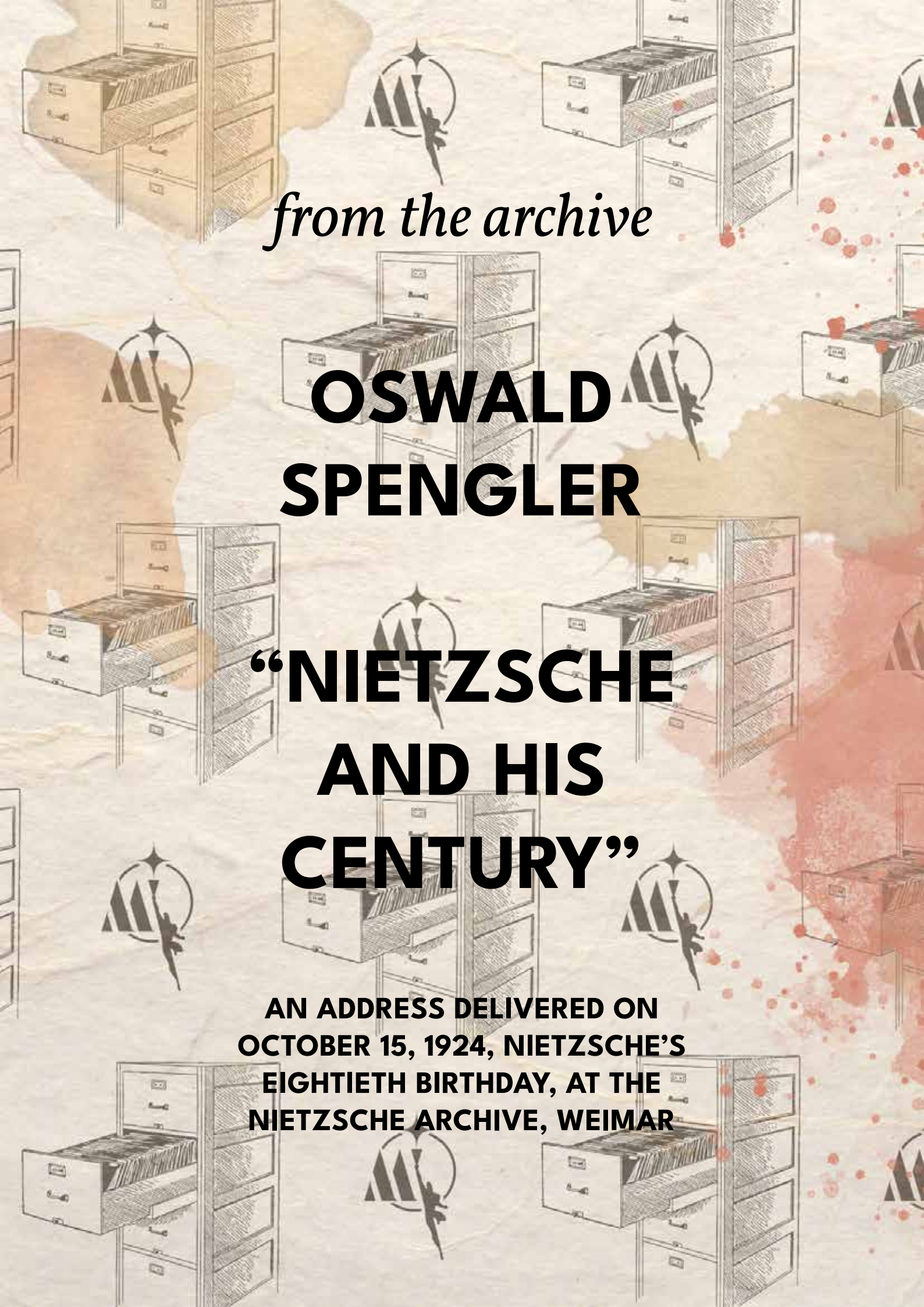
"AS A MEMBER OF THE SEMINAL ORDER, I'VE LEARNED THE VALUE OF FLEXIBILITY. PUTTING THINGS IN MY ASS DOESN'T MAKE ME LESS OF A MAN."

NICK

MEMBER OF THE SEMINAL ORDER

SEMINAL ORDER

6 9
SEMINAL
ORDER

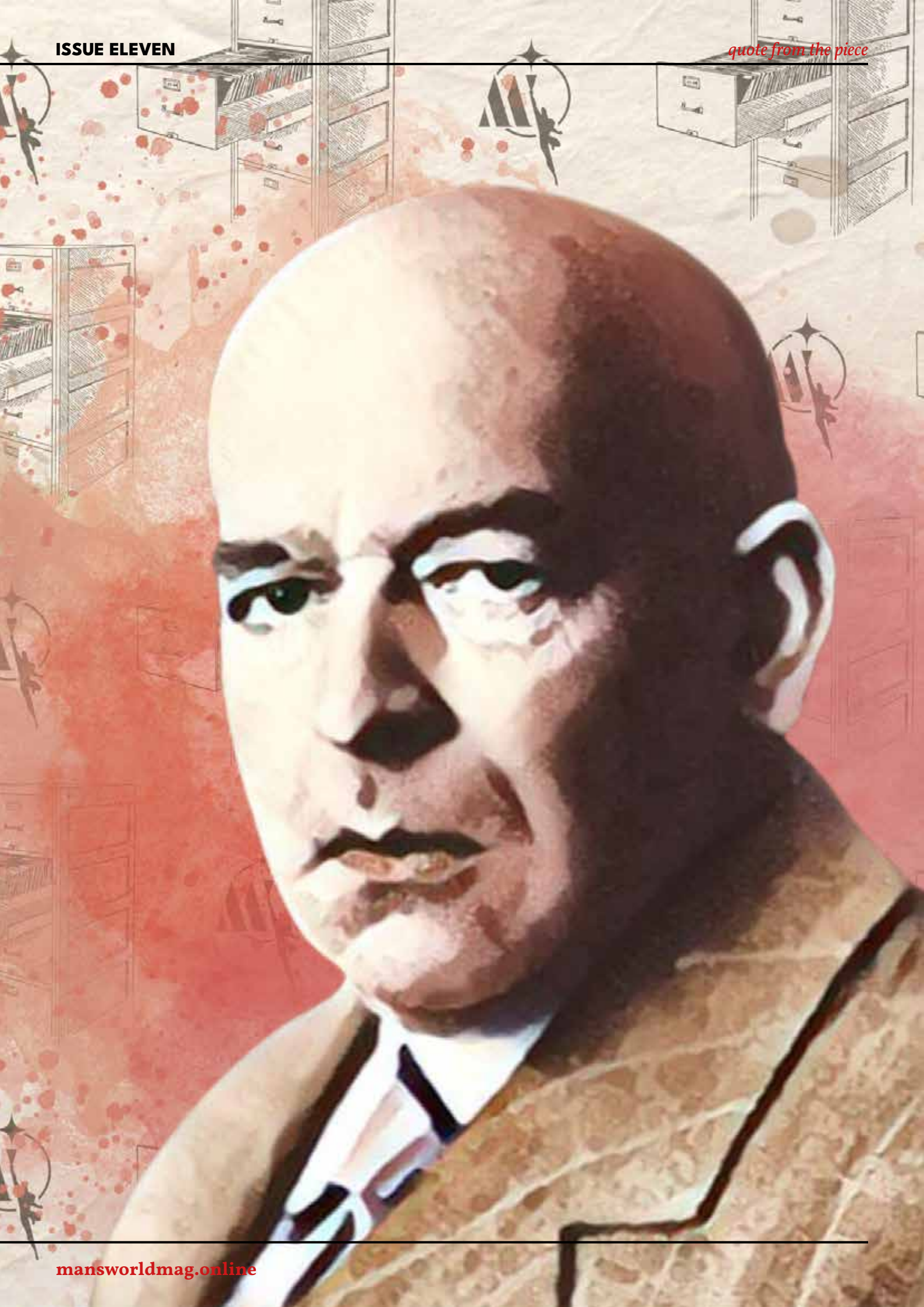


from the archive

OSWALD SPENGLER

"NIETZSCHE AND HIS CENTURY"

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON OCTOBER 15, 1924, NIETZSCHE'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, AT THE NIETZSCHE ARCHIVE, WEIMAR



"HE SENSED THE RHYTHM OF WHAT IS CALLED NOBILITY, ETHICS, HEROISM, DISTINCTION, AND MASTER MORALITY"

Looking back at the nineteenth century and letting its great men pass before the mind's eye, we can observe an amazing thing about the figure of Friedrich Nietzsche, something that was hardly noticeable in his own time. All the other outstanding personages, including Wagner, Strindberg, and Tolstoy, reflect to a certain degree the color and shape of those years. Each of them was somehow bound up with the shallow optimism of the progress-mongers, with their social ethics and utilitarianism, their philosophy of matter and energy, pragmatism and "adaptation"; each of them made sacrifice after sacrifice to the spirit of the time. Only one person represents a radical departure from this pattern. If the word "untimely," which he himself coined, is applicable to anyone at all, then it is Nietzsche. One searches in vain throughout his whole life and all of his thought for any indication that he might have yielded inwardly to any vogue or fad.

In this respect he is the antithesis of, and yet in some ways profoundly related to, the second German of modern times whose life was one great symbol: Goethe. These are the only two notable Germans whose existence has profound significance apart from and in addition to their works. Because both were aware of this from the beginning and continually gave utterance to this awareness, their existence has become a treasure for our nation and an integral part of its spiritual history.

It was Goethe's good fortune to be born at the high noon of Western culture, at a time of rich and mature intellectuality which he himself eventually came to represent. He had only to become the epitome of his own time in order to achieve the disciplined grandeur implied by those who later called him the "Olympian." Nietzsche lived a century later, and in the meantime a great change had occurred, one which we are only now able to comprehend. It was his fate to come into the world after the Rococo period, and to stand amid the totally cultureless 1860's and 1870's.

Consider the streets and houses he had to live in, the clothing fashions, furniture, and social mores he had to observe. Consider the way people moved about in social circles in his day, the way they thought, wrote, and felt. Goethe lived at a time filled with respect for form; Nietzsche longed desperately for forms that had been shattered and abandoned. Goethe needed only to affirm what he saw and experienced around him; Nietzsche had no recourse but to protest passionately against everything contemporary, if he was to rescue anything his forebears had bequeathed to him as a cultural heritage. Both of these men strove during their whole lives for strict inner form and discipline. But the eighteenth century was itself "in form". It possessed the highest type of society that Western Europe has ever known. The nineteenth century had neither a distinguished society nor any other kind of formal attributes. Apart from the incidental customs of the urban upper class it possessed only the scattered remains, preserved with great difficulty, of aristocratic and middle-class tradition. Goethe was able to understand and solve the great problems of his time as a recognized member of his society, as we learn in *Wilhelm Meister* and *Elective Affinities*; Nietzsche could remain true to his task only by turning his back on society. His frightful loneliness stands as a symbol over against Goethe's cheerful gregariousness. One of these great men gave shape to existing things; the other brooded over non-existing things. One of them worked for a prevailing form; the other against a prevailing formlessness.

Aside from this, however, form was something very different for each of them. Of all the great German intellectuals, Nietzsche was the only born musician. All the others — thinkers, poets, and painters alike — have either been shapers of material or have taken material apart. Nietzsche lived, felt, and thought by ear. He was, after all, hardly able to use his eyes. His prose is not "written," it is heard — one might even say sung. The vowels and cadences are more important than the similes and metaphors. What he sensed as he surveyed the ages was their melody, their meter. He discovered the musical keys of foreign cultures. Before him, no one knew of the tempo of history. A great many of his concepts — the Dionysian, the Pathos of Distance, the Eternal Recurrence — are to be understood quite

OSWALD SPENGLER

Oswald Spengler (1880-1936) was a German thinker whose interests ranged across a wide variety of areas, from history and philosophy to biology and mathematics. Spengler's most notable work is his two-volume *The Decline of the West*, published in 1918 and 1922, which made a number of extremely prescient predictions about the future of Western civilisation. Spengler chose to view societies as organisms, and like organisms that means they have natural lifespans. Any attempt to exceed these lifespans would, in the end, prove futile.

Although his work, especially *Decline*, proved controversial, and remains so, there is absolutely no doubting his intellectual influence, which was recognised in his day. In its 1928 review of the English version of the second volume of *Decline*, *Tme Magazne* stated, "When the first volume of The Decline of the West appeared in Germany a few years ago, thousands of copies were sold. Cultivated European discourse quickly became Spengler-saturated. Spenglerism spurted from the pens of countless disciples. It was imperative to read Spengler, to sympathize or revolt. It still remains so."

Ancient men conquered cities, put them to the sword and flame.
Meanwhile, you go to Crossfit "box" and do partner WOD with "GF".
YOU ARE GAY!!

musically. He sensed the rhythm of what is called nobility, ethics, heroism, distinction, and master morality. He was the first to experience as a symphony the image of history that had been created by scholarly research out of data and numbers — the rhythmic sequence of ages, customs, and attitudes.

He himself had music, just as he walked, spoke, dressed, experienced other people, stated problems, and drew conclusions. What *Bildung* had been for Goethe, was for Nietzsche tact in the broadest sense: social, moral, historical, and linguistic tact, a feeling for the proper sequence of things, made all the keener by his suffering in an age that had very little of this feeling. Like Zarathustra, Goethe's Tasso was born of suffering, but Tasso succumbed to a feeling of weakness when challenged by a contemporary world which he loved and which he regarded as superior to himself. Zarathustra abhorred the contemporary world, and fled from it to distant worlds of the past and future.

The inability to feel "at home" in one's own time — that is a German curse. Because of the guilt of our past we came into bloom too late and too suddenly. Beginning with Klopstock and Lessing, we had to cover in eighty years a distance for which other nations had centuries. For this reason we never developed a formal inner tradition or a distinguished society that could act as guardian of such a tradition. We borrowed forms, motifs, problems, and solutions from all sides and struggled with them, whereas others grew up with them and in them. Our end was implicit in our beginning. Heinrich von Kleist discovered — he was the first to do so — the problematics of Ibsen at the same time that he strove to emulate Shakespeare. This tragic state of affairs produced in Germany a series of outstanding artistic personalities at a time when England and France had already gone over to producing literati — art and thought as a profession rather than a destiny. But it also caused the fragmentation and frustration expressed in much of our art, the thwarting of final aims and artistic thoroughness.

Today we use the terms "Classical" and "Romantic" to denote the antithesis that appeared around 1800 everywhere in Western Europe, literary Petersburg included. Goethe was a Classic to the same extent that Nietzsche was a Romantic, but these words merely designate the predominant hues in their essential natures. Each of them also possessed the other potentiality, which at times urged its way to the foreground. Goethe, whose Faust-monologues and *West-Eastern Divan* are high points of Romantic sensibility, strove at all times to confine this urge for distance and boundlessness within clear and strict traditional forms. Similarly, Nietzsche often suppressed his acquired inclination for the Classical and rational, which held a twofold fascination for him by reason of temperament and philological profession, to what he termed the Dionysian, at least when he was evaluating. Both men were borderline cases. Just as Goethe was the last of the Classics, Nietzsche was, next to Wagner, the last of the Romantics. By their lives and their creations they exhausted the possibilities of these two movements. After them, it was no longer possible to render the meaning of the ages in the same words and images — the imitators of the Classical drama and the latter-day Zarathustras have proved this. Moreover, it is impossible to invent a new method of seeing and saying like theirs. Germany may well bring forth impressive formative minds in the future; however, fortunate for us, they will nonetheless be isolated occurrences, for we have reached the end of the grand development. And they will always be overshadowed by the two great figures of Goethe and Nietzsche.

An essential characteristic of Western Classicism was its intense preoccupation with the contemporary world. While seeking to control human drives that tend in opposite directions, it attempted to make the past and the future coalesce in the contemporary situation. Goethe's dictum about the "Demands of the Day," his "cheerful present," imply after all that he called upon various kinds of past figures and events — *his* Greeks, *his* Renaissance, Götz von Berlichingen, Faust, and Egmont — in order to infuse them with the spirit of his own time. The result is that when reading such works as *Tasso* or *Iphigenia* we are not at all mindful of historical precedent. Just the opposite is the case with the Romantics; their proper domain was remote places and times. They longed for withdrawal from the present to distant and foreign realms, to the past and future of history. None of them ever had a profound relationship with the things that surrounded him.

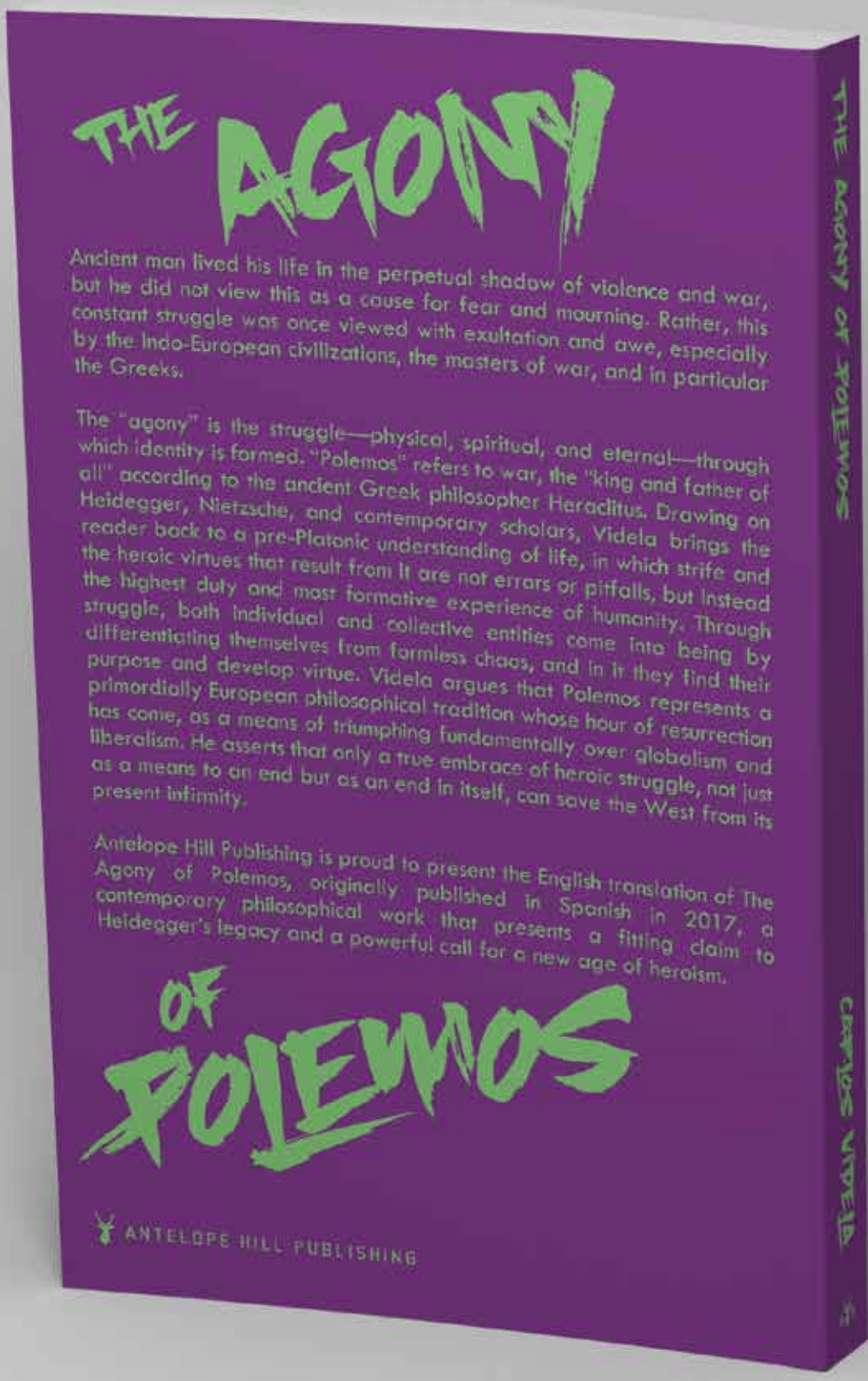
"THE ROMANTIC IS ENTICED BY WHATEVER IS STRANGE TO HIS NATURE, THE CLASSIC BY WHAT IS PROPER TO HIS NATURE. NOBLE DREAMERS ON THE ONE HAND, NOBLE MASTERS OF DREAMS ON THE OTHER"

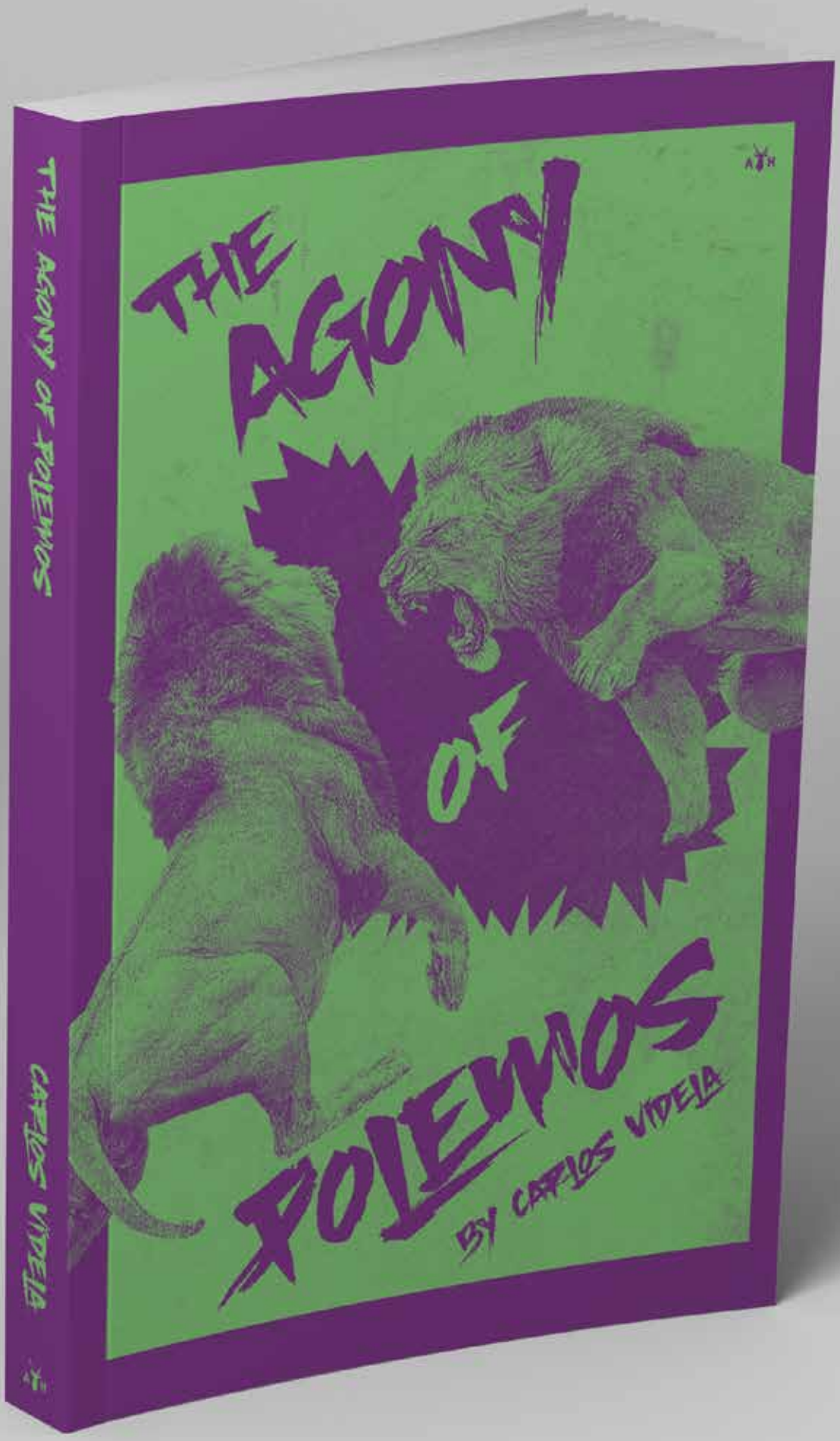
The Romantic is enticed by whatever is strange to his nature, the Classic by what is proper to his nature. Noble dreamers on the one hand, noble masters of dreams on the other. The one type adored the conquerors, rebels, and criminals of the past, or ideal states and supermen of the future; the other type construed statesmanship in practical, methodical terms or, like Goethe and Humboldt, even practiced it themselves. One of Goethe's great masterpieces is the conversation between Egmont and William of Orange. He loved Napoleon, for he was witness to his deeds in his own time and locality. He was never able to recreate artistically the violent personalities of the past; his *Caesar* went unwritten. But that is precisely the type of personality that Nietzsche worshipped — from a distance. At close range, as with Bismarck, he was repelled by them. Napoleon would also have repelled him. He would have seemed to him uncouth, shallow, and mindless, like the Napoleonic types that lived around him — the great European politicians and the rough-and-ready businessmen whom he never even saw, much less understood. He needed a vast distance between the Then and the Now in order to have a genuine relationship with a given reality. Thus he created his Superman and, almost as arbitrarily, the figure of Cesare Borgia.

These two tendencies are tragically present in the most recent German history. Bismarck was a Classic of politics. He based his calculations entirely on things that existed, things he could see and manipulate. The fanatical patriots neither loved nor understood him until his creative work appeared as a finished product, until he could be romantically transfigured as a mythic personage: "The Old Man of the Saxon Forests." On the other hand, Ludwig II of Bavaria, who perished as a Romantic and who never created or even could have created anything of enduring value, actually received this kind of love (without returning it), not only from the people at large, but also from artists and thinkers who should have looked more closely. Kleist is regarded in Germany with, at best, a reluctant admiration that is tantamount to rejection, particularly in those instances where he succeeded in overcoming his own Romantic nature. He is inwardly quite remote from most Germans, unlike Nietzsche, whose nature and destiny were in many ways similar to the Bavarian king's, and who is instinctively honoured even by those who have never read him.

Nietzsche's longing for remoteness also explains his aristocratic taste, which was that of a completely lonely and visionary personality. Like the Ossian-type Romanticism that originated in Scotland, the early Classicism of the eighteenth century began on the Thames and was later taken across to the Continent. It is impossible to consider it apart from the Rationalism of the same period. The Classicists engaged in the act of creativity consciously and deliberately; they replaced free imagination with knowledge, at times even with scholarly erudition. They *understood* the Greeks, the Renaissance, and inevitably also the world of contemporary active affairs. These English Classicists, all of them of high social standing, helped create liberalism as a philosophy of life as it was understood by Frederick the Great and his century: the deliberate ignoring of distinctions that were known to exist in the practical life but were in any case not considered as obstacles; the rational preoccupation with matters of public opinion that could neither be gotten rid of nor hushed up, but that somehow had to be rendered harmless. This upper-class Classicism gave rise to English democracy — a superior form of tactics, not a codified political program. It was based on the long and intensive experience of a social stratum that habitually dealt with real and practicable possibilities, and that was therefore never in danger of losing its essential congeniality.

Goethe, who was also conscious of his social


THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
Ancient man lived his life in the perpetual shadow of violence and war, but he did not view this as a cause for fear and mourning. Rather, this constant struggle was once viewed with exultation and awe, especially by the Indo-European civilizations, the masters of war, and in particular the Greeks.
The "agony" is the struggle—physical, spiritual, and eternal—through which identity is formed. "Polemos" refers to war, the "king and father of all" according to the ancient Greek philosopher Heraclitus. Drawing on Heidegger, Nietzsche, and contemporary scholars, Videla brings the reader back to a pre-Platonic understanding of life, in which strife and the heroic virtues that result from it are not errors or pitfalls, but instead the highest duty and most formative experience of humanity. Through struggle, both individual and collective entities come into being by differentiating themselves from formless chaos, and in it they find their purpose and develop virtue. Videla argues that Polemos represents a primordially European philosophical tradition whose hour of resurrection has come, as a means of triumphing fundamentally over globalism and liberalism. He asserts that only a true embrace of heroic struggle, not just as a means to an end but as an end in itself, can save the West from its present infirmity.
Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present the English translation of The Agony of Polemos, originally published in Spanish in 2017, a contemporary philosophical work that presents a fitting claim to Heidegger's legacy and a powerful call for a new age of heroism.
THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING
CARLOS VIDELA


THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
BY CARLOS VIDELA
THE AGONY OF POLEMOS
CARLOS VIDELA

rank, was never an aristocrat in the passionate, theoretical sense — unlike Nietzsche, who lacked the habituation to regular practical experience. Nietzsche never really became familiar with the democracy of his time in all its strength and weakness. To be sure, he rebelled against the herd instinct with the wrath of his extremely sensitive soul, but the chief cause of his anger was to be found somewhere in the historical past. He was doubtless the first to demonstrate in such radical fashion how in all cultures and epochs of the past the masses count for nothing, that they suffer from history but do not create it, that they are at all times the pawns and victims of the personal will of individuals and classes born to be rulers. People had sensed this often enough before, but Nietzsche was the first to destroy the traditional image of "humanity" as progress toward the solution of ideal problems through the agency of its leaders. Herein lies the immense difference between the historiography of a Niebuhr or a Ranke, which as an idea was likewise of Romantic origin, and Nietzsche's method of historical vision. His way of looking into the soul of past epochs and peoples overcame the mere pragmatic structure of facts and events.

Yet such a technique required detachment. English Classicism, which produced the first modern historian of Greece in George Grote — a businessman and practical politician — was quite exclusively the affair of higher society. It ennobled the Greeks by regarding them as peers, by "present-ing" them in the truest sense of the word as distinguished, cultivated, intellectually refined human beings who at all times acted "in good taste" — even Harner and Pindar, poets whom the English school of classical philology was the first to prefer over Horace and Virgil. From the higher circles of English society this Classicism entered the only corresponding circles in Germany, the courts of the small principalities, where the tutors and preachers acted as intermediaries. The courtly atmosphere of Weimar was the world in which Goethe's life became the symbol of cheerful conviviality and purposeful activity. Weimar was the friendly center of intellectual Germany, a place that offered calm satisfaction to a degree unknown by any other German writer, an opportunity for harmonious growth, maturing, and ageing that was Classical in a specifically German sense.

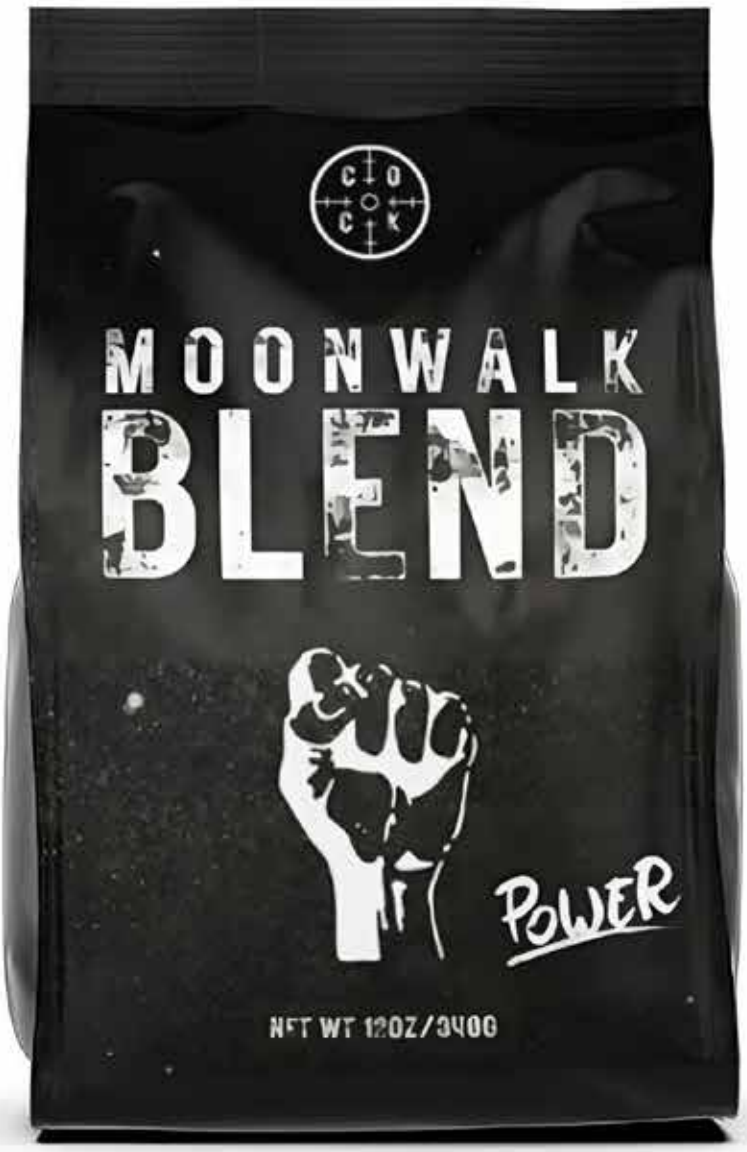
Next to this career there is the other, which likewise ended in Weimar. It started out in the seclusion of a Protestant pastor's home, the cradle of many if not most of Germany's great minds, and reached its height in the sun-drenched solitude of the Engadin. No other German has ever lived such an impassioned private existence, far removed from all society and publicity — though all Germans, even if they are "public" personalities, have a longing for such solitude. His intense yearning for friendship was in the last analysis simply his inability to lead a genuine social life, and thus it was a more spiritual form of loneliness. Instead of the friendly "Goethe house" on Weimar's Frauenplan, we see the joyless little cottages in Sils-Maria, the solitude of the mountains and the sea, and finally a solitary breakdown in Turin — it was the most thoroughly Romantic career the nineteenth century ever offered.

Nevertheless, his need to communicate was stronger than he himself believed, much stronger at any rate than Goethe's, who was one of the most taciturn of men despite the social life that surrounded him. Goethe's *Elective Affinities* is a secretive book, not to speak of *Wilhelm Meister's Years of Wandering* and *Faust II*. His most profound poems are monologues. The aphorisms of Nietzsche are never monologues; nor are the *Night Song* and the *Dionysus Dithyrambs* completely monologues. An invisible witness is always present, always watching. That is why he remained at all times a believing Protestant. All the Romantics lived in schools and coteries, and Nietzsche invented something of the sort by imagining that his friends were, as listeners, his intellectual peers. Or again, he created in the remote past and future a circle of intimates, only to complain to them, like Novalis and Hölderlin, of his loneliness. His whole life was filled with the torture and bliss of renunciation, of the desire to surrender and to force his inner nature, to bind himself in same way to something that always proved to be foreign to himself. Yet that is how he developed insight into the soul of epochs and cultures that could never reveal their secrets to self-assured, Classical minds.

This organic pessimism of his being explains the works and the sequence in which they appeared. We who were not able to experience the great flourishing of materialism in the mid-nine-

quote from the piece

Cuck Operator
Coffee Kompany



50% OF EVERY SALE WILL BE PAID AS REPARATIONS TO AFRICAN AMERICANS. POWER.

SELOOLIVE
seloolive.com

teenth century should never cease to be amazed at the audacity that went into the writing, at such a tender age and contrary to the opinions of contemporary philological scholarship, of *The Birth of Tragedy*. The famous antithesis of Apollo and Dionysus contains much more than even today's average reader can comprehend. The most significant thing about that essay was not that its author discovered an inner conflict in "Classical" Greece, the Greece that had been the purest manifestation of "humanity" for all others except perhaps Bachofen and Burckhardt. More important still was that even at that age he possessed the superior vision that allowed him to peer into the heart of whole cultures as if they were organic, living individuals. We need only read Mommsen and Curtius to notice the tremendous difference. The others regarded Greece simply as the sum of conditions and events occurring within a certain span of time and space. Our present-day method of looking at history owes its origin, but not its depth, to Romanticism. In Nietzsche's day, history, as far as Greece and Rome were concerned, was little more than applied philology, and as far as the Western peoples were concerned little more than applied archival research. It invented the idea that history began with written records.

The liberation from this view came out of the spirit of music. Nietzsche the musician invented the art of feeling one's way into the style and rhythm of foreign cultures, aside from and often in contradiction to the written documents. But what did written documents matter anyway? With the word "Dionysus" Nietzsche discovered what the archaeologists eventually brought to light thirty years later — the underworld and the undersoul of Classical culture, and ultimately the spiritual force that underlies all of history. Historical description had become the psychology of history. The eighteenth century and Classicism, including Goethe, believed in "culture" — a single, true, mental and moral culture as the task of a unified humanity. From the very beginning Nietzsche spoke quite unforcedly of "cultures" as of natural phenomena that simply began at a certain time and place, without reason or goal or whatever an all-too-human interpretation might wish to make of it. "At a certain time" — the point was made clear from the very first time in Nietzsche's book that all of these cultures, truths, arts, and attitudes are peculiar to a mode of existence that makes its appearance at one certain time and then disappears for good. The idea that every historical fact is the expression of a spiritual stimulus, that cultures, epochs, estates, and races have a soul like that of individuals — this was such a great step forward in historical depth-analysis that even the author himself was at the time not aware of its full implications.

However, one of the things the Romantic yearns for is to escape from himself. This yearning, together with the great misfortune of having been born in that particular period in history, caused Nietzsche to serve as a herald for the most banal form of realism in his second book, *Human, All-Too-Human*. These were the years when Western Rationalism, after abandoning its glorious beginnings with Rousseau, Voltaire, and Lessing, ended as a farce. Darwin's theories, together with the new faith in matter and energy, became the religion of the big cities; the soul was regarded as a chemical process involving proteins, and the meaning of the universe boiled down to the social ethics of enlightened philistines. Not a single fibre of Nietzsche's being was party to these developments. He had already given vent to his disgust in the first of his "Untimely Meditations," but the scholar in him envied Chamfort and Vauvenargues and their lighthearted and somewhat cynical manner of treating serious topics in the style of the *grand monde*. The artist and enthusiast in him was perplexed by the massive sobriety of an Eugen Dühring, which he mistook for true greatness. Priestly character that he was, he proceeded to unmask religion as prejudice. Now the goal of life was knowledge, and the goal of history became for him the development of intelligence. He said this in a tone of ridicule that served to heighten his own passion, precisely because it hurt to do so, and because he suffered from the unrealizable longing to create in the midst of his own time a seductive picture of the future that would contrast with everything he was born into.

While the ecstatic utilitarianism of the Darwinian school was extremely remote from his way of thinking, he took from it certain secret revelations that no true Darwinist ever dreamed of. In *The Dawn of Day* and *The Gay Science* there appeared, in addition to a way of looking at things that was meant to be prosaic and even scornful, another technique of exam-

ining the world — a restrained, quiet, admiring attitude that penetrated deeper than any mere realist could ever hope to achieve. Who, before Nietzsche, had ever spoken in the same way of the soul of an age, an estate, a profession, of the priest and the hero, or of man and woman? Who had ever been able to summarize the psychology of whole centuries in an almost metaphysical formula? Who had ever postulated in history, rather than facts and "eternal truths," the *types* of heroic, suffering, visionary, strong, and diseased life as the actual substance of events as they happen?

That was a wholly new kind of living forms, and could have been discovered only by a born musician with a feeling for rhythm and melody. Following this presentation of the physiognomy of the ages of history, a science of which he was and will always be the creator, he reached to the outer limits of his vision to describe the symbols of a future, *his* future, which he needed in order to be cleansed of the residue of contemporary thought. In one sublime moment he conjured the image of Eternal Recurrence, as it had been vaguely surmised by German mystics in the Middle Ages — an endless circling in the eternal void, in the night of immeasurable eons, a way to lose one's soul utterly in the mysterious depths of the cosmos, regardless of whether such things are scientifically justifiable or not. Into the midst of this vision he placed the Superman and his prophet, Zarathustra, representing the incarnate meaning of human history, in all its brevity, on the planet that was his home. All three of these creations were completely distant, impossible to relate to contemporary conditions. For this very reason they have exerted a curious attraction on every German soul. For in every German soul there is a place where dreams are dreamed of social ideals and a finer future for mankind. Goethe lacked such a corner in his soul, and that is why he never became a truly popular personage. The people sensed this lack, and thus they called him aloof and frivolous. We shall never overcome this reverie of ours; it represents within us the unlived portion of a great past.

Once having arrived at this height, Nietzsche posed the question as to the value of the world, a question that had accompanied him since childhood. By doing so he brought to an end the period of Western philosophy that had considered the types of knowledge as its central problem. This new question likewise had two answers: a Classical and a Romantic answer or, to put it in the terms of the time, a social and an aristocratic answer. "Life has value to the same degree as it serves the totality" — that was the answer of the educated Englishmen who had learned at Oxford to distinguish between what a person *stated* as his considered opinion and what the same person *did* at decisive moments as a politician or businessman. "Life is all the more valuable, the stronger its instincts are" — that was the answer given by Nietzsche, whose own life was delicate and easily injured. Be that as it may, for the very reason that he was remote from the active life he was able to grasp its mysteries. His ultimate understanding of real history was that the Will to Power is stronger than all doctrines and principles, and that it has always made and forever will make history, no matter what others may prove or preach against it. He did not concern himself with the conceptual analysis of "will"; to him the most important thing was the image of active, creative, destructive Will in history. The "concept" of will gave way to the "aspect" of will. He did not teach, he simply pointed matters out: "Thus it was, and thus it shall be." Even if theoretical and priestly individuals will it a thousand times differently, the primeval instincts of life will still emerge victorious.

What a difference between Schopenhauer's world view and this one! And between Nietzsche's contemporaries, with their sentimental plans for improving the world, and this demonstration of hard facts! Such an accomplishment places this last Romantic thinker at the very pinnacle of his century. In this we are all his pupils, whether we wish to be or not, whether we know him well or not. His vision has already imperceptibly conquered the world. No one writes history any more without seeing things in his light.

He undertook to evaluate life using facts as the sole criteria, and the facts taught that the stronger or weaker will to succeed determines whether life is valuable or worthless, that goodness and success are almost mutually exclusive. His image of the world reached its culmination with a magnificent critique of morality in which, instead of preaching morality, he evaluated the moralities that have arisen in history — not ac-

cording to any "true" moral system but according to their success. This was indeed a "revaluation of all values," and although we now know that he misstated the antithesis of Christian and master-morality as a result of his personal suffering during the 1880's, nonetheless the ultimate antithesis of human existence lay behind his statement; he sought it, and sensed it, and believed that he had captured it with his formula.

If instead of "master morality" we were to say the instinctive practice of men who are determined to act, and instead of "Christian morality" the theoretical ways in which contemplative persons evaluate, then we would have before us the tragic nature of all mankind, whose dominant types will forever misunderstand, combat, and suffer from each other. Deed and thought, reality and ideal, success and redemption, strength and goodness — these are forces that will never come to terms with one another. Yet in historical reality it is not the ideal, goodness, or morality that prevails — their kingdom is not of this world — but rather decisiveness, energy, presence of mind, practical talent. This fact cannot be gotten rid of with laments and moral condemnations. Man is *thus*, life is *thus*, history is *thus*.

Precisely because all action was foreign to him, because he knew only how to think, Nietzsche understood the fundamental essence of the active life better than any great active personality in the world. But the more he understood, the more shyly he withdrew from contact with action. In this way his Romantic destiny reached fulfilment. Under the force of these last insights, the final stage of his career took shape in strict contrast to that of Goethe, who was not foreign to action but who regarded his true calling as poetry, and therefore restrained his actions cheerfully.

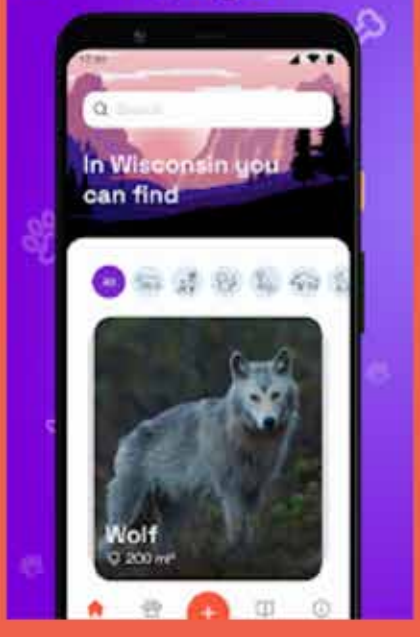
Goethe, the Privy Councillor and Minister, the celebrated focal point of European intellect, was able to confess during his last year of life, in the final act of his *Faust*, that he looked upon his life as having attained fulfilment. "Tarry now, thou art so fair!" — that is a phrase expressive of the most blissful satiety, spoken at the moment when the active physical work is completed under Faust's command, to endure now and forevermore. It was the great and final symbol of the Classicism to which this life had been dedicated, and which led from the controlled cultural education of the eighteenth century to the controlled exercise of personal talent of the nineteenth.

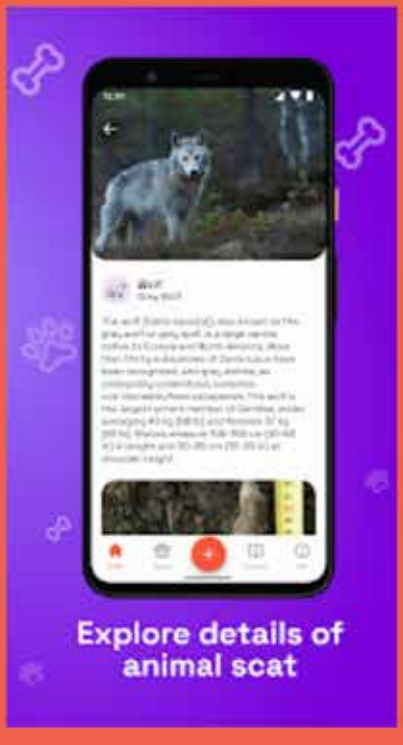
Yet one cannot create distance, one can only proclaim it. Just as Faust's death brought a Classical career to an end, the mind of the loneliest of wanderers vanished with a curse upon his age during those mysterious days in Turin, when he watched the last mists disappear from his image of the world and the highest peaks come ever clear into view. This puzzling final episode of his life is the very reason Nietzsche's existence has had the stronger influence on the world ever since. Goethe's life was a full life, and that means that it brought something to completion. Countless Germans will honour Goethe, live with him, and seek his support; but he can never transform them. Nietzsche's effect is a transformation, for the melody of his vision did not end with his death. The Romantic attitude is eternal; though its form may at times be unified and complete, its thought never is. It will always conquer new areas, either destroying them or changing them radically. Nietzsche's type of vision will pass on to new friends and enemies, and these in turn will hand it down to other followers and adversaries. Even if someday no one reads his works any longer, his vision will endure and be creative.

His work is not a part of our past to be enjoyed; it is a task that makes servants of us all. As a task it is independent of his books and their subject matter, and thus a problem of German destiny. In an age that does not tolerate otherworldly ideals and takes vengeance on their authors, when the only thing of recognized value is the kind of ruthless action that Nietzsche baptized with the name of Cesare Borgia, when the morality of the ideologues and world improvers is limited more radically than ever to superfluous and innocuous writing and speech-making — in such an age, unless we learn to act as real history wants us to act, we will cease to exist as a people. We cannot live without a form of wisdom that does not merely console in difficult situations, but helps one to get out of them. This kind of hard wisdom made its first appearance in German thought with Nietzsche, despite the fact that it was cloaked in thoughts and impressions he had gathered from other sources. To the people most famished for history in all the world, he showed history as it really is. His heritage is the obligation to live history in the same way.

who_poo_app

Who Poo





Who Poo is a new wildlife app for hikers, dogwalkers, hunters and outdoorsmen. Designed for Americans who don't always fit in an urban cage, let's make it a Who Poo summer! Containing an interactive library, Who Poo explores wild animals and their scat near you. Who Poo uses your location to show animals that may be nearby. A filter feature in the library allows users to input scat dimensions and animal track features to find matching wildlife. The library includes photos from President Theodore Roosevelt's North American hunting journals. Who Poo users can also upload their own photos to complete the in-app encyclopedia. Who Poo is currently free and available for download from Google Play and Apple stores.

whopooapp.com

THE BUGMAN ARCHIPELAGO

National divorce can really work if conservatives want it to

by @CivilianIA

As I write this article, the bulk of media attention is currently on Donald Trump inexplicably working to print money for CNN via an expertly crafted stan-dup routine delivered in a townhall format. Trump seemed back to old form but the ma-terial was not tremendously inspiring. He sheepishly voiced anti-war opinions and even waffled around a bit about pardoning "some" of the J6 political prisoners. This was well received by the general public. There is only a small fringe of white-collar crimi-nals supporting the war efforts of the money launderers and they happen to overlap with those who care at all about some local yokel

wandering away from police escorts and taking a dump in Nancy Pelosi's office on that fateful January afternoon.

At this point, the media spotlight is directed far away from another Republican candidate for President - Vivek Ramsawamy, whom I will refer to only as "Vivek" from here on out as a mercy to all non-Indian readers. To be clear, this is not a piece about Vivek himself nor an endorsement of his candidacy. This is, however, an endorsement of his rhetoric. While Trump doing a Ron Paul-lite act certainly shifted the Overton window in 2016, this shtick isn't all that impressive or useful in 2023. There's no denying Trump's personal power and potential but the game he is playing is long out of date. Vivek is not sheepishly advocating for peace. He is not whining about media hypocrisy. These are passive tactics. Vivek is talking about doing things. Things like using the military to destroy drug cartels. Things like raising the voting age to 25 and making voters pass civics tests. In short, Vivek is edging the Republican party closer to active participation in politics.

This move towards participation is important because society is about to undergo massive systemic change due to technological advances. What that change will actually look like is not a foregone conclusion. Those who sit on the sidelines or refuse to adapt will be

victimized. We're all in the game now, like it or not. Vision and imagination are more valuable than practicality at this type of inflection point. This coming inevitable change is the basis for my vision of the Bugman Archipelago.

THE BUGMAN QUESTION

Geography and people. These factors are current problems and potential future solutions. Millions upon millions of people desperately want socialism. This isn't going away. Accept it. A short story published in Man's World titled The Minnetonka Safe Haven Project offers a metaphor regarding job interviews that I believe is directly applicable to this situation:

"Aiden reminded himself that an interview was like golf and that you played the territory, not the competition."

For the past century, conservatives have been positioned in front of a large tree in the middle of the political fairway. Rather than chipping their golf ball around it they've been blasting full swings straight ahead in hopes the ball will eventually cut down the tree. It has never made a dent. It always comes right back and smacks them in the face. The "territory" that this tree represents are the bugmen. These people are not so much "socialists" as they are simply beings devoid of... something. Certain demographics seem to be at higher risk for becoming bugmen, such as young people whose brains have not fully-formed. Still, it is difficult to pinpoint an exact cause and the condition may very well be contagious.

Whatever it is they are missing, the result of this deficit is a mass of humanity that is easily manipulated into mob violence by shallow political rhetoric. This isn't to say the bugmen don't have genuine grievances: they may even have the most genuine grievances. However, they don't act upon these grievances. Ever. They act only upon bullshit. Vague promises of "liberation" are an excellent example of bullshit rhetoric and this term is currently in trend with the bugmen. No, the term "liberation" is never defined nor do bugmen seek a definition from their handlers. Words like these speak to base feelings and have become reliable programming cues.

Those who pull the strings of the bug people know they won't be interrogated by bugmen so long as they lead through the manipulation of emotional hotspots. When Yuval Noah Harari speaks about AI "hacking" humanity, he isn't referring to some supercomputer delving into every individual's psyche and driving them like a car. He is talking about corporations using social media to emotionally trigger a relatively small number of bugmen into acting as a violent swarm that terrorizes society on-command.

The bug people should not be hated, but they do represent an imminent threat to society. A problem which cannot be ignored and will only grow bigger as technology leads to the collapse of human labor-based economies. How can the bugman problem be approached strategically? I propose it should be approached the same way it is currently being approached by leftists - with promises of "free" material wealth paid for by political opposition. This brings us back to geography and people.

Where do the bugmen overwhelmingly reside? In the cities. What purpose do cities really serve in a world with instantaneous digital connection? The reality is that cities are a dated civilizational structure. Or rather, they can become a dated civilizational structure. The CCP system, which is unquestionably what the WEF and friends are seeking to implement in the West, is being rapidly implemented and the driving force of this takeover is bugman mobs being used to generate a false image of popular support. The strategy to deal with this problem should not rest upon somehow achieving a total eradication of these people and the corporations callously using them. That is wildly unrealistic and even the rhetoric offers no real-world benefit. The strategy to deal with corporately funded mob violence should first focus on containment.

A containment strategy offers a myriad of benefits that go far beyond simply containing a hostile force. Offering city-based socialism

"THE REALITY IS THAT CITIES ARE A DATED CIVILIZATIONAL STRUCTURE. OR RATHER, THEY CAN BECOME A DATED CIVILIZATIONAL STRUCTURE"

(CBS) to the bug people could work to contain the corporations championing global authoritarianism. The most important thing to keep in mind about bug people is that they are not consciously aware of much of anything. They respond to offers of material wealth and identity conflict instigation. That is all. The CBS offer suddenly puts their dearest dreams within reach. The list of corporate entities with seemingly unlimited wealth that have shown open support for bug mobs is a mile long. Let them be taxed to support and pacify them.

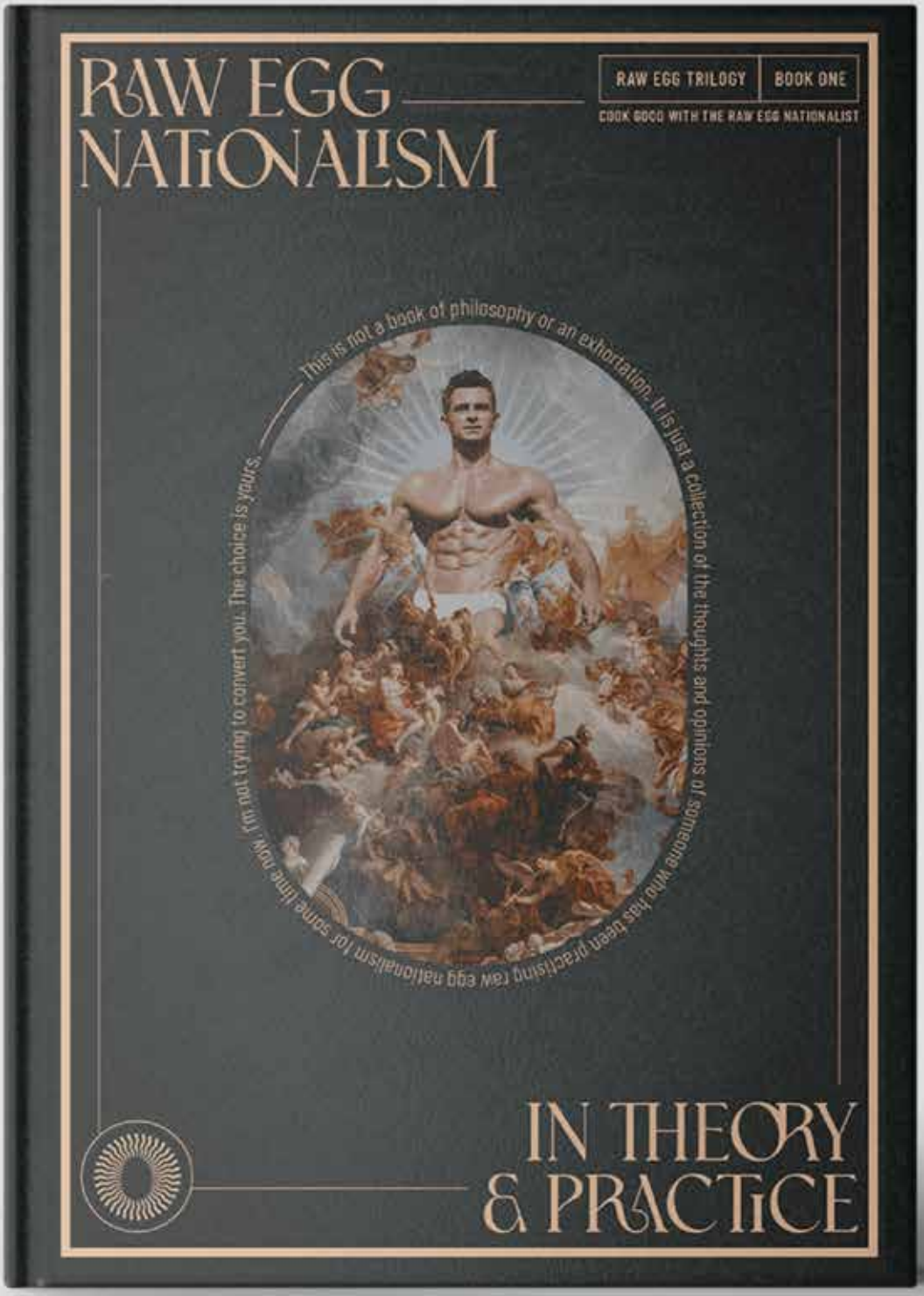
Although the cities are a source of strength for these authoritarian corporations, they are also a potential lever of weakness. They have infrastructure tied to these cities. Recognizing a network of 300 cities as semi-separate governing entities can funnel the bugmen into the la-la-lands they dream of while simultaneously forcing their owners to invest heavily in human capital whose original intended purpose was primarily to agitate & terrorize political opponents. Perhaps more importantly, it may also force a societal recognition of the laws of physics. The cities would inevitably secure borders to stop the flow of immigration due to the reality of resource-allocation limitations. This is exactly what happened with "CHAZ" in Seattle. This could eventually help to end the tyranny of the open border human trafficking regime. A potential welcome relief to all the nations of the Western hemisphere.

Some may protest the idea of turning cities into what basically amount to communism zones. However, the current governing structure of cities is far from salvageable and disruption of the model is likely a requirement in order to halt the march of tyranny. The National League of Cities (NLC), comprising some 19,000 cities, is essentially just a front for WEF governance via private-public partnerships and you will be hard pressed to find a city that isn't a member. The populations of these cities, however, are ignorant of the nature of their governance. Rather than be forced to serve their constituents, the NLC and its liberal partners (NGOs, universities, and major corporations) have begun an effort to more fully conquer surrounding rural peoples through elaborate lawfare schemes aimed at forcing liberal policies onto unwilling victims. Forcing these entities to more transparently reveal their roles in government would be an enormous win.

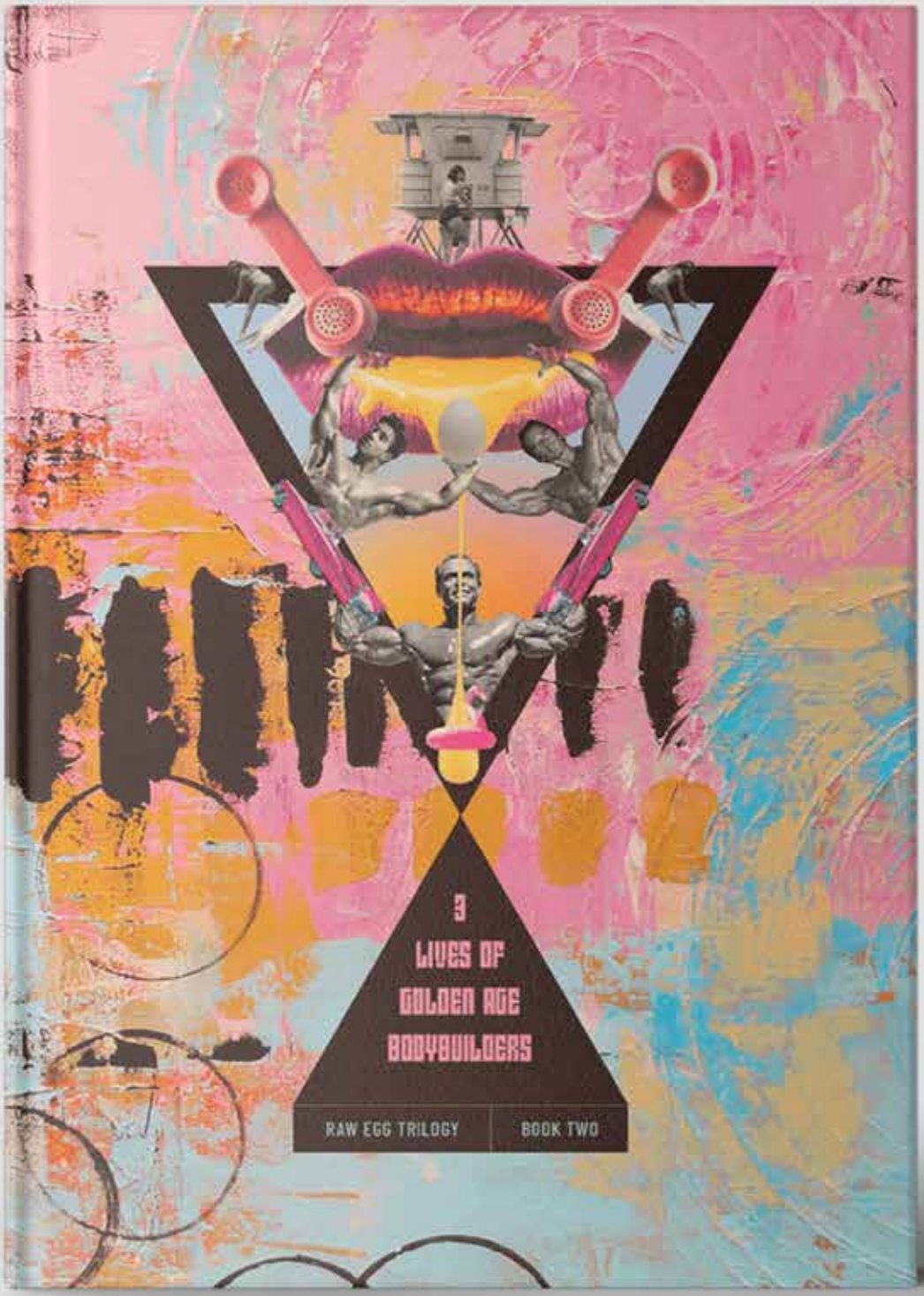
Many people would indeed flock into the cities if they became zones unambiguously governed by the WEF and its partners. But a significant percentage of the NLC's members are in conservative areas and would likely either become less controlled by these corporate entities or divorce themselves from them altogether. Sunlight is the best disinfectant, after all.

It is important to also remember that a CBS strategy should be authentically pursued. The bug person issue isn't going away. In fact, if the WEF gets its way, everyone will become a bug. Zoning is the most humane solution for all. Freedom can exist if those who gravitate to slavery are separated and the opposite is true as well. Many of the leaders of bug people believe, whole-heartedly, that the elimination of individual rights is the path to the "liberation" they speak of but cannot coherently define. The famous WEF "You'll Own Nothing and Be Happy" quote that is often thrown around actually came from an essay which envisioned a future with zones similar to what I am describing. The author imagined herself happy with her life as a bug being run by AI, and pitied outsiders

The original books that started a movement...


RAW EGG NATIONALISM
RAW EGG TRILOGY
BOOK ONE
COOK GOOD WITH THE RAW EGG NATIONALIST
This is not a book of philosophy or an exhortation. It is just a collection of the thoughts and opinions of someone who has been practising raw egg nationalism for some time now. I'm not trying to convert you. The choice is yours.
IN THEORY & PRACTICE

...just got an amazing makeover



Raw Egg Nationalism, Three Lives of Golden Age Bodybuilders, Draw Me a Gironda and Raw Egg Trilogy: Available now from Amazon and the Rogue Scholar Book Store

living as human beings with personal autonomy. This isn't so much a political matter in the sense that the problem is "socialism" or "capitalism" but rather a fundamental difference in perspective regarding human dignity.

Acknowledging this fundamental difference in perspective is vitally important. While the upper levels of the WEF and its collaborators may safely be written off as completely disingenuous actors with horrific intentions, there are undoubtedly true believers who fill the ranks of these corporations and support varying levels of socialism. In fact, pretty much everyone supports some kind of socialism in some areas of life. This should not be discounted and people do have the right to government representation. The term bugman vividly communicates a psychological profile but these people are people and they want what they want even if it is extremely ill-advised. Give it to them. Hell, it may even work for everyone, so long as it is zoned properly.

The cities are now filled with empty office space due to the rise of remote work. The same types of technological advances that led to this phenomenon are also leading to a future with masses of jobless human beings. Who owns these increasingly empty buildings? The same institutions and investors who own the bugmen through philanthropic enterprises. The pieces to the bugman puzzle are hiding in plain sight, they just need to be put together. There is no reason to tie society to existing cities that are a lost cause. New buildings can be built. People can move. Possibilities for the future need not depend upon reforming decades of corruption tied to physical locations.

THE GREAT VIBE SHIFT

Perhaps the most important part of the Bugman Archipelago concept is the broader impact it can have by contributing to a more appropriate type of political rhetoric. The American Left has no problem pushing their rhetoric to the most absurd extremes possible, up to and including the abolition of the concept of families and the open abuse of children. This seemingly unrealistic (at the time) rhetoric eventually led to a transformation of reality. We are now at the point that children are being physically & psychologically abused in a systemic fashion within American institutions. The reason this point has been reached is that there has been no opposing rhetoric in the opposite direction.

The contempt for imagination that has infected conservative politics is just as much a cancer upon humanity as the disease of unrestricted liberalism. It can be argued that liberalism works just fine so long as there is a healthy systemic immune system in place to keep it in check. The American Medical Association did not suddenly become an advocate for removing children's genitals for cosmetic purposes. The immune system which prevents this type of horrific child abuse first had to be disabled. That process occurred through an ideological virus that convinced a large percentage of Americans that their politics needed to center upon an exercise in madness, a quest to freeze time and not engage with dynamic reality - conservatism.

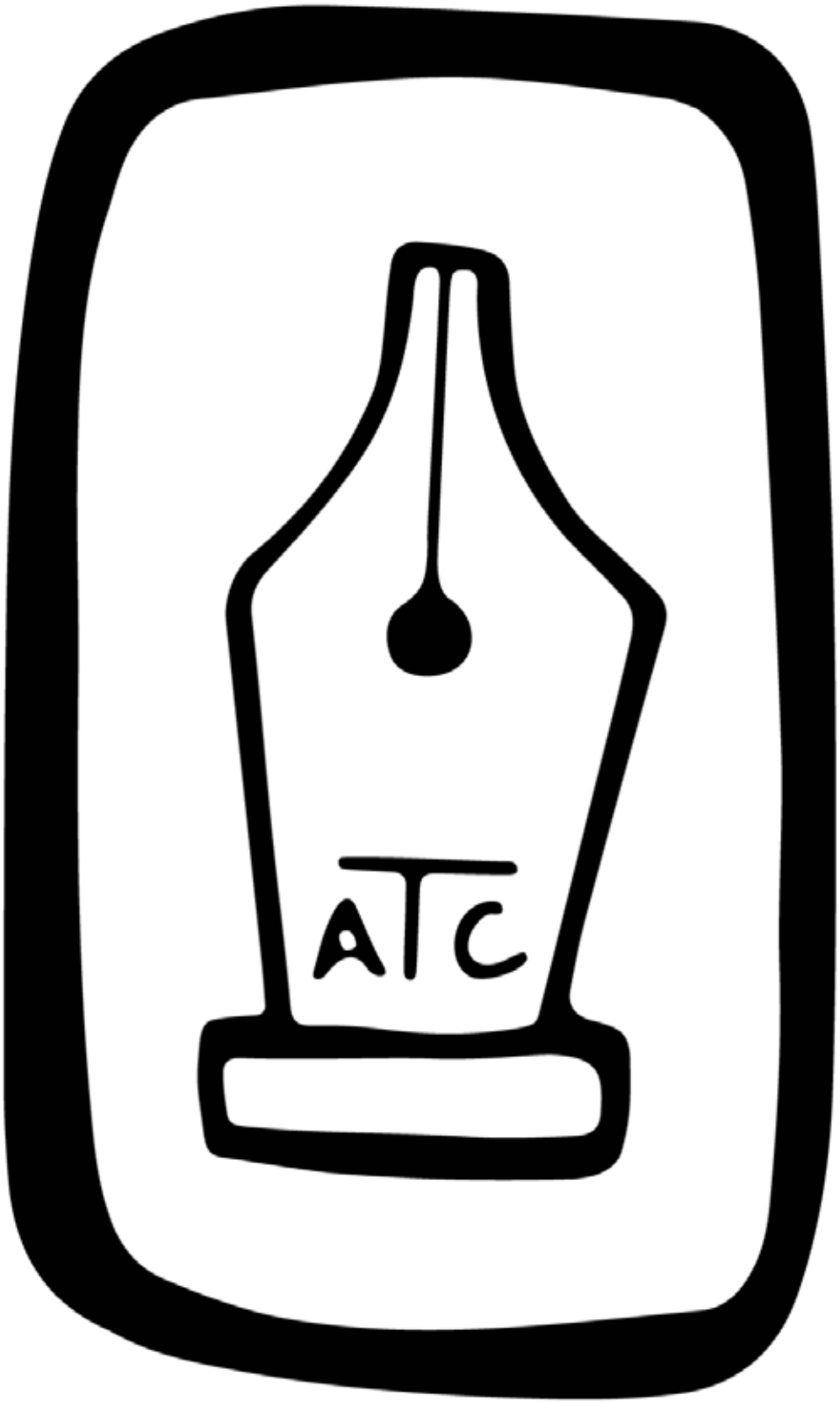
The result of this virus has been the destruction of the societal immune system. An immune system is not a wall. It doesn't just allow waves to crash upon it. White blood cells aren't passive. However, the white blood cells of the American system have been misdirected largely through adaptations in the tactics of warfare. Concepts like lawfare are totally alien to the right-wing. Activism, is a mysterious force that is spoken of with vagueness in right-wing circles. The name "Soros" gets bandied around, but the term "donor-advised fund" may as well be written in Mandarin (ironically).

This cluelessness stems from the disease of conservatism. While the American Left has used the elaborate money laundering system that is philanthropy to unapologetically hire the nation's best lawyers to radically change society, the American Right has stockpiled guns they are clearly not going to use unless already being fired upon with no option for surrender being available.

This philosophy of surrender has led to the emergence of a form of liberalism that is so overly confident in its incompetent rule

Appearing at
June 25-28th
NATCUCK UK
LONDON
via ZOOM!
"I'm all about cultivating conservatism from surprising sources."
Brian Goldberg, founder of the Seminal Order

New occidental poetry



atopthecliffs.com

that it has gone utterly mad with power. This madness is perhaps best embodied by what appears to be the new guiding declaration of liberal authoritarianism – The Social Determinants of Health (SDOH). This is a declaration that you probably haven't heard much, if anything, about. Yet, it appears to be the source of what has been termed "Wokeness" and is likely the primary driver of the culture wars you've been subjected to for more than a decade.

This declaration, published by the World Health Organization, is very simple. Politics, broadly speaking, affects health outcomes. Therefore, political matters are health matters. Liberal NGOs, universities, activists, and the federal government have run with this premise and have been funding communist revolution-themed activist organizations under the pretense of investing in community health. The specifics of these money-laundering operations aren't all that complex. They don't need to be because there is no resistance to them. The "conservatives" in government have allowed the liberals to introduce a legal pathway to directly fund mass political organizing through government channels by reframing "politics" as "health".

What does this look like in practice? Organizations like Changelab Solutions work with the NLC while also receiving millions of dollars in grants from the CDC. Changelab Solutions also sends money to The Praxis Project, an organization sending money to Community Movement Builders (CMB). You may vaguely recall that organization because it has been in the news recently due to its "Stop Cop City" protests. Yes, this is the "Cop City" police and firefighter training facility under construction in Atlanta that was attacked by antifa in what the Georgia Bureau of Investigation has classified as a domestic terror incident. CMB is one revolutionary-themed nonprofit organization out of possibly thousands that receive funding through fiscal sponsorship. The Praxis Project is not committing any crime because political activities have been framed as health matters and this is supported by the CDC. Changelab Solutions also has the support and funding of the CDC. There is quite a lot more going on in this little circle but the reality is that this is just one little circle and there are certainly many more. However, the foundation of these efforts is quite clear – bugmen.

Really, not even a significant percentage of the bugmen need to be appeased. The violent ones are all that really matter. Most bugmen are just like most people, they watch and support things from the sidelines. They aren't all that important. There is a foundational layer of bug soldiers in the bugman industrial complex that should simply be pacified with resources.

Better yet, the resources can be sought from the current handlers of the bugmen; although even this doesn't really matter all that much. Even just re-framing current federal and state expenditures would make the foundational bugmen feel as if they won the lottery. A Liberation UBI and some repurposed office space are all that stands in the way of solving the bugman problem. This isn't even a novel concept. Native Americans have existed on reservations without causing massive problems for all of society and some tribes have even begun to thrive. The Cherokee Nation can be a model for this type of effort.

The uncontested rule of liberals has led to massive societal problems. Their vision for the future of the nation, and world, is a complete disaster. It is up to this generation of men to start playing the territory and not the opponent. The bugmen, like it or not, are our brothers and sisters. They are absolutely being used and abused within this system. We can do better. They are being instructed to fight for liberation without having any clue what the finish line is supposed to look like. There is an empty space where vision is supposed to be and that is an opportunity. It is up to this generation to break off the shackles of conservatism and make our own way, face reality head-on, and play to win. The geriatrics and HR bugs are not an unbeatable force. We don't need to protest. We don't need to beg for money. We need to write a better story about where humanity is going and how it is going to get there. Play that territory and victory is guaranteed.

DISSIDENT SOAPS PRESENTS

CEDARWOOD

EUCALYPTUS

FENNEL

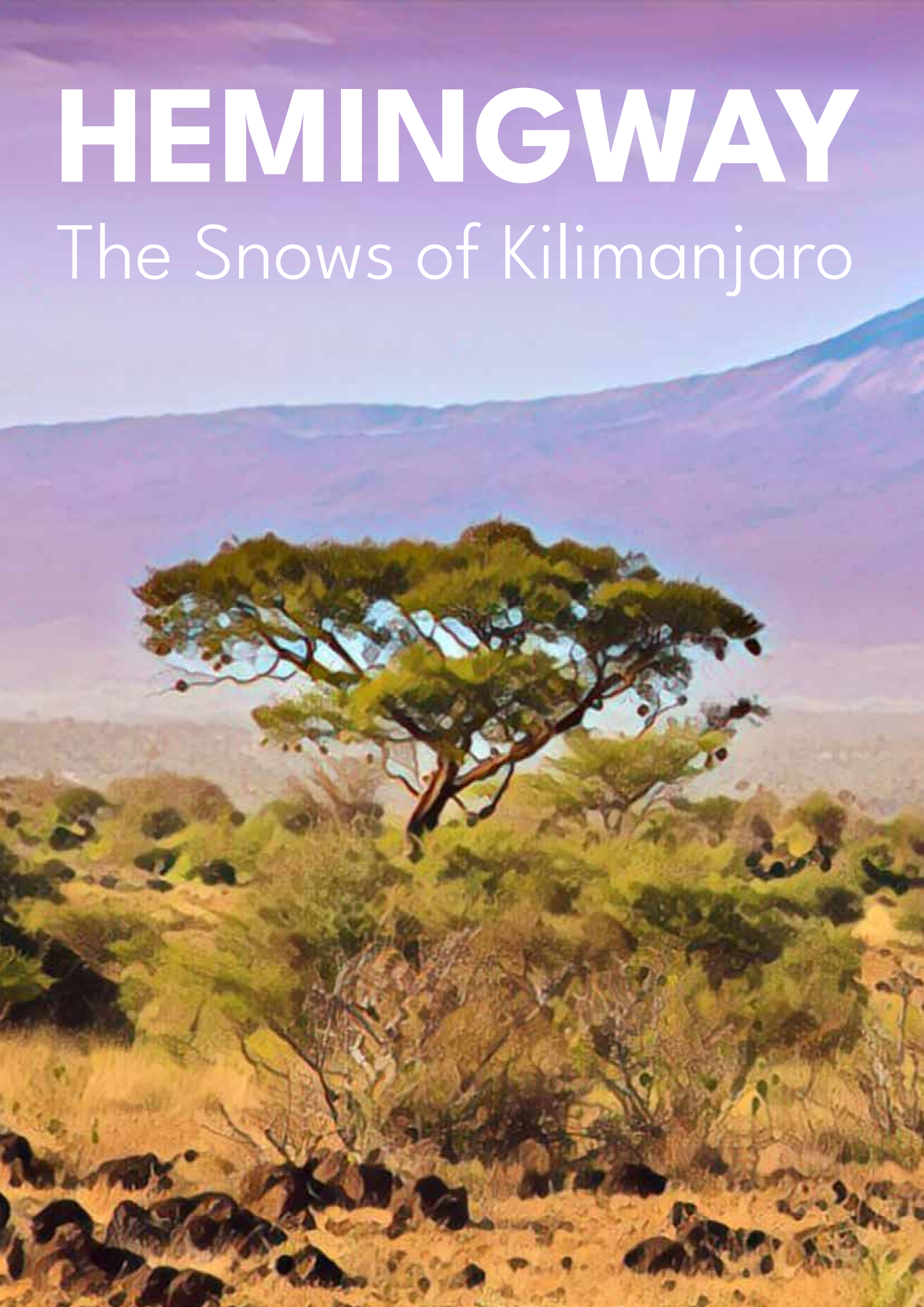
ALL NATURAL BODY WASH

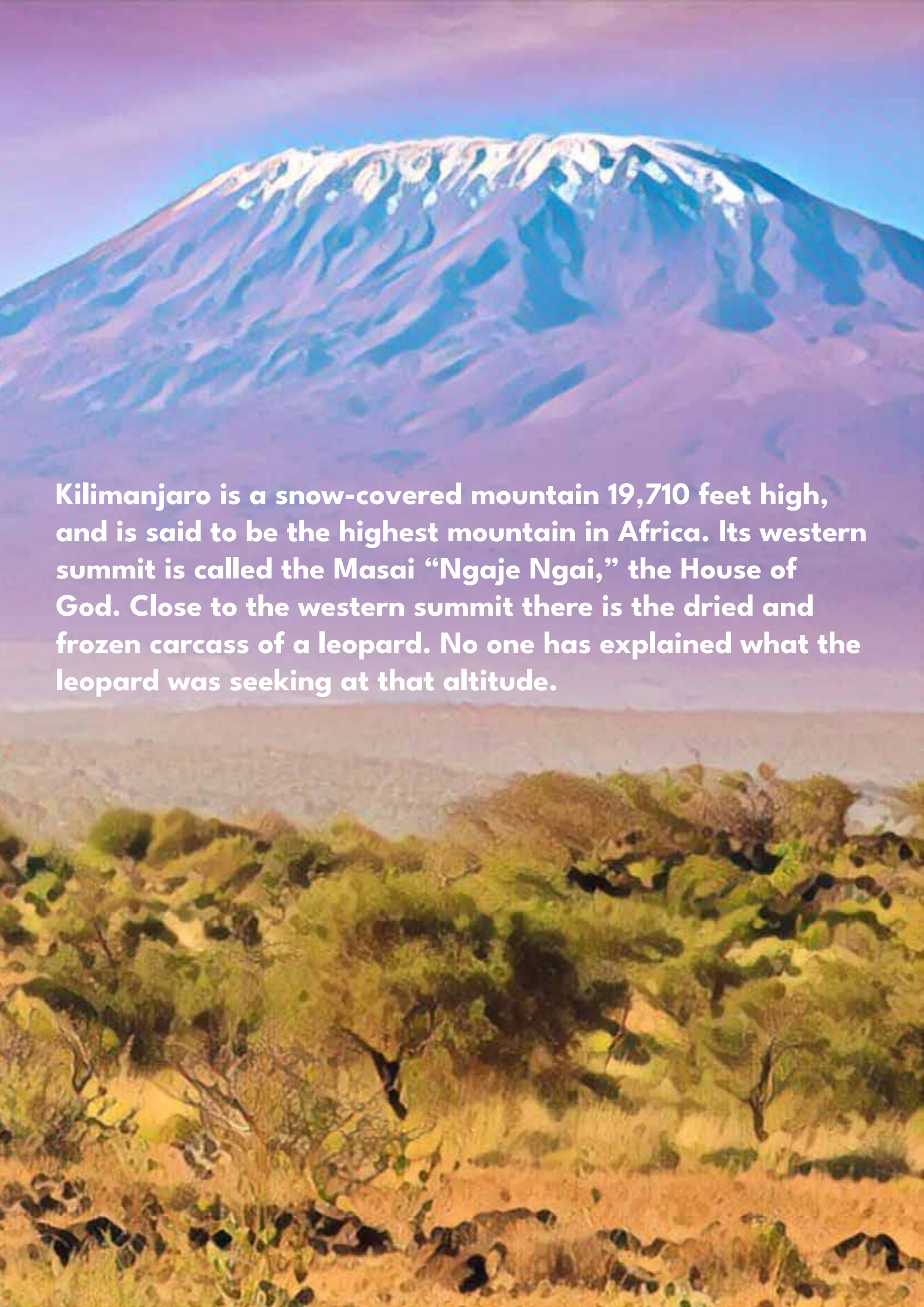
@dissidentsoaps @dissidentsoaps https://dissidentsoaps.com

MARCUS FOLLIN
Dauntless
A HANDBOOK FOR THE QUEST
FOR ENLIGHTENMENT AND GLORY

HEMINGWAY

The Snows of Kilimanjaro





Kilimanjaro is a snow-covered mountain 19,710 feet high, and is said to be the highest mountain in Africa. Its western summit is called the Masai “Ngaje Ngai,” the House of God. Close to the western summit there is the dried and frozen carcass of a leopard. No one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude.

"SO NOW IT WAS ALL OVER, HE THOUGHT. SO NOW HE WOULD NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO FINISH IT"

The marvellous thing is that it's painless," he said. "That's how you know when it starts."

"Is it really?"

"Absolutely. I'm awfully sorry about the odor though. That must bother you."

"Don't! Please don't."

"Look at them," he said. "Now is it sight or is it scent that brings them like that?"

The cot the man lay on was in the wide shade of a mimosa tree and as he looked out past the shade onto the glare of the plain there were three of the big birds squatted obscenely, while in the sky a dozen more sailed, making quick-moving shadows as they passed.

"They've been there since the day the truck broke down," he said. "Today's the first time any have lit on the ground. I watched the way they sailed very carefully at first in case I ever wanted to use them in a story. That's funny now." "I wish you wouldn't," she said.

"I'm only talking," he said. "It's much easier if I talk. But I don't want to bother you."

"You know it doesn't bother me," she said. "It's that I've gotten so very nervous not being able to do anything. I think we might make it as easy as we can until the plane comes."

"Or until the plane doesn't come."

"Please tell me what I can do. There must be something I can do.

"You can take the leg off and that might stop it, though I doubt it. Or you can shoot me. You're a good shot now. I taught you to shoot, didn't I?"

"Please don't talk that way. Couldn't I read to you?"

"Read what?"

"Anything in the book that we haven't read."

"I can't listen to it," he said." Talking is the easiest. We quarrel

and that makes the time pass."

"I don't quarrel. I never want to quarrel. Let's not quarrel any more. No matter how nervous we get. Maybe they will be back with another truck today. Maybe the plane will come."

"I don't want to move," the man said. "There is no sense in moving now except to make it easier for you."

"That's cowardly."

"Can't you let a man die as comfortably as he can without calling him names? What's the use of clanging me?"

"You're not going to die."

"Don't be silly. I'm dying now. Ask those bastards." He looked over to where the huge, filthy birds sat, their naked heads sunk in the hunched feathers. A fourth planed down, to run quick-legged and then waddle slowly toward the others.

"They are around every camp. You never notice them. You can't die if you don't give up."

"Where did you read that? You're such a bloody fool."

"You might think about some one else."

"For Christ's sake," he said, "that's been my trade."

He lay then and was quiet for a while and looked across the heat shimmer of the plain to the edge of the bush. There were a few Tommies that showed minute and white against the yellow and, far off, he saw a herd of zebra, white against the green of the bush. This was a pleasant camp under big trees against a hill, with good water, and close by, a nearly dry water hole where sand grouse flighted in the mornings.

"Wouldn't you like me to read?" she asked. She was sitting on a canvas chair beside his cot. "There's a breeze coming up.

"No thanks."

"Maybe the truck will come."

"I don't give a damn about the truck."

"I do."

"You give a damn about so many things that I don't."

"Not so many, Harry."

"What about a drink?"

"It's supposed to be bad for you. It said in Black's to avoid all alcohol.

You shouldn't drink."

"Molo!" he shouted.

"Yes Bwana."

"Bring whiskey-soda."

"Yes Bwana."

"You shouldn't," she said. "That's what I mean by giving up. It says it's

bad for you. I know it's bad for you."

"No," he said. "It's good for me."

So now it was all over, he thought. So now he would never have a chance to finish it. So this was the way it ended, in a bickering over a drink. Since the gangrene started in his right leg he had no pain and with the pain the horror had gone and all he felt now was a great tiredness and anger that this was the end of it. For this, that now was coming, he had very little curiosity.

For years it had obsessed him; but now it meant nothing in itself. It was strange how easy being tired enough made it.

Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well. Well, he would not have to fail at trying to write them either. Maybe you could never write them, and that was why you put them off and delayed the starting. Well he would never know, now.

"I wish we'd never come," the woman said. She was looking at him holding the glass and biting her lip. "You never would have gotten anything like this in Paris. You always said you loved Paris. We could have stayed in Paris or gone anywhere. I'd have gone anywhere. I said I'd go anywhere you wanted. If you wanted to shoot we could have gone shooting in Hungary and been comfortable."

"Your bloody money," he said.

"That's not fair," she said. "It was always yours as much as mine. I left everything and I went wherever you wanted to go and I've done what you wanted to do But I wish we'd never come here."

"You said you loved it."

"I did when you were all right. But now I hate it. I don't see why that had to happen to your leg. What have we done to have that happen to us?"

"I suppose what I did was to forget to put iodine on it when I first scratched it. Then I didn't pay any attention to it because I never infect. Then, later, when it got bad, it was probably using that weak carbolic solution when the other antiseptics ran out that paralyzed the minute blood vessels and started the gangrene." He looked at her, "What else?"

"I don't mean that."

"If we would have hired a good mechanic

instead of a half-baked Kikuyu driver, he would have checked the oil and never burned out that bearing in the truck."

"I don't mean that."

"If you hadn't left your own people, your goddamned Old Westbury Saratoga, Palm Beach people to take me on " *'Why, I loved you. That's not fair. I love you now. I'll always love you Don't you love me?"

"No," said the man. "I don't think so. I never have."

"Harry, what are you saying? You're out of your head."

"No. I haven't any head to go out of."

"Don't drink that," she said. "Darling, please don't drink that. We have to do everything we can."

"You do it," he said. "I'm tired."

Now in his mind he saw a railway station at Karagatch and he was standing with his pack and that was the headlight of the Simplon-Offent cutting the dark now and he was leaving Thrace then after the retreat. That was one of the things he had saved to write, with, in the morning at breakfast, looking out the window and seeing snow on the mountains in Bulgaffa and Nansen's Secretary asking the old man if it were snow and the old man looking at it and saying, No, that's not snow. It's too early for snow. And the Secretary repeating to the other girls, No, you see. It's not snow and them all saying, It's not snow we were mistaken. But it was the snow all right and he sent them on into it when he evolved exchange of populations. And it was snow they tramped along in until they died that winter.

It was snow too that fell all Christmas week that year up in the Gauertal, that year they lived in the woodcutter's house with the big square porcelain stove that filled half the room, and they slept on mattresses filled with beech leaves, the time the deserter came with his feet bloody in the snow. He said the police were right behind him and they gave him woolen socks and held the gendarmes talking until the tracks had drifted over.

In Schrunz, on Christmas day, the snow was so bright it hurt your eyes when you looked out from the Weinstube and saw every one coming home from church. That was where they walked up the sleigh-smoothed urine-yellowed road along the river with the steep pine hills, skis heavy on the shoulder, and where they ran down the glacier above the Madlenerhaus, the snow as smooth to see as cake frosting and as light as powder and he remembered the noiseless rush the speed made as you dropped down like a bird.

They were snow-bound a week in the Madlenerhaus that time in the blizzard playing cards in the smoke by the lantern light and the stakes were higher all the time as Herr Lent lost more. Finally he lost it all. Everything, the Skischule money and all the season's profit and then his capital. He could see him with his long nose, picking up the cards and then opening, " Sans Voir." There was always gambling then. When there was no snow you gambled and when there was too much you gambled. He thought of all the time in his life he had spent gambling.

But he had never written a line of that, nor of that cold, bright Christmas day with the mountains showing across the plain that Barker had flown across the lines to bomb the Austrian officers' leave train, machine-gunning them as they scattered and ran. He remembered Barker afterwards coming into the mess and starting to tell about it. And how quiet it got and then somebody saying, ''You bloody murderous bastard.''

Those were the same Austrians they killed then that he skied with later. No not the same. Hans, that he skied with all that year, had been in the Kaiser Jagers and when they went hunting hares together up the little valley above the saw-mill they had talked of the fighting on Pasubio and of the attack on Perticara and Asalone and he had never written a word of that. Nor of Monte Corona, nor the Sette Communi, nor of Arsiero.

How many winters had he lived in the Vorarlberg and the Arlberg? It was four and then he remembered the man who had the fox to sell when they had walked into Bludenz, that time to buy presents, and the cherry-pit taste of good kirsch, the fast-slipping rush of running powder-snow on crust, singing ''Hi! Ho! said Rolly!' ' as you ran down the last stretch to the steep drop, taking it straight, then running the orchard in three turns and out across the ditch and onto the icy road behind the inn. Knocking your bindings loose, kicking the skis free and leaning them up against the wooden wall of the inn, the lamplight coming from the window, where inside, in the smoky, new-wine smelling warmth, they were playing the accordion.

"Where did we stay in Paris?" he asked the woman who was sitting by him in a canvas chair, now, in Africa.

"At the Crillon. You know that."

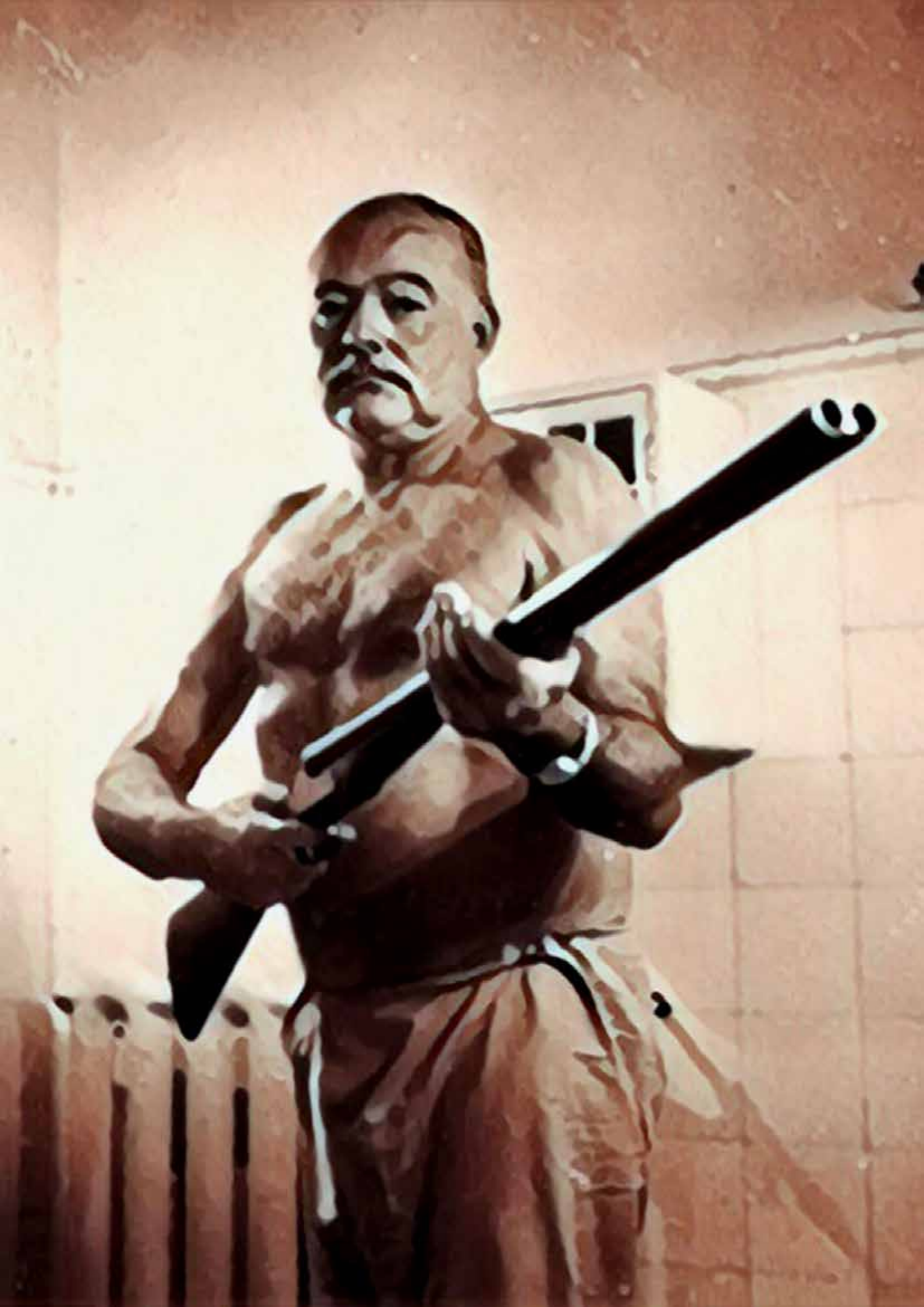
"Why do I know that?"

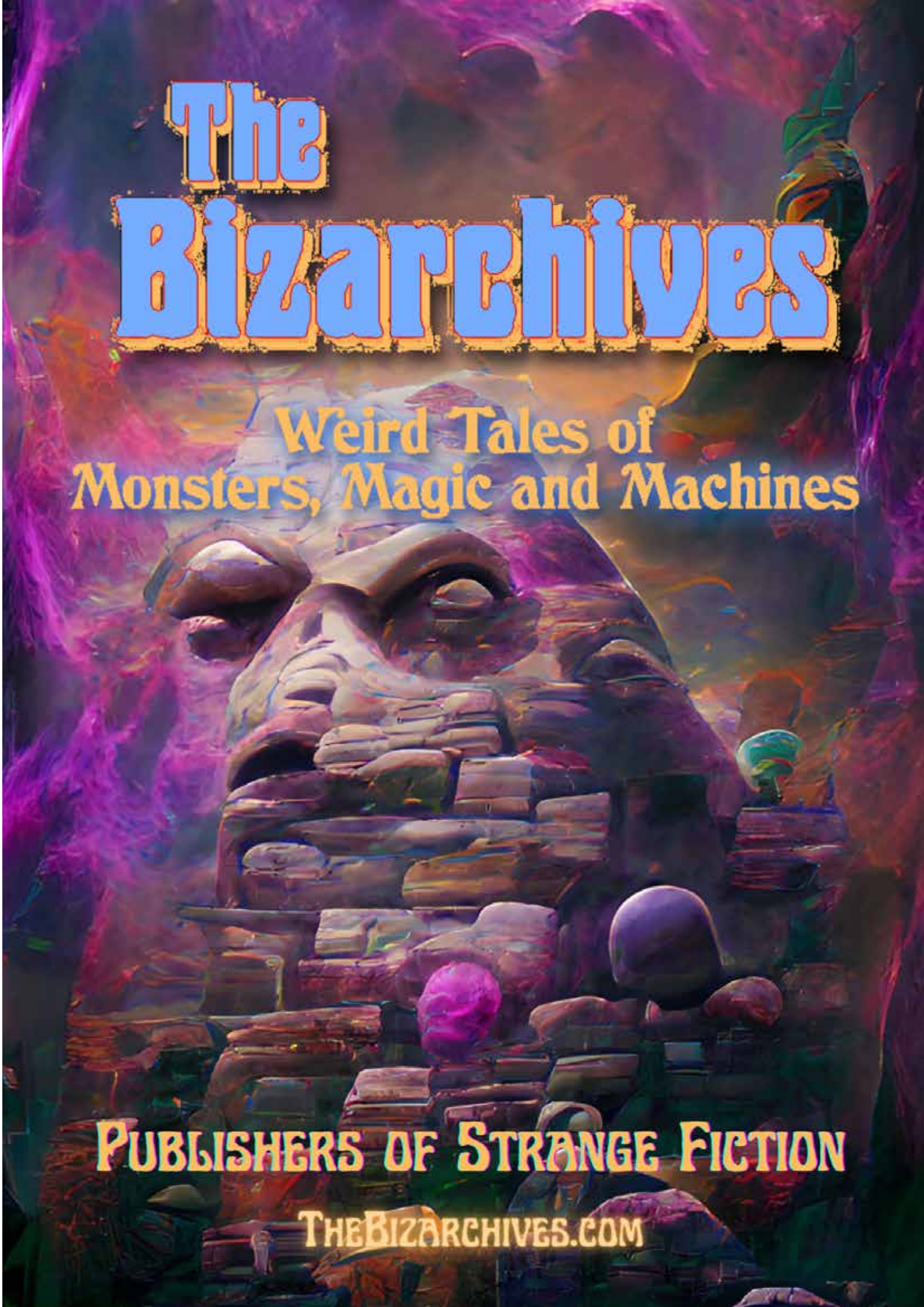
"That's where we always stayed."

"No. Not always."

"There and at the Pavillion Henri-Quatre in St. Germain. You said you loved it there."

"Love is a dunghill," said Harry. "And I'm the cock that gets on it to crow."




The
Bizarchives
Weird Tales of
Monsters, Magic and Machines
Publishers of Strange Fiction
TheBizArchives.com

"If you have to go away," she said, "is it absolutely necessary to kill off everything you leave behind? I mean do you have to take away everything? Do you have to kill your horse, and your wife and burn your saddle and your armour?"

"Yes," he said. "Your damned money was my armour. My Sword and my Armour."

"Don't."

"All right. I'll stop that. I don't want to hurt you.'

"It's a little bit late now."

"All right then. I'll go on hurting you. It's more amusing. The only thing I ever really liked to do with you I can't do now."

"No, that's not true. You liked to do many things and everything you wanted to do I did."

"Oh, for Christ sake stop bragging, will you?"

He looked at her and saw her crying.

"Listen," he said. "Do you think that it is fun to do this? I don't know why I'm doing it. It's trying to kill to keep yourself alive, I imagine. I was all right when we started talking. I didn't mean to start this, and now I'm crazy as a coot and being as cruel to you as I can be. Don't pay any attention, darling, to what I say. I love you, really. You know I love you. I've never loved any one else the way I love you."

He slipped into the familiar lie he made his bread and butter by.

"You're sweet to me."

"You bitch," he said. "You rich bitch. That's poetry. I'm full of poetry now. Rot and poetry. Rotten poetry."

"Stop it. Harry, why do you have to turn into a devil now?"

"I don't like to leave anything," the man said. "I don't like to leave things behind."

* * *

It was evening now and he had been asleep. The sun was gone behind the hill and there was a shadow all across the plain and the small animals were feeding close to camp; quick dropping heads and switching tails, he watched them keeping well out away from the bush now. The birds no longer waited on the ground. They were all perched heavily in a tree. There were many more of them. His personal boy was sitting by the bed.

"Memsahib's gone to shoot," the boy said.

"Does Bwana want?"

"Nothing."

She had gone to kill a piece of meat and, knowing how he liked to watch the game, she had gone well away so she would not disturb this little pocket of the plain that he could see. She was always thoughtful, he thought. On anything she knew about, or had read, or that she had ever heard.

It was not her fault that when he went to her he was already over. How could a woman know that you meant nothing that you said; that you spoke only from habit and to be comfortable? After he no longer meant what he said, his lies were more successful with women than when he had told them the truth.

It was not so much that he lied as that there was no truth to tell. He had had his life and it was over and then he went on living it again with different people and more money, with the best of the same places, and some new ones.

You kept from thinking and it was all marvellous. You were equipped with good insides so that you did not go to pieces that way, the way most of them had, and you made an attitude that you cared nothing for the work you used to do, now that you could no longer do it. But, in yourself, you said that you would write about these people; about the very rich; that you were really not of them but a spy in their country; that you would leave it and write of it and for once it would be written by some one who knew what he was writing of. But he would never do it, because each day of not writing, of comfort, of being that which he despised, dulled his ability and softened his will to work so that, finally, he did no work at all. The people he knew now were all much more comfortable when he did not work. Africa was where he had been happiest in the good time of his life, so he had come out here to start again. They had made this safari with the minimum of comfort. There was no hardship; but there was no luxury and he had thought that he could get back into training that way. That in some way he could work the fat off his soul the way a fighter went into the mountains to work and train in order to burn it out of his body.

She had liked it. She said she loved it. She loved anything that was exciting, that involved a change of scene, where there were new people and where things were pleasant. And he had felt

FOR WHICHEVER FLAG YOU
SALUTE, CHOOSE CUCK
OPERATOR COFFEE.

C O
C K

the illusion of returning strength of will to work. Now if this was how it ended, and he knew it was, he must not turn like some snake biting itself because its back was broken. It wasn't this woman's fault. If it had not been she it would have been another. If he lived by a lie he should try to die by it. He heard a shot beyond the hill.

She shot very well this good, this rich bitch, this kindly caretaker and destroyer of his talent. Nonsense. He had destroyed his talent himself. Why should he blame this woman because she kept him well? He had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions, by laziness, by sloth, and by snobbery, by pride and by prejudice, by hook and by crook. What was this? A catalogue of old books? What was his talent anyway? It was a talent all right but instead of using it, he had traded on it. It was never what he had done, but always what he could do. And he had chosen to make his living with something else instead of a pen or a pencil. It was strange, too, wasn't it, that when he fell in love with another woman, that woman should always have more money than the last one? But when he no longer was in love, when he was only lying, as to this woman, now, who had the most money of all, who had all the money there was, who had had a husband and children, who had taken lovers and been dissatisfied with them, and who loved him dearly as a writer, as a man, as a companion and as a proud possession; it was strange that when he did not love her at all and was lying, that he should be able to give her more for her money than when he had really loved.

We must all be cut out for what we do, he thought. However you make your living is where your talent lies. He had sold vitality, in one form or another, all his life and when your affections are not too involved you give much better value for the money. He had found that out but he would never write that, now, either. No, he would not write that, although it was well worth writing.

Now she came in sight, walking across the open toward the camp. She was wearing jodphurs and carrying her rifle. The two boys had a Tommie slung and they were coming along behind her. She was still a good-looking woman, he thought, and she had a pleasant body. She had a great talent and appreciation for the bed, she was not pretty, but he liked her face, she read enormously, liked to ride and shoot and, certainly, she drank too much. Her husband had died when she was still a comparatively young woman and for a while she had devoted herself to her two just-grown children, who did not need her and were embarrassed at having her about, to her stable of horses, to books, and to bottles. She liked to read in the evening before dinner and she drank Scotch and soda while she read. By dinner she was fairly drunk and after a bottle of wine at dinner she was usually drunk enough to sleep.

That was before the lovers. After she had the lovers she did not drink so much because she did not have to be drunk to sleep. But the lovers bored her. She had been married to a man who had never bored her and these people bored her very much.

Then one of her two children was killed in a plane crash and after that was over she did not want the lovers, and drink being no anaesthetic she had to make another life. Suddenly, she had been acutely frightened of being alone. But she wanted some one that she respected with her.

It had begun very simply. She liked what he wrote and she had always envied the life he led. She thought he did exactly what he wanted to. The steps by which she had acquired him and the way in which she had finally fallen in love with him were all part of a regular progression in which she had built herself a new life and he had traded away what remained of his old life.

He had traded it for security, for comfort too, there was no denying that, and for what else? He did not know. She would have bought him anything he wanted. He knew that. She was a damned nice woman too. He would as soon be in bed with her as any one; rather with her, because she was richer, because she was very pleasant and appreciative and because she never made scenes. And now this life that she had built again was coming to a term because he had not used iodine two weeks ago when a thorn had scratched his knee as they moved forward trying to photograph a herd of waterbuck standing, their heads up, peering while their nostrils searched the air, their ears spread wide to hear the first noise that would send them rushing into the bush. They had bolted, too, before he got the picture.

Here she came now. He turned his head on the cot to look toward her. "Hello," he said.

"I shot a Tommy ram," she told him. "He'll make you good broth and I'll have them mash some potatoes with the Klim. How do you feel?"

"Much better."

"Isn't that lovely? You know I thought perhaps you would. You were sleeping when I left."

"I had a good sleep. Did you walk far?"

"No. Just around behind the hill. I made quite a good shot on the Tommy."

"You shoot marvellously, you know."

"I love it. I've loved Africa. Really. If you're all right it's the most fun that I've ever had. You don't know the fun it's been to shoot with you. I've loved the country."

"I love it too."

"Darling, you don't know how marvellous it is to see you feeling better. I couldn't stand it when you felt that way. You won't talk to me like that again, will you? Promise me?"

"No," he said. "I don't remember what I said."

"You don't have to destroy me. Do you? I'm only a middle-aged woman who loves you and wants to do what you want to do. I've been destroyed two or three times already. You wouldn't want to destroy me again, would you?"

"I'd like to destroy you a few times in bed," he said.

"Yes. That's the good destruction. That's the way we're made to be destroyed. The plane will be here tomorrow."

"How do you know?"

"I'm sure. It's bound to come. The boys have the wood all ready and the grass to make the smudge. I went down and looked at it again today. There's plenty of room to land and we have the smudges ready at both ends."

"What makes you think it will come tomorrow?"

"I'm sure it will. It's overdue now. Then, in town, they will fix up your leg and then we will have some good destruction. Not that dreadful talking kind."

"Should we have a drink? The sun is down."

"Do you think you should?"

"I'm having one."

"We'll have one together. Molo, letti dui whiskey-soda!" she called.

"You'd better put on your mosquito boots," he told her.

"I'll wait till I bathe . . ."

While it grew dark they drank and just before it was dark and there was no longer enough light to shoot, a hyena crossed the open on his way around the hill.

"That bastard crosses there every night," the man said. "Every night for two weeks."

"He's the one makes the noise at night. I don't mind it. They're a filthy animal though."

Drinking together, with no pain now except the discomfort of lying in the one position, the boys lighting a fire, its shadow jumping on the tents, he could feel the return of acquiescence in this life of pleasant surrender. She was very good to him. He had been cruel and unjust in the afternoon. She was a fine woman, marvellous really. And just then it occurred to him that he was going to die.

It came with a rush; not as a rush of water nor of wind; but of a sudden, evil-smelling emptiness and the odd thing was that the hyena slipped lightly along the edge of it.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked him.

"Nothing," he said. "You had better move over to the other side. To windward."

"Did Molo change the dressing?"

"Yes. I'm just using the boric now."

"How do you feel?"

"A little wobbly."

"I'm going in to bathe," she said. "I'll be right out. I'll eat with you and then we'll put the cot in."

So, he said to himself, we did well to stop the quarrelling. He had never quarrelled much with this woman, while with the women that he loved he had quarrelled so much they had finally, always, with the corrosion of the quarrelling, killed what they had together. He had loved too much, demanded too much, and he wore it all out.

He thought about alone in Constantinople that time, having quarrelled in Paris before he had gone out. He had whored the whole time and then, when that was over, and he had failed to kill his loneliness, but only made it worse, he had written her, the first one, the one who left him, a letter telling her how he had never been able to kill it ... How when he thought he saw her outside the Regence one time it made him go all faint and sick inside, and that he would follow a woman who looked like her in some way, along the Boulevard, afraid to see it was not she, afraid to lose the feeling it gave him. How every one he had slept with had only made him miss her more. How what she had done could never matter since he knew he could not cure himself of loving her. He wrote this letter at the Club, cold sober, and mailed it to New

York asking her to write him at the office in Paris. That seemed safe. And that night missing her so much it made him feel hollow sick inside, he wandered up past Maxim's, picked a girl up and took her out to supper. He had gone to a place to dance with her afterward, she danced badly, and left her for a hot Armenian slut, that swung her belly against him so it almost scalded. He took her away from a British gunner subaltern after a row. The gunner asked him outside and they fought in the street on the cobbles in the dark. He'd hit him twice, hard, on the side of the jaw and when he didn't go down he knew he was in for a fight. The gunner hit him in the body, then beside his eye. He swung with his left again and landed and the gunner fell on him and grabbed his coat and tore the sleeve off and he clubbed him twice behind the ear and then smashed him with his right as he pushed him away. When the gunner went down his head hit first and he ran with the girl because they heard the M.P. 's coming. They got into a taxi and drove out to Rimmily Hissa along the Bosphorus, and around, and back in the cool night and went to bed and she felt as over-ripe as she looked but smooth, rose-petal, syrupy, smooth-bellied, big-breasted and needed no pillow under her buttocks, and he left her before she was awake looking blousy enough in the first daylight and turned up at the Pera Palace with a black eye, carrying his coat because one sleeve was missing.

That same night he left for Anatolia and he remembered, later on that trip, riding all day through fields of the poppies that they raised for opium and how strange it made you feel, finally, and all the distances seemed wrong, to where they had made the attack with the newly arrived Constantine officers, that did not know a goddamned thing, and the artillery had fired into the troops and the British observer had cried like a child.

That was the day he'd first seen dead men wearing white ballet skirts and upturned shoes with pompons on them. The Turks had come steadily and lumpily and he had seen the skirted men running and the officers shooting into them and running then themselves and he and the British observer had run too until his lungs ached and his mouth was full of the taste of pennies and they stopped behind some rocks and there were the Turks coming as lumpily as ever. Later he had seen the things that he could never think of and later still he had seen much worse. So when he got back to Paris that time he could not talk about it or stand to have it mentioned. And there in the cafe as he passed was that American poet with a pile of saucers in front of him and a stupid look on his potato face talking about the Dada movement with a Roumanian who said his name was Tristan Tzara, who always wore a monocle and had a headache, and, back at the apartment with his wife that now he loved again, the quarrel all over, the madness all over, glad to be home, the office sent his mail up to the flat. So then the letter in answer to the one he'd written came in on a platter one morning and when he saw the hand writing he went cold all over and tried to slip the letter underneath another. But his wife said, ''Who is that letter from, dear?'' and that was the end of the beginning of that.

He remembered the good times with them all, and the quarrels. They always picked the finest places to have the quarrels. And why had they always quarrelled when he was feeling best? He had never written any of that because, at first, he never wanted to hurt any one and then it seemed as though there was enough to write without it. But he had always thought that he would write it finally. There was so much to write. He had seen the world change; not just the events; although he had seen many of them and had watched the people, but he had seen the subtler change and he could remember how the people were at different times. He had been in it and he had watched it and it was his duty to write of it; but now he never would.

"How do you feel?" she said. She had come out from the tent now after her bath.

"All right."

"Could you eat now?" He saw Molo behind her with the folding table and the other boy with the dishes.

"I want to write," he said.

"You ought to take some broth to keep your strength up."

"I'm going to die tonight," he said. "I don't need my strength up."

"Don't be melodramatic, Harry, please," she said.

"Why don't you use your nose? I'm rotted half way up my thigh now. What the hell should I fool with broth for? Molo bring whiskey-soda."

"Please take the broth," she said gently.

"All right."

The broth was too hot. He had to hold it in the cup until it cooled enough to take it and then he just got it down without gagging.

"You're a fine woman," he said. "Don't pay any attention to me."

She looked at him with her well-known, well-loved face from *Spur* and *Town & Country*, only a little the worse for drink, only a little the worse for bed, but *Town & Country* never showed those good breasts and those useful thighs and those lightly small-of-back-caressing hands, and as he

looked and saw her well-known pleasant smile, he felt death come again.

in.

This time there was no rush. It was a puff, as of a wind that makes a candle flicker and the flame go tall.

"They can bring my net out later and hang it from the tree and build the fire up. I'm not going in the tent tonight. It's not worth moving. It's a clear night. There won't be any rain."

So this was how you died, in whispers that you did not hear. Well, there would be no more quarrelling. He could promise that. The one experience that he had never had he was not going to spoil now. He probably would. You spoiled everything. But perhaps he wouldn't.

"You can't take dictation, can you?"

"I never learned," she told him.

"That's all right."

There wasn't time, of course, although it seemed as though it telescoped so that you might put it all into one paragraph if you could get it right.

There was a log house, chinked white with mortar, on a hill above the lake. There was a bell on a pole by the door to call the people in to meals. Behind the house were fields and behind the fields was the timber. A line of lombardy poplars ran from the house to the dock. Other poplars ran along the point. A road went up to the hills along the edge of the timber and along that road he picked blackberries. Then that log house was burned down and all the guns that had been on deer foot racks above the open fire place were burned and afterwards their barrels, with the lead melted in the magazines, and the stocks burned away, lay out on the heap of ashes that were used to make lye for the big iron soap kettles, and you asked Grandfather if you could have them to play with, and he said, no. You see they were his guns still and he never bought any others. Nor did he hunt any more. The house was rebuilt in the same place out of lumber now and painted white and from its porch you saw the poplars and the lake beyond; but there were never any more guns. The barrels of the guns that had hung on the deer feet on the wall of the log house lay out there on the heap of ashes and no one ever touched them.

In the Black Forest, after the war, we rented a trout stream and there were two ways to walk to it. One was down the valley from Triberg and around the valley road in the shade of the trees that bordered the white road, and then up a side road that went up through the hills past many small farms, with the big Schwarzwald houses, until that road crossed the stream. That was where our fishing began.

The other way was to climb steeply up to the edge of the woods and then go across the top of the hills through the pine woods, and then out to the edge of a meadow and down across this meadow to the bridge. There were birches along the stream and it was not big, but narrow, clear and fast, with pools where it had cut under the roots of the birches. At the Hotel in Triberg the proprietor had a fine season. It was very pleasant and we were all great friends. The next year came the inflation and the money he had made the year before was not enough to buy supplies to open the hotel and he hanged himself. You could dictate that, but you could not dictate the Place Contrescarpe where the flower sellers dyed their flowers in the street and the dye ran over the paving where the autobus started and the old men and the women, always drunk on wine and bad mare; and the children with their noses running in the cold; the smell of dirty sweat and poverty and drunkenness at the Cafe' des Amateurs and the whores at the Bal Musette they lived above. The concierge who entertained the trooper of the Garde Republicaine in her loge, his horse-hair-plumed helmet on a chair. The locataire across the hall whose husband was a bicycle racer and her joy that morning at the cremerie when she had opened L'Auto and seen where he placed third in Paris-Tours, his first big race. She had blushed and laughed and then gone upstairs crying with the yellow sporting paper in her hand. The husband of the woman who ran the Bal Musette drove a taxi and when he, Harry, had to take an early plane the husband knocked upon the door to wake him and they each drank a glass of white wine at the zinc of the bar before they started. He knew his neighbors in that quarter then because they all were poor.

Around that Place there were two kinds; the drunkards and the sportifs. The drunkards killed their poverty that way; the sportifs took it out in exercise. They were the descendants of the Communards and it was no struggle for them to know their politics. They knew who had shot their fathers, their relatives, their brothers, and their friends when the Versailles troops came in and took the town after the Commune and executed any one they could catch with calloused hands, or who wore a cap, or carried any other sign he was a working man. And in that poverty, and in that quarter across the street from a Boucherie Chevaline and a wine cooperative he had written the start of all he was to do. There never was another part of Paris that he loved like that, the sprawling trees, the old white plastered houses painted brown below, the long green of the autobus in that round square, the purple flower dye upon the paving, the sudden drop down the

OUR DEBT TO ANTIQUITY

TADEUSZ STEFAN ZIELIŃSKI

BONFIRE BOOKS

THE CLOWNING OF AMERICA

Woke Capital, Con Inc, and Meme Culture

ORWELL GOODE

hill of the rue Cardinal Lemoine to the River, and the other way the narrow crowded world of the rue Mouffetard. The street that ran up toward the Pantheon and the other that he always took with the bicycle, the only asphalted street in all that quarter, smooth under the tires, with the high narrow houses and the cheap tall hotel where Paul Verlaine had died. There were only two rooms in the apartments where they lived and he had a room on the top floor of that hotel that cost him sixty francs a month where he did his writing, and from it he could see the roofs and chimney pots and all the hills of Paris.

From the apartment you could only see the wood and coal man's place. He sold wine too, bad wine. The golden horse's head outside the Boucherie Chevaline where the carcasses hung yellow gold and red in the open window, and the green painted co-operative where they bought their wine; good wine and cheap. The rest was plaster walls and the windows of the neighbors. The neighbors who, at night, when some one lay drunk in the street, moaning and groaning in that typical French ivresse that you were propaganded to believe did not exist, would open their windows and then the murmur of talk.

''Where is the policeman? When you don't want him the bugger is always there. He's sleeping with some concierge. Get the Agent. " Till some one threw a bucket of water from a window and the moaning stopped. ''What's that? Water. Ah, that's intelligent." And the windows shutting. Marie, his femme de menage, protesting against the eight-hour day saying, ''If a husband works until six he gets only a riffle drunk on the way home and does not waste too much. If he works only until five he is drunk every night and one has no money. It is the wife of the working man who suffers from this shortening of hours."

"Wouldn't you like some more broth?" the woman asked him now.

"No, thank you very much. It is awfully good."

"Try just a little."

"I would like a whiskey-soda."

"It's not good for you."

"No. It's bad for me. Cole Porter wrote the words and the music. This knowledge that you're going mad for me."

"You know I like you to drink."

"Oh yes. Only it's bad for me."

When she goes, he thought, I'll have all I want. Not all I want but all there is. Ayee he was tired. Too tired. He was going to sleep a little while. He lay still and death was not there. It must have gone around another street. It went in pairs, on bicycles, and moved absolutely silently on the pavements.

No, he had never written about Paris. Not the Paris that he cared about. But what about the rest that he had never written?

What about the ranch and the silvered gray of the sage brush, the quick, clear water in the irrigation ditches, and the heavy green of the alfalfa. The trail went up into the hills and the cattle in the summer were shy as deer. The bawling and the steady noise and slow moving mass raising a dust as you brought them down in the fall. And behind the mountains, the clear sharpness of the peak in the evening light and, riding down along the trail in the moonlight, bright across the valley. Now he remembered coming down through the timber in the dark holding the horse's tail when you could not see and all the stories that he meant to write.

About the half-wit chore boy who was left at the ranch that time and told not to let any one get any hay, and that old bastard from the Forks who had beaten the boy when he had worked for him stopping to get some feed. The boy refusing and the old man saying he would beat him again. The boy got the rifle from the kitchen and shot him when he tried to come into the barn and when they came back to the ranch he'd been dead a week, frozen in the corral, and the dogs had eaten part of him. But what was left you packed on a sled wrapped in a blanket and roped on and you got the boy to help you haul it, and the two of you took it out over the road on skis, and sixty miles down to town to turn the boy over. He having no idea that he would be arrested. Thinking he had done his duty and that you were his friend and he would be rewarded. He'd helped to haul the old man in so everybody could know how bad the old man had been and how he'd tried to steal some feed that didn't belong to him, and when the sheriff put the handcuffs on the boy he couldn't believe it. Then he'd started to cry. That was one story he had saved to write. He knew at least twenty good stories from out there and he had never written one. Why?

"You tell them why," he said.

"Why what, dear?"

"Why nothing."

She didn't drink so much, now, since she had him. But if he lived he would never write about her, he knew that now. Nor about any of them. The rich were dull and they drank too much, or they played too much backgammon. They were dull and they were repetitious. He remembered poor Julian and his romantic awe of them and how he had started a story once that began, "The very rich are different from you and me." And how some one had said to Julian, Yes, they have

more money. But that was not humorous to Julian. He thought they were a special glamourous race and when he found they weren't it wrecked him just as much as any other thing that wrecked him.

He had been contemptuous of those who wrecked. You did not have to like it because you understood it. He could beat anything, he thought, because no thing could hurt him if he did not care.

All right. Now he would not care for death. One thing he had always dreaded was the pain. He could stand pain as well as any man, until it went on too long, and wore him out, but here he had something that had hurt frightfully and just when he had felt it breaking him, the pain had stopped.

He remembered long ago when Williamson, the bombing officer, had been hit by a stick bomb some one in a German patrol had thrown as he was coming in through the wire that night and, screaming, had begged every one to kill him. He was a fat man, very brave, and a good officer, although addicted to fantastic shows. But that night he was caught in the wire, with a flare lighting him up and his bowels spilled out into the wire, so when they brought him in, alive, they had to cut him loose. Shoot me, Harry. For Christ sake shoot me. They had had an argument one time about our Lord never sending you anything you could not bear and some one's theory had been that meant that at a certain time the pain passed you out automatically. But he had always remembered Williamson, that night. Nothing passed out Williamson until he gave him all his morphine tablets that he had always saved to use himself and then they did not work right away.

Still this now, that he had, was very easy; and if it was no worse as it went on there was nothing to worry about. Except that he would rather be in better company.

He thought a little about the company that he would like to have.

No, he thought, when everything you do, you do too long, and do too late, you can't expect to find the people still there. The people all are gone. The party's over and you are with your hostess now.

I'm getting as bored with dying as with everything else, he thought.

"It's a bore," he said out loud.

"What is, my dear?"

"Anything you do too bloody long."

He looked at her face between him and the fire. She was leaning back in the chair and the firelight shone on her pleasantly lined face and he could see that she was sleepy. He heard the hyena make a noise just outside the range of the fire.

"I've been writing," he said. "But I got tired."

"Do you think you will be able to sleep?"

"Pretty sure. Why don't you turn in?"

"I like to sit here with you."

"Do you feel anything strange?" he asked her.

"No. Just a little sleepy."

"I do," he said.

He had just felt death come by again.

"You know the only thing I've never lost is curiosity," he said to her.

"You've never lost anything. You're the most complete man I've ever known."

"Christ," he said. "How little a woman knows. What is that? Your intuition?"

Because, just then, death had come and rested its head on the foot of the cot and he could smell its breath.

"Never believe any of that about a scythe and a skull," he told her. "It can be two bicycle policemen as easily, or be a bird. Or it can have a wide snout like a hyena."

It had moved up on him now, but it had no shape any more. It simply occupied space.

"Tell it to go away."

It did not go away but moved a little closer.

"You've got a hell of a breath," he told it. "You stinking bastard."

It moved up closer to him still and now he could not speak to it, and when it saw he could not speak it came a little closer, and now he tried to send it away without speaking, but it moved in on him so its weight was all upon his chest, and while it crouched there and he could not move or speak, he heard the woman say, "Bwana is asleep now. Take the cot up very gently and carry it into the tent."

He could not speak to tell her to make it go away and it crouched now, heavier, so he could not breathe. And then, while they lifted the cot, suddenly it was all right and the weight went from his chest.

It was morning and had been morning for some time and he heard the plane. It showed very tiny and then made a wide circle and the boys ran out and lit the fires, using kerosene, and piled on

grass so there were two big smudges at each end of the level place and the morning breeze blew them toward the camp and the plane circled twice more, low this time, and then glided down and levelled off and landed smoothly and, coming walking toward him, was old Compton in slacks, a tweed jacket and a brown felt hat.

"What's the matter, old cock?" Compton said.

"Bad leg," he told him. "Will you have some breakfast?"

"Thanks. I'll just have some tea. It's the Puss Moth you know. I won't be able to take the Memsahib. There's only room for one. Your lorry is on the way."

Helen had taken Compton aside and was speaking to him. Compton came back more cheery than ever.

"We'll get you right in," he said. "I'll be back for the Mem. Now I'm afraid I'll have to stop at Arusha to refuel. We'd better get going."

"What about the tea?"

"I don't really care about it, you know."

The boys had picked up the cot and carried it around the green tents and down along the rock and out onto the plain and along past the smudges that were burning brightly now, the grass all consumed, and the wind fanning the fire, to the little plane. It was difficult getting him in, but once in he lay back in the leather seat, and the leg was stuck straight out to one side of the seat where Compton sat. Compton started the motor and got in. He waved to Helen and to the boys and, as the clatter moved into the old familiar roar, they swung around with Compie watching for warthog holes and roared, bumping, along the stretch between the fires and with the last bump rose and he saw them all standing below, waving, and the camp beside the hill, flattening now, and the plain spreading, clumps of trees, and the bush flattening, while the game trails ran now smoothly to the dry waterholes, and there was a new water that he had never known of. The zebra, small rounded backs now, and the wildebeeste, big-headed dots seeming to climb as they moved in long fingers across the plain, now scattering as the shadow came toward them, they were tiny now, and the movement had no gallop, and the plain as far as you could see, gray-yellow now and ahead old Compie's tweed back and the brown felt hat.

Then they were over the first hills and the wildebeeste were trailing up them, and then they were over mountains with sudden depths of green-rising forest and the solid bamboo slopes, and then the heavy forest again, sculptured into peaks and hollows until they crossed, and hills sloped down and then another plain, hot now, and purple brown, bumpy with heat and Compie looking back to see how he was riding. Then there were other mountains dark ahead.

And then instead of going on to Arusha they turned left, he evidently figured that they had the gas, and looking down he saw a pink sifting cloud, moving over the ground, and in the air, like the first snow in at ii blizzard, that comes from nowhere, and he knew the locusts were coming, up from the South. Then they began to climb and they were going to the East it seemed, and then it darkened and they were in a storm, the rain so thick it seemed like flying through a waterfall, and then they were out and Compie turned his head and grinned and pointed and there, ahead, all he could see, as wide as all the world, great, high, and unbelievably white in the sun, was the square top of Kilimanjaro. And then he knew that there was where he was going.

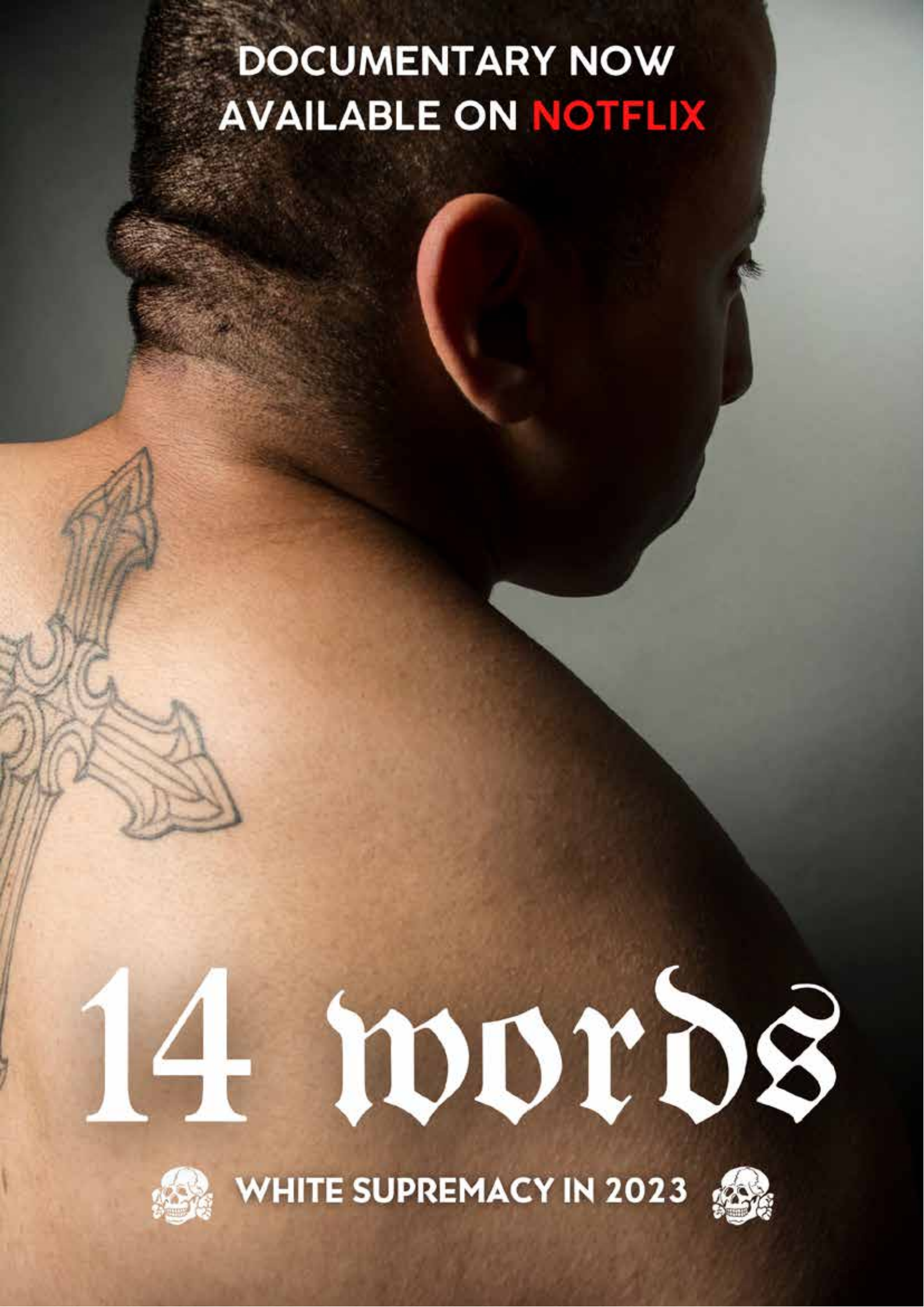
Just then the hyena stopped whimpering in the night and started to make a strange, human, almost crying sound. The woman heard it and, stirred uneasily. She did not wake. In her dream she was at the house on Long Island and it was the night before her daughter's debut. Somehow her father was there and he had been very rude. Then the noise the hyena made was so loud she woke and for a moment she did not know where she was and she was very afraid. Then she took the flashlight and shone it on the other cot that they had carried in after Harry had gone to sleep. She could see his bulk under the mosquito bar but somehow he had gotten his leg out and it hung down alongside the cot. The dressings had all come down and she could not look at it.

"Molo," she called, "Molo! Molo!"

Then she said, "Harry, Harry!" Then her voice rising, "Harry! Please. Oh Harry!"

There was no answer and she could not hear him breathing.

Outside the tent the hyena made the same strange noise that had awakened her. But she did not hear him for the beating of her heart.


DOCUMENTARY NOW
AVAILABLE ON NOTFLIX
14 words
WHITE SUPREMACY IN 2023

Appearing at

June 25-28th

NATCUCK UK

LONDON

"We're making conservatism cool again."

Timothy Norwood, podcaster

SHITE.COM

"THE DISSIDENT ARTIST: A CASE STUDY IN FAILURE"

by COSMO SENEX

Much has been written on cultural revitalization. While most of it has come from well-meaning dissidents trained in politics, history, and philosophy, it does not offer much specifically to those who wish to pursue a career in the arts. This guide is largely directed at actual artists and is based on anecdotes from fellow travelers.

Before the specific steps are enumerated to begin to achieve success in the arts, a brief accounting is necessary to highlight a critical misconception right-leaning artists must expunge from their being: financial and promotional support from the conservative or libertarian movement.

You will not receive it from donors. You will not see it from Trump. You will not see it from Heritage, Fox News, nor the "culture war" rackets like TPUSA or Daily Wire. That money does not exist for you. It will never be your money. They will not promote your magnum opus. They will not read your novel. They will not attend your dance recital.

This means you have no allies. It means you have no friends. The legions of leftists with whom you are forced to collaborate, would not think twice about having you killed, if they could exercise such power, or knew you were unvaccinated or contributed $5 to Kyle Rittenhouse's legal fund.

You must know what it means to hold dissident views and pursue a career in the arts: You are a bitch's bastard.

Countless absurdities have been relayed to us concerning the behavior of conservative or libertarian donors when they made past attempts to participate in the arts. One of the worst cases is Dinesh D'Souza, who on multiple films blew through millions of dollars of Rebekah Mercer's cash, never turning a profit despite the headlines, and certainly not convincing anyone under the age of 83 that "the Democrats are the real racists!" After substantial financial losses on multiple films, the spigot was finally turned off.

Small donors are not exempt from criticism either. Nick Loeb used his public battle over the frozen embryos he had with his former fiancée, Sofia Vergara, to crowdfund hundreds of thousands of dollars off of lovable-yet-ignorant rank-and-file pro lifers. The film he made featured Loeb as writer, producer, director, and lead actor — this quadruple red flag is the first sign that a film is in trouble. Whether the film was a product of extreme narcissism or incompetence, it is not a shock to anyone in filmmaking that it suffered headline after headline highlighting production woes, and yielded a 14/66 critic-audi-

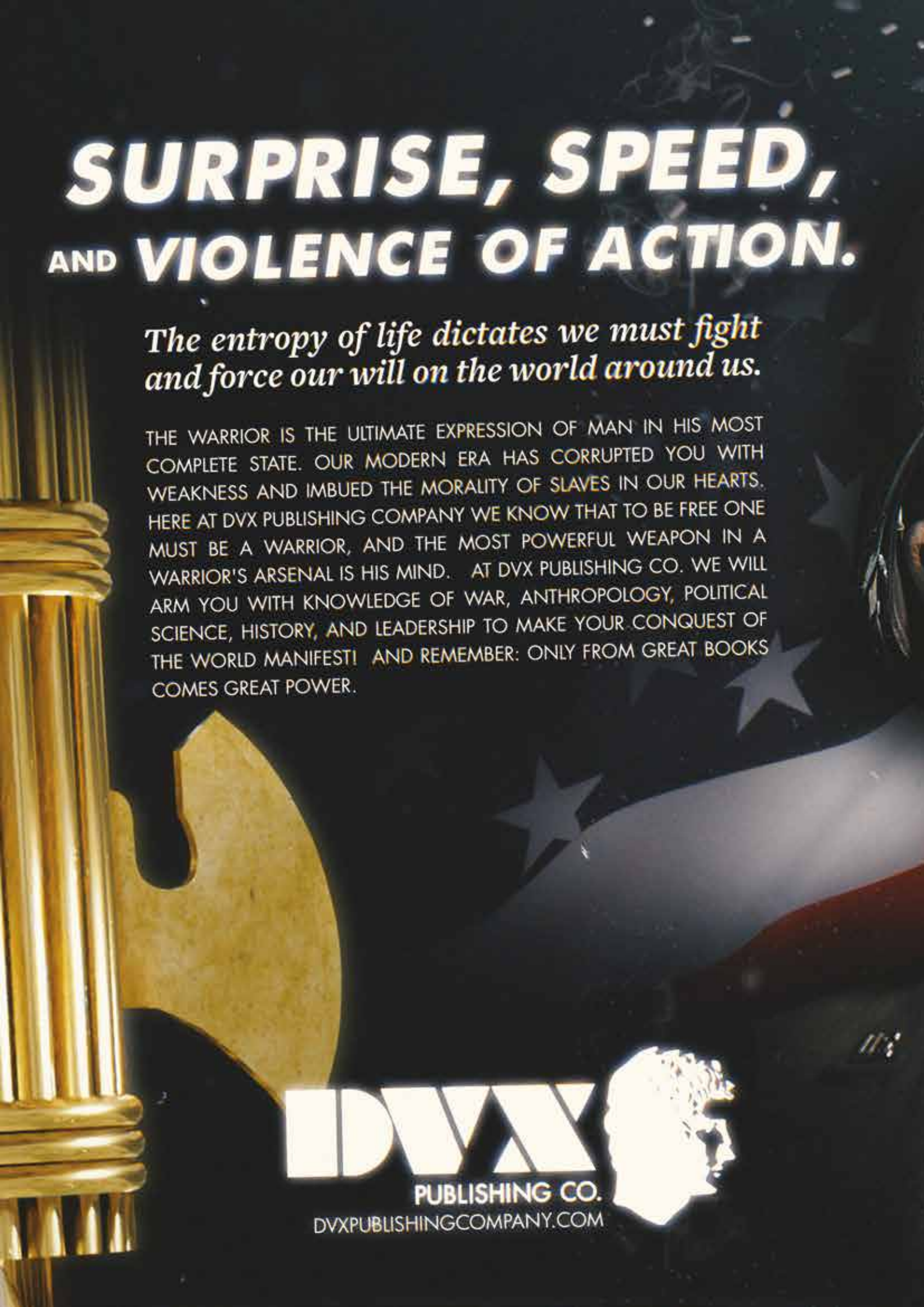
ence Rotten Tomatoes score.

Sometimes, our donors outright fund our competition. Rex Sinquefield directly supports a concert pianist who openly promotes Black Lives Matter. In 2020, Koch pulled a large annual gift from a conservative organization charged with the duty of developing like-minded artistic talent in Hollywood. It paired aspiring artists with successful mentors and funded their projects. They had a high success rate, including one short film they funded being nominated for an Academy Award in the student film category. That organization no longer exists, leaving young artistic conservatives without any specific talent development. Koch of course still gives to the Lincoln Center, which these days exists largely as a place to strip canonical art of its original meaning and reinterpret it to shame white people. Even an institution like Hillsdale College, which purports to be a bastion of traditionalism, has a music department run by a soy-face crypto-Marxist incel. You can hear his absurd post-modern noise music, performed at Hillsdale College, on Youtube.

SURPRISE, SPEED, AND VIOLENCE OF ACTION.

The entropy of life dictates we must fight and force our will on the world around us.

THE WARRIOR IS THE ULTIMATE EXPRESSION OF MAN IN HIS MOST COMPLETE STATE. OUR MODERN ERA HAS CORRUPTED YOU WITH WEAKNESS AND IMBUED THE MORALITY OF SLAVES IN OUR HEARTS. HERE AT DVX PUBLISHING COMPANY WE KNOW THAT TO BE FREE ONE MUST BE A WARRIOR, AND THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN A WARRIOR'S ARSENAL IS HIS MIND. AT DVX PUBLISHING CO. WE WILL ARM YOU WITH KNOWLEDGE OF WAR, ANTHROPOLOGY, POLITICAL SCIENCE, HISTORY, AND LEADERSHIP TO MAKE YOUR CONQUEST OF THE WORLD MANIFEST! AND REMEMBER: ONLY FROM GREAT BOOKS COMES GREAT POWER.



DVX

PUBLISHING CO.

DVXPUBLISHINGCOMPANY.COM

U.S.

What about billionaire Trump mega-donor Ike Perlmutter, the recently-ousted CEO of Marvel? Has he ever lifted a finger to fund, develop, or advance any right-leaning artist ever? On the contrary, isn't nearly every single Marvel cast member outrageously leftist? Absolutely. The truth is, there are thousands of actors who could do what Mark Ruffolo or Chris Evans do. It's the case with most Hollywood actors for that matter. One of the best places to observe their true lack of star quality is to go back and look at their home videos from spring 2020, when they were locked inside singing out of key, looking like hell because they couldn't CGI their eyes brighter or fix their nasty skin blemishes.

VERY rarely, a good artist secures a gig from a politician or conservative organization under the auspices that there is some creative work to be done. Note the emphasis. The paymasters in nearly all cases will change and censor worse than the most dunder-headed Hollywood executive you can imagine. Remember, on these jobs, you are a cog in the wheeling vision of some talentless politico. You are hired to build their (stupid) vision, not yours.

Does the promotion of Steve Penley's slop, given a seal of approval by the biggest conservative politicians and media personalities, inspire confidence in the artistic taste of our side? If presented with a giant splattery American flag or a sculpture by Fen de Villiers, are we confident the vast majority of these "tastemakers" would identify Fen's work as displaying categorically superior command of the craft? We don't know the answer, which means we cannot count on praise or patronage from those of our philosophical and political persuasion.

This should help the aspiring right-leaning artist understand that the cavalry are not coming. There will be no air support. You are on your own. Peter Thiel is not going to wave a magic wand and make you the next Elvis, even if you are the next Elvis.

There are two ways forward depending on your particular discipline. Both begin with something extremely important in how you identify yourself: cross out "dissident" and just be an artist. There are important reasons for this.

One, the art must come before politics. Politics, especially as it is presented in contemporary society as a form of entertainment subsisting on evoking outrage, is a total distraction. Friendly media, generally speaking, has become very good at accruing rage clicks and encouraging rage posts. We are all guilty in our participation. We all know in our hearts a lot of it is a complete waste of time.

Second, the best art speaks for itself, and does not need an explanation. Its power to inspire should supersede any description. Going by "dissident" will almost inevitably lead to prejudgement by patrons and audiences, or give you undeserved credit by pockets of anons that can impede growth. Leave the labels to the commentariat — your job is to create. Their job is to analyze, criticize, demonize, scandalize, categorize, summarize, publicize, and theorize.

Past this initial step of not putting yourself in a box, Hollywood-centric artists (actors, directors, screenwriters, directors of photography, studio musicians, rappers, pop artists, dancers, comedians, etc) need to take this statement seriously: shut the fuck up and keep your head down. Your only chance at success, given the reality I've just outlined, is rising through the existing leftist system, and once power/influence is accrued, changing that system. The obvious caveat of course, is if you are not good in the first place, you will not rise until you get good. If you pivot into politics before you are good, like Gina Carano, you will be permanently relegated to outrage-posting on social media and will only be able to work on crappy movies. This is NOT the life you want. Do not cancel yourself before you can get to a place where you can cancel evil people. Be smart.

For solo artists (novelists, painters, sculptors, composers, poets, etc.), steps should be taken to curate your public persona to mitigate potential blacklisting. Take the MAGA hat photo down. It is one thing to write a based collection of short stories. It is another thing to have a picture of you in a MAGA hat which may instigate a slew of negative reviews from a bot swarm. What you should be signaling from your promotional outlets is the art, not your personal views on the debt ceiling fight. However, branding yourself as an artistic reactionary (against postmodernism, for example) is prudent in many cases. This path is about producing spectacular work, and once that is finished, executing clever (non-political) marketing.

"THE BEST ART SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, AND DOES NOT NEED AN EXPLANATION. ITS POWER TO INSPIRE SHOULD SUPERSEDE ANY DESCRIPTION"

Ejecting politics from your creative endeavors helps you avoid turning your life into performative art. This fashionable performative form of expression was introduced as "high art" 100 years ago by the moderns has since been commercialized by Hollywood and MTV, then scaled by social media. Now everyone's "life is their art" on social media. It is advisable to expel any tendency to participate in this nonsense. This is not WWE wrestling. Standing at a lectern in front of a banner that states "Culture War" and yelling that there are only two genders is an absolute waste of time for an artist. Consuming that content is an absolute waste of time for an artist. If you find yourself scrolling spicy memes for 3 hours instead of putting pen to paper, or instead of consuming masterpieces of the Western canon, you are failing. An artist should be gazing at Goya, studying Street Car, absorbing Aristophanes, pouring over Pushkin, and learning from Lawrence of Arabia.

Obviously, drawing inspiration from politics or the cultural melee is perfectly valid. In fact, one of the most exciting movements has been the primitive, indigenous output from what is known as "Frog Twitter" and 4Chan. It is an untapped goldmine of fresh insanity from which to draw. The key distinction here is that the tangible creation (the script, the painting, the musical, etc.) as a result of that inspiration, and taking on the character of "culture warrior" in your digital life, are two very different things. Don't confuse drawing inspiration from politics with producing naked propaganda. Daily Wire, Dinesh D'Souza, Nick Loeb, and the entire catalog of Pureflix are a cautionary tale. Even a truly based artist can fall into the trap of making horrible BAPist knockoff realism (which in terms of aesthetic value is no different than Steve Penley). Remember that "Let's Go Brandon" song that hit #1 on iTunes? 14 months later, nobody cares.

Michael Anton wrote an instructive piece called "The Tom Wolfe model." Anton asks a powerful question: Why has this absolutely absurd regime we pejoratively refer to as the Globalist American Empire (G.A.E.) not produced a single realistic novel in the vein of Dickens, Twain, Balzac, Lewis, or Steinbeck? This is largely because of a lack of craft, but also a lack of courage. One must have the courage to sacrifice short/medium-term financial stability and stable relationships with others — even a stable relationship with oneself. Most aspiring artists cry uncle before they are 30. A handful are delusional, talentless, and literally die trying. Some are tortured by demons and self sabotage. Some like Andrew Klavan choose the path of victimhood and decide to join the political commentariat lamenting they could have made it "if it weren't for liberal Hollywood!" To reiterate, your first job as an artist is to create, not complain on Twitter why we don't construct beautiful buildings anymore.

To stay focused on creative output, an artist needs to be in a constant state of consuming art, honing the craft, living in the world as it is, and actually making art. Consuming art (real art, not junk) develops taste. Honing the craft equips one with the tools to render art with maximal aesthetic clarity. Living in the world, just being a human interacting with other humans or nature, keeps the artist connected to reality and is a source for inspiration. Finally, actually making the art is the sum of all this. In the course of a day, ideally an artist would zigzag through these activities. The artist should set up a quasi conservatory program of study for themselves.

The most obvious objection to this, of course, is how do I live this life without making any money, or having any conservative donors as underwriters? But these arguments are akin to leftist ones about being able to afford contraception — if you do not come from means, are we really supposed to believe you cannot afford a pencil, paper, and an internet connection? What

else do you need to write a novel, poetry, or a sonata? The Improv 1 class, or the Introductory Comedy Writing class at Second City is $400 — that's too much money, but dropping $150k on a stupid-ass econ degree from some state school isn't? Stella Adler's two books on the playwrights are mandatory reads — they are $15 each. If this hybrid autodidactic lifestyle is too scary for you, go raise goats in Hungry with Rod Dreher.

Artists can be haunted by feelings of doubt and writers block. Parents, relatives, and friends will not give you the validation you need when you are still developing your craft, which adds to the anxiety. An excellent book to combat this is The Artist's Way by Julia Cameron. It is a mental health program that has pulled many successful artists out of a creative slump. Do not mistake its childlike approach to be hippy-dippy nonsense — the system works if you let it work on you. The "morning pages" exercise can be an absolute game changer.

On the topic of attending a conservatory/art school, a young violinist who is accepted into Juilliard should probably just go to Juilliard. Ditto to USC Film School for an aspiring director. Be wary that you'll still be surrounded by dipshits wearing masks. You may even be required to wear a Pride ribbon. Do not go if you cannot play the game. Know though that it is indisputably the case that attending these schools is not necessary for a career in the arts. 100% of the information you will learn there is available on Youtube and in books (especially books written 70+ years ago). Private instruction is as easy as contacting those whose work you admire, and then paying them. More or less all of them teach private lessons. When considering a second-choice school, the answer is simple: don't waste your time or money. The network sucks, the peers are hacks, and the professors don't know what they are talking about.

This is probably a good place to bring up a major problem in dissident artists' storytelling: exposition. Twitter raconteur Lomez recently promoted a film being made, which had sides available for those who wanted to audition for a role in it. The dialogue in the sides was terrible largely due to it being rife with exposition. (Part of the reason for this is that conservative writers are trying to inject their political views. You know what is super boring? Political views.) Do an internet search for "how to avoid exposition in writing." Buy the Aaron Sorkin and David Mamet masterclasses (but skip the chapter on Mamet's directing, it's garbage). Read their plays and screenplays. Read Tennessee Williams. Do not go out and raise funds before you have a strong script. You need to be ready for prime time. Get private instruction.

In terms of where to live as an artist, if this was 1980, the two indisputable cities would be Los Angeles or New York. Now, you absolutely don't have to live in either of those shitholes. Actors, directors, costumers, makeup artists, etc. should consider states that have film tax incentives: Georgia, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas (pending legislation), and Minnesota. The tax incentives in these states require that a certain amount of "local" positions to be hired. Take advantage of this before some pot-bellied knuckle dragger from CATO convinces the retarded hillbillies in the state houses that there is no economic advantage to these incentives, and they cancel them. Also, if you have a drop or more of minority blood in you, do not list yourself as a white person. The Academy and Screen Actors Guild have all this DEI bullshit that puts straight Caucasians at a disadvantage. Play the game.

Solo artists (painters, poets, composers, musicians, singers, novelists, etc) should live where they can best draw inspiration. Maybe that is Miami, or maybe it is Nashville. It could even be some blue-state shithole. The point is that it is a place where basic needs can be met, culture is happening, and where work can be done.

Courage is probably the virtue in the shortest supply in West these days, most notably from our politicians, but also from the artistically inclined on our side who decide they want to quit and go make money. Yes, our side does not value artists. Yes, the artist stereotype is one of misery and starvation. It does not have to be that way. Pay diligent attention to the details of your craft, immerse yourself in the masterpieces of Western Civilization, experience all that life has to offer, work tirelessly on creative pursuits, and expel distractions of politics or other drugs. The only thing that will prevent your ascension, if you have talent, is quitting. Cultural revitalization begins with you, the artist. Start now, get better, and do not give up.

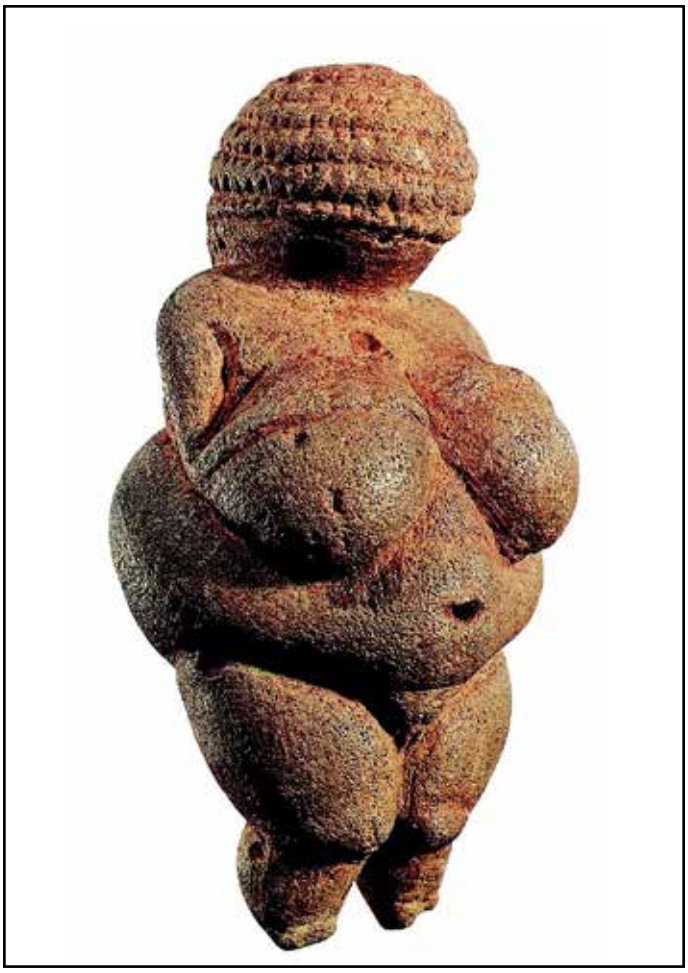
"I Tweet. I always Tweet.
That is my problem."
#mansworld

IN SEARCH OF VENUS

The origins and meaning of the ancient Venus figurines

history by **STONE AGE HERBALIST**

IMAGES, in page order: the Venus of Willendorf and a cave in Laugerie-Basse; a satirical print lampooning the Hottentot Venus; the neolithic site of Çatalhöyük and a seated female figurine discovered there; the mother of the contemporary Goddess movement, archaeologist Marija Gimbutas



In 1864 Paul Hurault, the 8th Marquis de Vibraye, was digging around in the cave systems of Laugerie-Basse, Dordogne. He had always been an amateur archaeologist, but soon his name would be immortalised. His discovery of a female figurine, a slender 8cm tall ivory creation, prompted comparisons with the Aphrodite of Knidos, and he named her *la Vénus impudique* – the "immodest Venus". She is dated to the Magdalenian period (~17-12kya), and she became the first of many similar female figurines to be uncovered during the archaeological rush of the late 19th century. Today we call these types of small portable figurines "Venuses", although the meaning of the term has changed with intellectual fashions. Nobody is entirely sure how many there are, how to define them, or even what time period we are dealing with. Typically a Venus figurine refers to a statuette of the female form, often with large or exaggerated bodies, made between roughly 40-10 thousand years ago. But the Upper Palaeolithic Venus phenomenon was just the first, and a renaissance of the form appears during the Neolithic of the Near East and continues into the Bronze Age, where they become more stylised and linked with named female deities. Whether or not the Palaeolithic and Neolithic Venus moments are connected is an open question. Geographically we're focusing here on Europe and parts of wider Eurasia, since these have produced the majority of the artefacts. If the physical and chronological nature of these figurines is ambiguous, then their interpretation has been vastly more muddled. We'll work through them, from Victorian ideas about race to feminist theories of the Mother Goddess, from materialist ideas about obesity to recent thoughts about childbirth. Almost no other artefact type has produced so much controversy and speculation, and the 150 years or so of thought is a window onto the ever-changing landscape of archaeological theory.

Early Days: Race, Steatopygia and Primitivism (1864-1900)

Prehistory as a field was born in great strife. In 1823 the Reverend William Buckland had

discovered the ochre-saturated bones of a Palaeolithic man in Paviland Cave on the Gower peninsula. Although he believed them to be the remains of a Roman prostitute, their true age is around 33,000 years old. He struggled to believe that any human could predate the Biblical flood, and he was not alone. In fact by the mid 19th century the nascent study of prehistory was divided into "fixists" (E. Lartet, A. de Quatrefages, M. Sanson, L. Bourgeois and J. Delaunay) and those convinced of the reality of human evolution (Paul Broca, P. Topinard, T. Hamy, G. de Mortillet and M. Boule). Religious fixists insisted on the created form of human beings since their divine beginning, whilst positivists and materialists stressed the gradual development of human faculties and capacities. Artwork occupied a special place for both camps, since it was accepted that the European disinterested aesthetic experience represented a pinnacle of human achievement. For the religious man, artwork was a gift, present in the earliest of souls, whereas for the student of Lamarck and Huxley, art was one of the final developments of the advanced types.

The "immodest Venus" arrived into a world which was wholly unprepared for the idea of Palaeolithic art. Not only was there no theoretical lens to make sense of it, many scholars outright rejected it. Forgeries, rivalries, theft, competition, ideologies and national squabbles produced an atmosphere of distrust. One prehistorian, Gabriel de Mortillet, even accused the Spanish clergy of faking the Altimira cave art in order to discredit the field. Lubbock and Mortillet denied that prehistoric people were religious at all, and thus any artwork was merely for amusement, contentment, simple pleasure – art-for-art's sake:

"that our earliest ancestors could have counted to ten is very improbable, considering that so many races now in existence cannot get beyond four."

Against this view came the ideas of E.B. Tylor, who posited one of the most influential ideas in archaeological thought. He argued that, far from being irreligious and simple,

RAW EGG NATIONALISM

by Raw Egg Nationalist

RAW EGGS+NATIONALISM=
RAW EGG NATIONALISM

By strengthening the nation state, we make possible the strengthening of the individual, and a nation is only as strong as its people. Raw egg nationalism is a physical and political ethic built upon the massive consumption of raw eggs.

Just as no single food has been subject to greater calumnies in our time than the egg, no men have been more politically persecuted than nationalists.

31 Recipes for

- Shakes
- Steaks
- Sauces
- Cooked Eggs
- Cocktails
- Treats

Put all your eggs in this basket, count your chickens before they hatch, and be the Chad you want to see in the world.

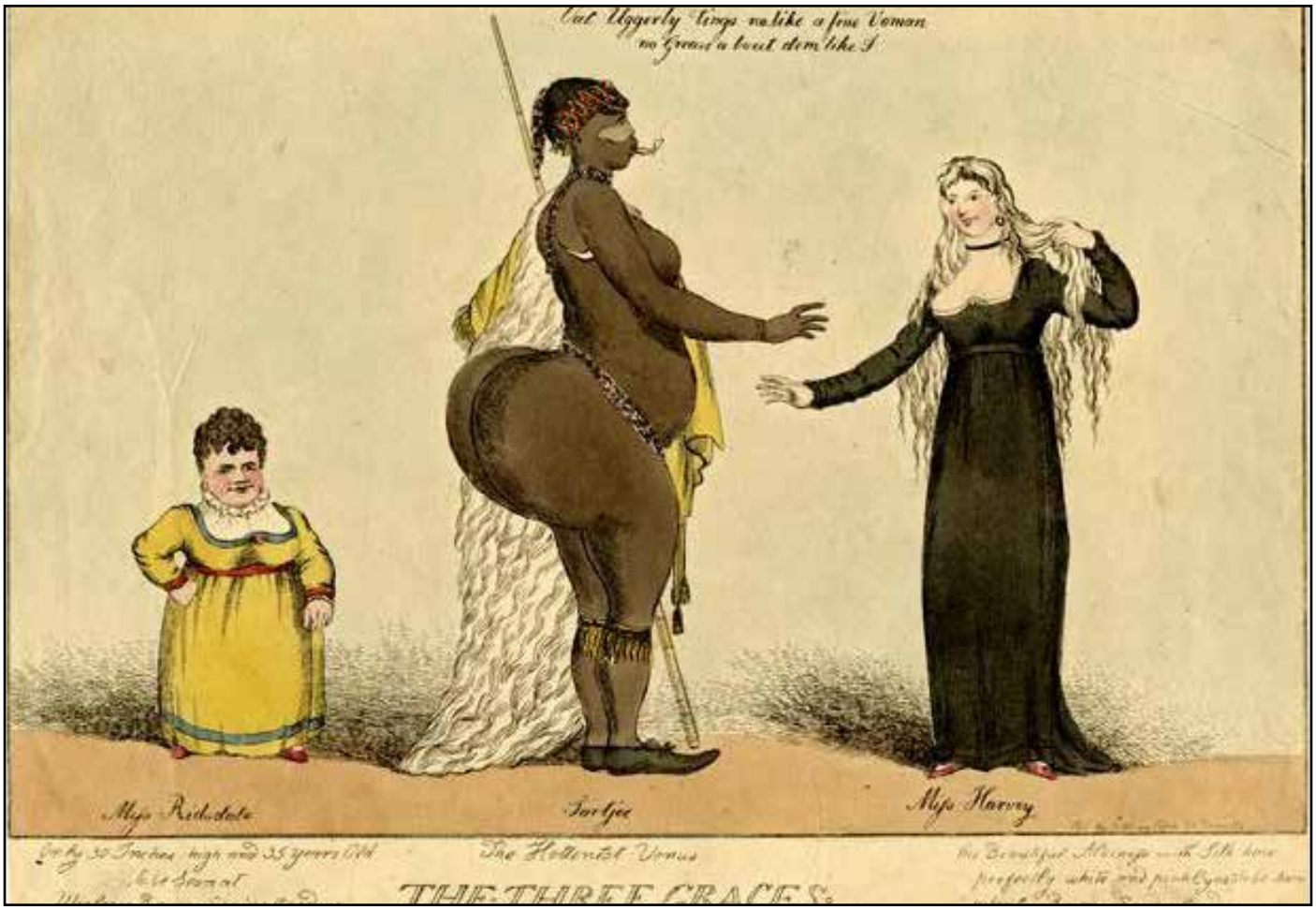
– Raw Egg Nationalist

In hardback exclusively from antelopehillpublishing.com

tribal peoples all over the world in fact had a highly developed sense of spirituality – one which attributed a soul and being to inanimate objects and natural forces. Animism, as it became known, was the default inner state of man, unencumbered by dogma or proscription. Not long afterwards McLennan introduced the concept of "totemism", and then in 1890 came Frazer's *The Golden Bough*. Concern with the mental state of the "primitive mind" was paramount, ushering in dozens of ethnographic and anthropological works focusing on language, mythology, religion, artwork and oral histories. The Age of Primitivism had begun. One man in particular stands out for us – Édouard Piette – a French archaeologist who became fascinated with Venus figurines. He represented the Rousseaun wing of the intellectual movement, believing that the harsh but simple life of savage man was more free and spiritually rich than modern civilisation, a view which still resonates with many people today:

"Exercise and open-air life disseminated among the savages, whom we regard as miserable, a touch of morality, of strength and calm that labourers and office clerks will never know... Ingenious man, dedicated to the art of drawing and sculpture was, in his time, a pioneer of civilization; he left his mark in a stage of humankind on the road to progress. He was not a savage enclosed in the narrow circle of his forefather's ideas, he was a man of progress and he might still be so." (Piette, 1873)

Piette was a thorough and methodical scientist, horrified by the sloppy work, theft and vandalism which accompanied many excavations of the time. He negotiated the return of many invaluable artefacts, and by around 1900 he owned almost every Palaeolithic Venus figurine in existence. These included: *L"Ebauche*; *La Vénus de Brassempouy*; *Le Manche de poignard*; *La Fillette*; *La Dame à la capuche*; *La Figurine à la ceinture* and *La Figurine à la pèlerine*. A few details in particular bothered Piette. One was the "Egyptian" style of the some of the figurines, especially their hair or hoods,



"STEATOPYGIA IS A CONDITION WHEREBY LARGE AMOUNTS OF ADIPOSE FAT TISSUE ACCUMULATE ON THE HIPS, THIGHS AND BUTTOCKS"

and the other was the startling fat deposits on some of the hips and buttocks of the carvings.

Steatopygia is a condition whereby large amounts of adipose fat tissue accumulate on the hips, thighs and buttocks, found predominantly in women of Khoisan, African Pygmy and Andamanese descent. It was noted by European explorers to southern Africa, along with the extended labia of various groups of sub-Saharan African women. Most famously the Khoikhoi woman Saartjie (Sarah) Baartman (1789-1815) who was exhibited around Europe as a a kind of curious savage, and many people paid to look at her almost-naked body, even to poke her with a stick. She, and other similar women, were known as "Hottentot Venuses". Piette and other archaeologists some decades later made the link between her steatopygia and the curvy shape of the Venus figurines they had uncovered. Unlike Hurault's "immodest Venus", the name was instead directly associated with the African Khoikhoi body.

Piette developed a theory of Palaeolithic Venus figurines which drew both on this racial physiological science and the primitivism which he believed accounted for the style of prehistoric art. In his reading two races of Palaeolithic humans lived in Europe, one which looked more "African" and the other more "Egyptian" or "Greek".

"What troubles me is that there were two human races during the Eburnien, one with fatty protuberances, an enormous descending abdomen, ample thighs, prominent hips and, probably, buttocks that were correspondingly imposing. The enormous size of the abdomen was a result of concentrated fat deposits, held in place by fibrous tissue, which also accounts for the abundant hips and a sort of calf on the front of the thighs. This latter was not muscle. In this regard, there can be no doubt about the analogy with Bushman women. This race was also as hairy as Esau.
The other race was without body hair, had flat abdomens, somewhat slender thighs, and hips and buttocks lacking the fatty outgrowths. The artists who represented them exaggerated the abdominal flattening, the slenderness of the buttocks and the lack of projecting hips; and this could have been out of hatred for the other race which at that time must have been a conquered people." (Piette to Reinach, 11 January, 1895)

There was no question that these figurines could have been stylistic or artistic, since the primitive animistic mind could only copy nature, rather than import any imaginative license. This dualism between art and function, born out of the European experience of art as a disinterested medium, was retained in Palaeolithic art studies. Primitive man possessed the aesthetic impulse, but it was bound by the need for symbolic and magical functionality. The Venus figurines were perfectly naturalistic, but no doubt stored some deeper purpose. Only through the racial struggle for greatness had some peoples freed art from the baser needs of life, and although this could be glimpsed in the cave art masterpieces of the time, Palaeolithic man was still the infant of the species.

Making Sense Of The Palaeolithic (1900-1945)

Between 1900 and 1945, many more Venus or female figurines and artworks were discovered across Europe and further afield. These include the famous Venus of Willendorf (1908); Lespuge (1922); Dolni Vestonice (1925); Petersfels (1927-32); Moravany (1930); Mal'ta (1928) and Buret' (1936-40). The latter sites,

in Siberia, were surprising, and indicate a cultural or group connection stretching from France deep into Eurasia. Of course, these findings were not separated from the sites themselves, nor were they insulated from the developments in archaeological thought more broadly.

Trying to define the different eras of the deep past was a problem not just for the Palaeolithic, but for all of prehistory. These then had to reckon with the different "stages" of civilisation found across the world. From the Arctic to South Africa, Polynesia to the Amazon, a whole constellation of different peoples had to be slotted into any general theory of human development. In 1816 Christian Thomsen had developed the "three-stage" model we are still familiar with – a stone age, bronze age and iron age. Sir John Lubbock's 1865 work, *Pre-Historic Times: As Illustrated by Ancient Remains*, and *The Manners and Customs of Modern Savages*, had separated the stone age into an "old" (Palaeolithic) and "new" (Neolithic). Hodder Westropp proposed a "middle" age, the Mesolithic, in 1866, which was immediately controversial. Analogies between prehistoric stone tools and Aboriginal or Andaman tools proved irresistable, and prehistorians began drawing lines of comparison between the shell middens of Denmark and the contemporary people of Tierra del Feugo. Terms like "Mousterian" (1876), "Magdalenian" (1885) and "Aurignacian" (1906) became better defined, and the latter two came be characterised through craniometry, physical anthropology, ethnographic analogy and artwork as "Caucasoid" and "Negroid" respectively.

In 1911, the architect Emmanuel-Élisée Pontremoli and sculptor Constant-Ambroise Roux began work on the entrance structure to the new Institute of Human Paleontology in Paris. They chose two designs, one for each side. The first of which depicted a Caucasian Magdalenian man, wearing a primitive crown, drawing a bison on a cave wall. The second depicted a Negroid Aurignacian man sculpting a Venus figurine. This was a crucial symbolic moment, chiseling in stone the two racial phenotypes of Palaeolithic Europe, with the superior and sophisticated cave-art triumphing over the sensual and earthbound Venus. Reinforcing this was a series of busts, made by sculptor Louis Mascré and the prehistorian Aimé Rutot between 1909 and 1914. Again the Magdalenian man was a ruddy brown, vigorous individual, skillfully carving his art into reindeer antler, whilst the "Negroid of Menton" Aurignacian was an African-looking man, sculpting the newly discovered Venus of Willendorf.

It should be noted however, that the interpretation of this racial schema was more nuanced than perhaps modern readers might expect. In linking the Aurignacian to the San Bushmen, which was the dominant consensus, there wasn"t necessarily a universal judgement on what this meant. As William J. Sollas (1849–1936), professor of geology at Oxford University, wrote of Aurignacian art and sculpture in his 1911 work, *Ancient Hunters and Their Modern Representatives*:

"The best examples attain so high a pitch of excellence that enthusiastic discoverers have spoken of them as superior in some respects to the work of the Greeks... we cannot survey the series of pictures with which Aurignacian man has illustrated the animal life of his time without a feeling of delight, and the pleasure we feel in this glimpse of a vanished fauna is enhanced by the fact that we look at it through the eyes of the ancient hunter himself... although far from attaining to our standard of beauty, yet still there was something prepossessing about the Bushman to those who looked with a discerning eye, all that we learn about the Bushmen impresses us with their great intellectual ability."

Waves Of Matriarchy: Mother Goddesses and Venus Figurines

Turning away from race as the explanatory framework, we now dive into the depths of another, more well-known, theory for the Venus figurines – their symbolic representation of female deities and female social power. The idea of a matriarchy, a female-led or centric society, is one of mankind's oldest enduring myths. Between 1864 – 1884 this myth was to undergo probably its most powerful re-

vival, thanks to three books: *Das Mutterrecht* (*Motherright*) (1861) by Johann Jakob Bachofen; *Primitive Marriage* (1865) by John Ferguson McLennan, and *The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State* (1884) by Friedrich Engels. Although very different in inspiration and conclusion, the groundwork was laid for first-wave feminists to draw on prehistory to make the case that the original human society was female-centred, largely peaceful and largely egalitarian. The American feminists Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Matilda Joslyn Gage argued in the 1880's that prehistory was a period of female supremacy and rule over men. Nobody could quite agree whether this golden age was one of free love and promiscuity or chaste sacred motherhood, but they were all convinced that the prehistoric evidence supported their position. The strange esoteric blend of eugenics, theosophy, moral exhortations to chastity, reverence for motherhood and recognition of the divine feminine all swirled around in the Edwardian gallop towards universal suffrage. Gage, and then the British activist Frances Swiney, pioneered the belief that early societies worshipped goddesses and were led by female priestesses. This enthusiasm largely disappeared with the wars and the right to vote secured, but it came back with a roar during the 1970"s.

The intellectual passion for matriarchy within archaeology and its related fields was not trivial however. Excavations at Knossos by Sir Arthur Evans and scholarly investigations into Hellenic religion by Jane Ellen Harrison drew on Bachofen to explain the presence of female "goddess" figurines. Frazer and Harrison, along with the "Cambridge Ritualists", helped maintain the matriarchal myth and embedded it into the Classics. Harrison's 1903 work, P*rolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, insisted that pre-Classical Greece was a goddess-worshipping matriarchy. The link continued throughout the 20th century, with Florence Mary Bennett's *Religious Cults Associated with the Amazons* (1912) and later works by J. H. Thiel (1931), George Thomson (1949) and E. A. S. Butterworth (1966), all shoring up the image of an archaic female-led society.

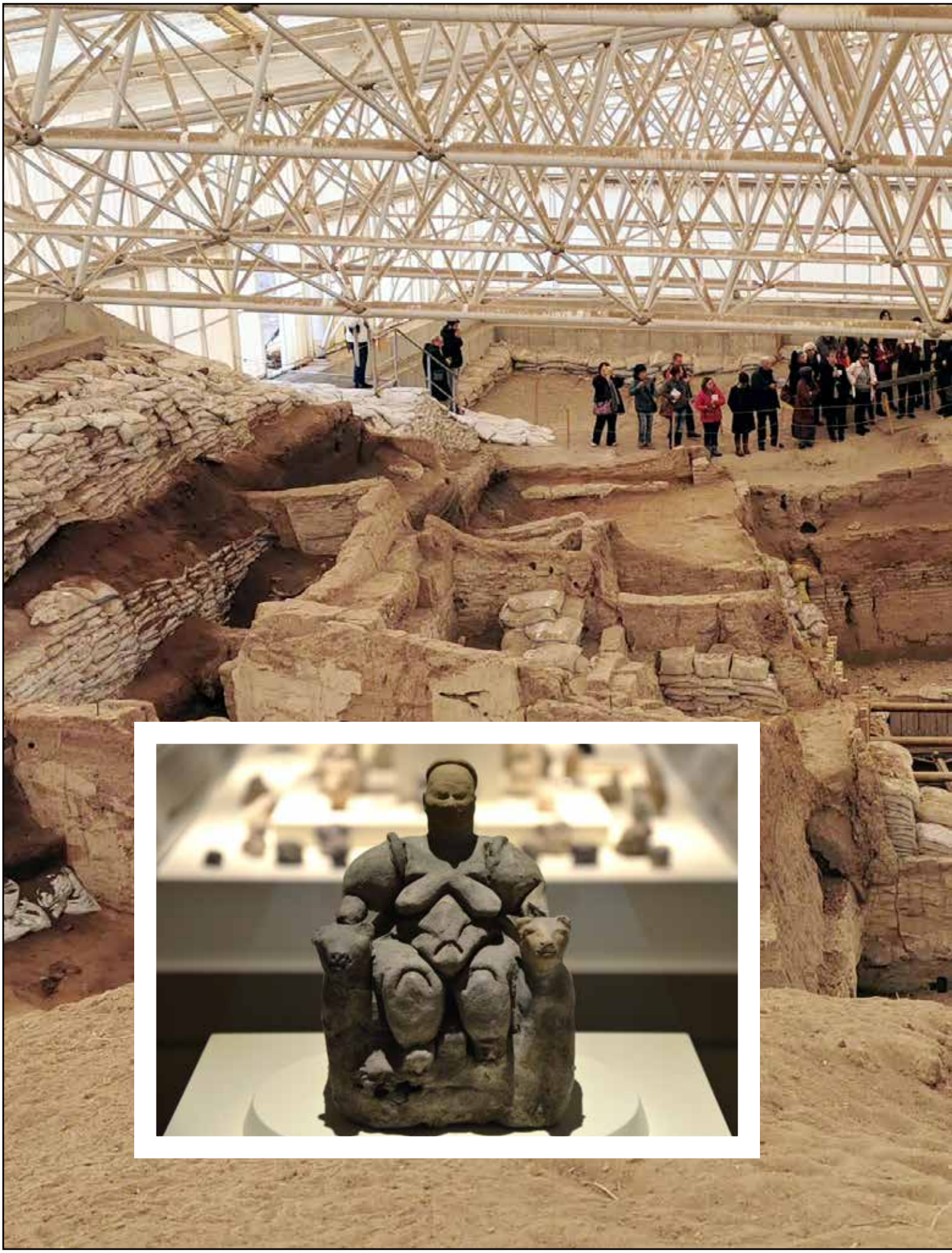
With the advent of second-wave feminism came an urgent need to understand the origins and development of patriarchy as an institution. Although it began its life largely outside of the academy, texts such as Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*, continued to rely on an account of prehistory which identified patriarchy as a later intrusion into a more female-friendly world. The "Goddess Movement" began in earnest throughout the Western world during the 1970"s. Carol P. Christ gave her influential speech "Why Women Need The Goddess" in 1978, laying out the feminist critique of Christianity and patriarchy and defending the myth of the ancient Goddess as both real and necessary. Although mainstream archaeology had largely moved away from this narrative, it found its champion in the Lithuanian scholar Marija Gimbutas. Gimbutas had bucked the trend of grand meta-narratives by presenting the story of "Old Europe", the earliest Neolithic agricultural communities, as one of peaceful egalitarian matriarchy. She interpreted Neolithic Venus figurines, artwork and spiral iconography as evidence for a Great Goddess religion. She also resurrected older ideas about the invasion of the Indo-Europeans from the Pontic-Caspian steppe through the "Kurgan Hypothesis", pointing out that patriarchy and the diminishment of female-centric art seem to coincide with the appearance of kurgan burial mounds and the male dominance of the Bronze Age.

"Along with most of 'civilization' in ancient times, they worshipped a goddess of fertility and abundance, and Earth Mother of creation and regeneration. They were a peaceful artistic community, enviably 'in-tune' with all that surrounded them. Nearly 6,000 years ago, these particular people took advantage of their environment and in the relative isolation of their islands advanced a style of spiritual expression unlike anything found elsewhere in the region. Successful for more than a thousand years they continue to develop and to thrive with no trace of conflict or war (...) As we know, not much survived of the early matrifocal people of mainland Europe once they were overrun and assimilated

MASCULINITY WORKSHOP

SPONSORED BY CUCK OPERATOR COFFEE KOMPANY

SEMINAL ORDER



by aggressive Indo-European tribes identified by Archaeology and author Dr. Marija Gimbutas." (Linda C. Eneix)

Meanwhile, in Anatolia, the most potent symbol of this new Goddess movement was being constructed. The site of Çatalhöyük had been discovered in 1958 and was excavated during the 1960's by James Mellaart. This was to prove a most fruitful combination. Mellaart's discovery of Venus figurines on the site resulted in an outpouring of goddess literature. He and his acolytes were convinced that Çatalhöyük was a peaceful, egalitarian, matrilineal society, dedicated to the worship of the Great Goddess. His particular blend of Wicca, neopaganism and feminism resulted in Çatalhöyük becoming a pilgrimage site for the movement:

"Perhaps more interesting and far reaching is the connection between goddess tours and the archaeological work at the site. As Hodder states, 'at the site itself we are visited by busloads of people on Goddess Tours who are interested in a spiritual connection with the site, who may come to pray, or who are part of the New Age, Ecofeminist or Gaia Movements'. But it is not simply a matter of visiting the site or buying the T-shirt, many of these people want to adopt an interventionist role. Recently, a house has been bought in the nearby village which will operate as a base for goddess groups and this has led to local tensions amongst the conservative, largely Islamic township of Qumra. Additionally, some goddess groups want to build a shrine at the site. Increasingly as goddess groups contribute financially to the project, they will ask for something in return. Already they are dissatisfied with archaeological data freely available to them on the web. As Hodder remarks, the 'fact that these answers are insufficient was made clear in discussions with the New Age Women's Movements. When we told them that we would provide the data so that they could make their own less androcentric interpretations from the site, they complained that this was not enough 'because when you hand over the data to us, they have already been interpreted by you.'" (Ian Hodder)

Despite rigorous critiques of Mellaart's work and his falsifications of the evidence, Çatalhöyük has never shaken this legacy, and even today seems cocooned in a protective shell of interpretation. It continues, much like the Venus figurines, to be seen as a bastion of Neolithic, female-centric egalitarianism. Hopefully the next few generations of archaeologists will be able to lay the Goddess to rest.

Sex Magic and Fertility

After race and feminism comes sex. If archaeologists are less comfortable with the grandiloquence of the "goddess", they do seem more at home with the neutrality of "fertility". One reason is that fertility and sexuality belong to the study of biology and evolutionary science, which naturally pays great attention to how mating and reproduction occurs across the animal world. Its good to be reminded that Gimbutas" and Mellaart's writings about great goddesses were deeply unfashionable throughout the 60's and 70's and beyond. In fact archaeology had pivoted towards a more rigorous scientific approach. The "New Archaeology" or "processual archaeology" wanted nothing to do with mythical golden ages or deities, it wanted a clear-eyed objectivity to be cast onto the material record, to blow away the cobwebs of cultural interpretation and to rely on hypotheses, logic, rationality and the creation of testable frameworks to explain cultural change.

In 1968 a fresh wind swept through figurine studies with the work of Peter Ucko. His 1968 dissertation monograph *Anthropomorphic Figurines of Predynastic Egypt and Neolithic Crete* took aim at the entirety of the Mother Goddess hypothesis, and his later works used an effective combination of empirical studies and anthropological analogies to open the door to alternative explanations. These figurines had no one explanation, he argued, they could easily be children's toys, initiation tools, magical items or burial aides.

"On the basis of the suggested lines of investigation above... it is possible that the figurine material of Knossos may include

figurines made for the following categories of reasons: those made by, and for, children to play with; others as some sort of initiation figures used as teaching devices to accompany songs or tales, and thrown away after use; still others as vehicles for sympathetic magic, carried and cared for by mothers desirous of offspring and kept in the house until the birth of a child."

As we saw in the earlier development of Palaeolithic art studies, the question still lurks – what were the figurines for? Removing the Goddess did not reveal an answer, so much as provide new possibilities. The carry-over from the 19th century was the magico-functional paradigm, more easily expressed as "sympathetic magic". In 18's two Australian anthropologists, Walter Baldwin Spencer and Francis Gillen, had provided one of the most powerful analogies in prehistoric art theory. Their work on the Arrernte or Arunta Aboriginal peoples revealed that cave art was connected to fertility – in that the Arunta people would draw images of animals in the hope that they would multiply. This idea was picked up by two giants of the field – Salomon Reinach and Abbé Henri Breuil – and extended to other domains of Palaeolithic life, including hunting and human fertility.

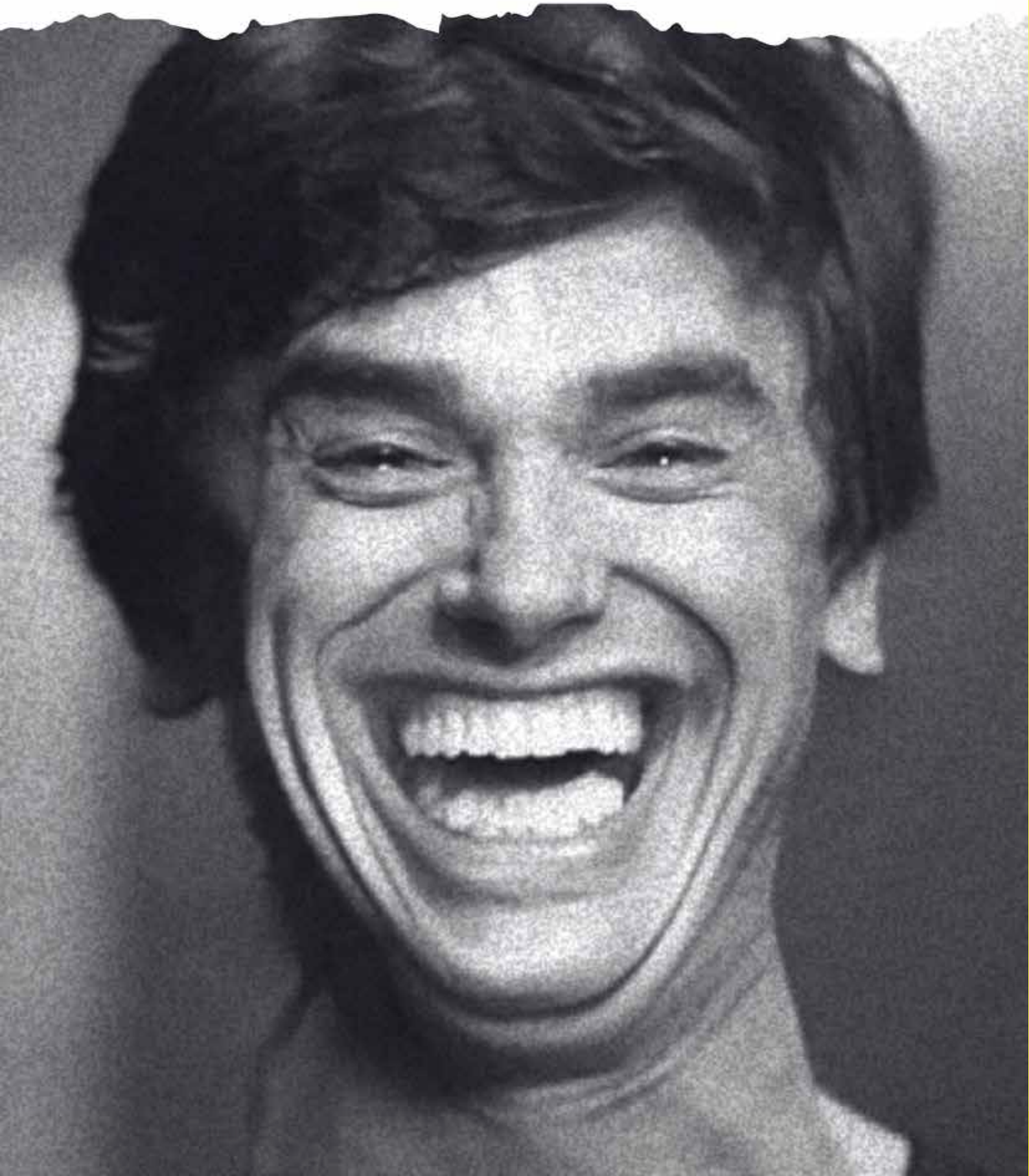
Fertility was of course a preoccupation for the Goddess theorists, and the notion of a Mother Earth rests on the fecundity of women and their abilities to reproduce and nourish. The other side of this argument is about control, a topic feminists have long critiqued, and a major point of debate surrounding the later domestication of plants and animals. If there was no matriarchy, then fertility was presumably under the control of men? A host of new ideas started to spill out from archaeologists: figurines were prehistoric porn; representations of prostitutes or after-life sex slaves and totems of fertility. In fact no less than 10 surveys of prehistoric figurines between 1975 and 1987 suggest fertility as the most likely motivating factor behind their creation. Of those that disagreed or rejected the fertility argument, only one also excluded eroticism or pornography as a function. To quote from Sarah Nelson's 1990 article "Diversity of the Upper Paleolithic 'Venus' Figurines and Archeological Mythology":

"If the figurines are assumed to have been made by men, then it follows that they were created for male purposes. Even when they were first discovered, the Abbe Breuil… said they were for 'pleasure to Paleolithic man during his meals.' Berenguer… focuses on reproductivity: 'we may deduce man's obsessive need for women who would bear him lots of children to offset the high mortality rate caused by the harsh living conditions.' Von Konigswald worried about other possessions, 'It certainly is an old problem: how could man protect his property, mark a place as "his home", "his living site" so that others would recognize and respect it, especially in a period where there were no houses, just abris and caves?' He concludes that men made the 'grotesque' figurines to guard their property, and scare off intruders!"

Whilst certain scholars do seem curiously obsessed with seeing sex everywhere during the Palaeolithic, Guthrie in particular (over 60 pages in his 2005 book on Palaeolithic Art is spent describing hip-to-waist ratios, erotic fat, sex toys and more) the counter-arguments needed little more than good objective observation. The type-casting of the Venus of Willendorf as the "typical" expression of Palaeolithic and other figurines hid a more complex reality. Simple descriptions of each of the figurines would in fact reveal that obesity and exaggerated sexual characteristics were not the dominant feature, and as figurine discoveries from Magdalenian Germany during the 60"s-80's showed, there could be great differences across space and time. As Rice's 1981 breakdown of 188 Venus figurines revealed, of those that could be identified as female, the full age range from pre-pubescent to grandmother were represented almost equally. Almost none of them could be described as pregnant. Sadly this basic point, that many of the figurines look nothing like the swollen Willendorf, has been lost. Even today as we'll see, the majority of studies on the Venuses focus on their supposedly exaggerated physiques.

counter.com
dystopia.
counter

MAN'S WORLD: SMILE AND THE WHOLE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU.



Palaeolithic Obesity?

"Amongst these articles was a cutting from the Life section of an edition of USA Today containing a report on FAT!SO?, an American organisation concerned with raising public awareness of issues of 'fat acceptance'. The article describes the adoption of the Venus of Willendorf as their mascot, and places the figure in a thoroughly contemporary frame of reference by characterising her as 'a short, squat, faceless figurine with prodigious love handles. And breasts so large that – *well, let's just say she doesn't need the Wonderbra*.'" Louise Muriel Lander

A point of contention amongst Palaeolithic researchers is whether the Venus figurines are supposed to be pregnant or obese? We've seen how the enlarged buttocks gave support to racial classifications, but as academia turned away from the concept of race other explanations were needed. The Goddess argument saw the enlarged breasts, hips, buttocks and stomachs as stylisations and reflective of the essential female nature, while the male-focused fertility cult saw these aspects as similarly feminine or through an erotic lens. As critiques of all these came and went there is still no good proposal for why many figurines look fat. One simple explanation was that some Palaeolithic women were in fact obese, an idea which runs counter to our image of mammoth hunters permanently at the edge of starvation. We can separate out the later Neolithic figurines here and say they are more plausibly representations of obese people – agriculture providing the excess calories in this model.

This is what we could call a form of realism, looking at the figurines as accurate depictions of real people at the time. As a general theory it has prompted some interesting ideas, and continues to do so: In 1976 J.R Harding wrote a brief article entitled "Certain Upper Palaeolithic 'Venus' Statuettes Considered in Relation to the Pathological Condition Known as Massive Hypertrophy of the Breasts", where he considers the Venus figurines to be depictions of a medical condition, rather than an ideal; numerous papers studying fatty tissue deposition, iodine deficiency, fatty liver syndrome and more all refer back to the Venus, in particular the Venus of Willendorf. Jean-Pierre Duhard described the shape of Pliestocene women in general based on the proportions and measurements of the figurines. Using different fat deposition markers – "steatopygia (deposits round the buttocks), steatocoxia (round the hips), steatotrochanteria (femoral deposit) or steatomeria (crural deposit)" – he was able to characterise each figurine in turn and draw some conclusions:

"In our far distant ancestresses there existed the same morphological diversity as today, as is shown by sculpture, with a realism more physiological than anatomical, showing subjects of varying ages and at different phases of their functional life. One particularly important point is their adiposity, or the location of the fatty deposits. These have specific sex-related functions, which obviously have not changed since that period, and undergo identical changes in physical appearance following the same laws of physiology: it was therefore of interest to discover whether, despite different climatic conditions, way of life and different food resources, the same clinical forms of adiposity would be observed."

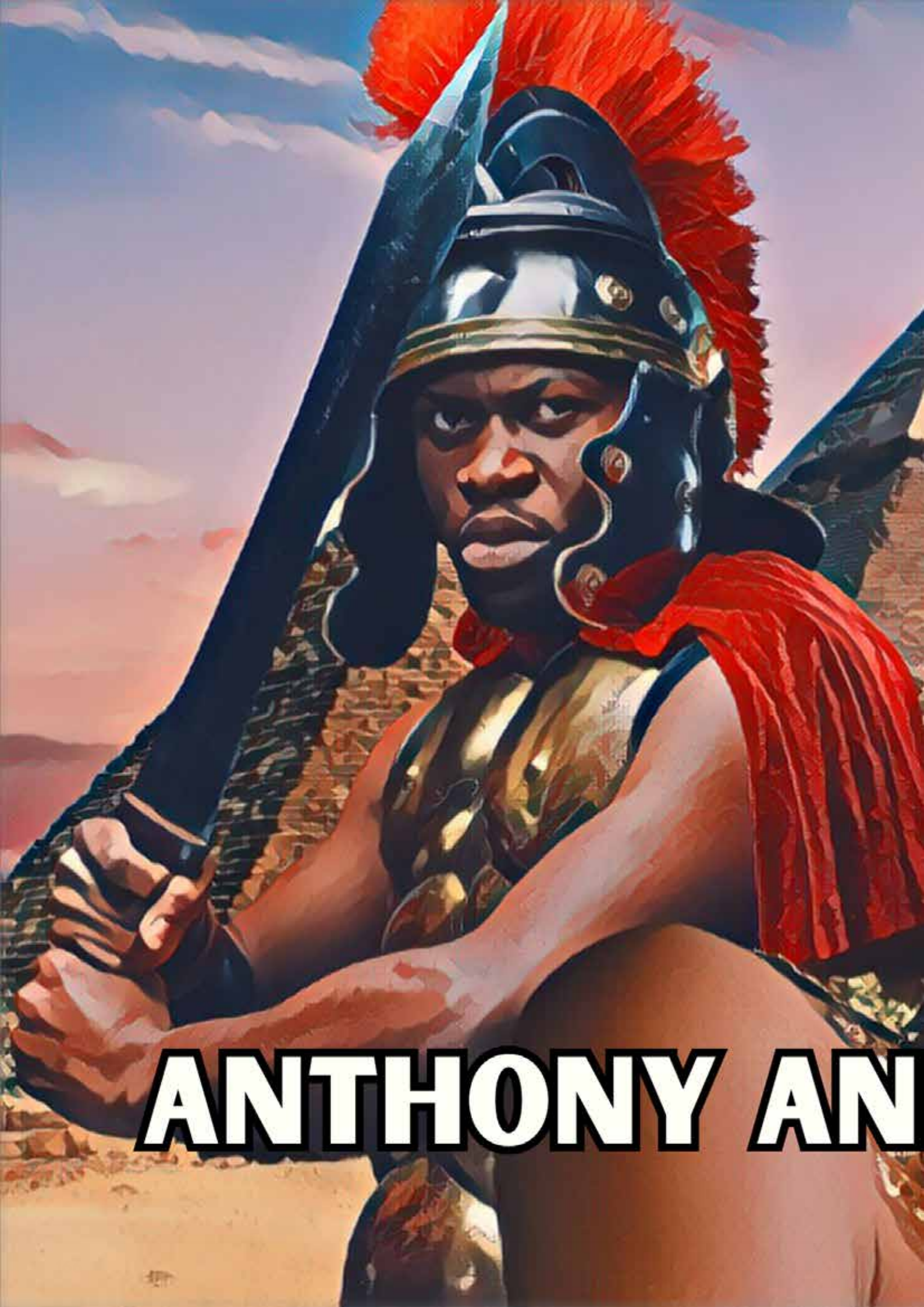
That the figurines display physiologically accurate placements of fat suggest that these were not stylistic imaginary fancies, but rather a close replication of what people saw in their everyday lives, much like the animals drawn in the caves. In this archaeology had returned to the 19th century understanding of Palaeolithic art, that it was imitative. However, the obvious shift was the move away from racial categorisations towards a broader "human" or "female physiology". This has been further explored in research looking into adaptations to the coldest point of the last ice age, when many figurines were made. Even in the 1960's this point was confusing, how could Gravettian ice age hunters be familiar with female body fat when they lived as active mobile hunter-gatherers in freezing conditions? A 2020 paper published in the *Obesity Journal* by Richard J Johnson and colleagues

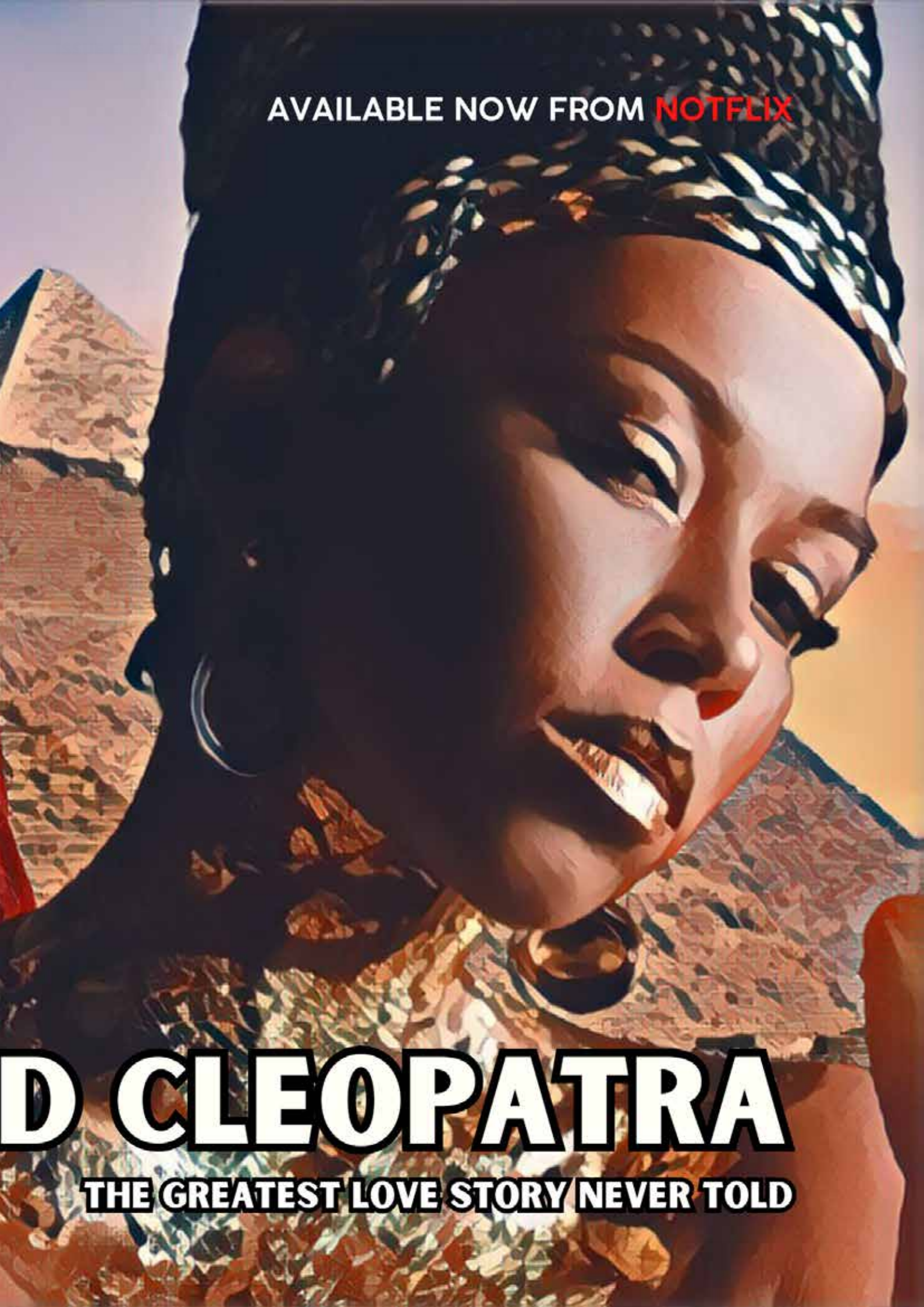
ran with this idea. They mapped out the location of figurines in comparison to the known glacial maximum line in Europe, and then compared the hip-to-waist and shoulder-to-waist ratios of the various Venus figurines. They argue that a correlation exists between the most obese figurines and their proximity to the coldest parts of the continent, making them either accurate representations of real people, or ideal body types for women to survive in those conditions.

The final analysis to note here has become relatively well known outside of academia. This is the original idea that the Venus figurines look the way they do because they represent women drawing *themselves*. Pioneered by LeRoy McDermott, the self-representation theory, in my experience at least, has a lot of people convinced. It neatly explains why so many figurines seem exaggerated, but also lack faces and often feet. In the absence of mirrors women needed to look down at themselves and carve what they saw, unsurprisingly focusing on their breasts and hips. Impossible to refute or prove, McDermott's argument will probably always remain popular as a partial explanation for the figurines, even if it can't explain their greater meaning and purpose.

Clothing and Motherhood

As we move through the 90's and into the 000's, the original question asked 150 years earlier continues to perplex scholars, and new examples of the figurines keep appearing. In 2005 ivory Venuses were found in Zaraysk, Russia, and in 2008 a classic figurine was found at Hohle Fels cave in Germany. This turned out to be between 40,000-35,000 years old, putting it at the start of the Aurignacian period, likely one of the earliest Venuses ever made. Discussions about gender and sex in the Palaeolithic also continued to flow, bringing some of the third-wave feminist critiques about gender performance and creation into archaeology. In 2000 a paper entitled "The 'Venus' Figurines: Textiles, Basketry, Gender, and Status in the Upper Paleolithic", brought forward a number of


ANTHONY AN


AVAILABLE NOW FROM NOTFLIX
D CLEOPATRA
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY NEVER TOLD

arguments to make the case that the Venus figurines were almost certainly dressed, both in their sculpted form as well as possible miniature clothing being placed on them. This new focus on the individual hairstyles, patterns, grooves, symbols, dots and so on echoed some of the original questions posed by Piette in the late 19th century. It was certainly a fruitful line of enquiry and matched ethnographic understandings of dolls and figurines in other cultures, which are often dressed up like people, adorned with objects and given hairstyles made of organic materials.

New advances in archaeological science, combined with this focus on the clothing of the figurines produced one of the most interesting hypotheses about their function. A 28,000 year old female skeleton from Italy, dubbed "La Donna di Ostuni", was discovered to have preserved a perfect 8-month-old fetus inside of her. Researchers working on their remains are confident that the evidence points to the mother having died from a condition known as eclampsia. This causes severe convulsions and seizures, strong headaches, blurred vision and other visual distortions and can result in death. What makes this case so interesting for us is that she was buried wearing a headcap made from hundreds of small seashells, which looks very similar to the "bobbled" cap found on a number of Venus figurines, including the Venus of Willendorf. As the researchers state:

"Many of these statuettes were very small and light probably used as necklace amulets. Eclampsia (again a specific human feature among mammals), occurring at the end of pregnancy in young primiparae has probably terrorised our ancestors. Certainly, seizures were recognised to start from the head (muscle contractions, visual disturbances, unusual head or eye movements, mouth alteration, loss of consciousness); therefore, we may propose the hypothesis that the headdress that pregnant women wore was probably a protective artefact against these ominous events like death at birth and convulsions.

To my mind this represents one of the first papers where concrete contextual evidence has managed to be used to explain the function of the figurines – a protective female amulet of sorts. Doubtless they had other uses, nothing stays semantically static for 30,000 years, but being able to show something like a death during pregnancy is light years ahead of speculations about sex slaves or abstract 'fertility cults'."

Putting It All Together

Having covered over a century's worth of research, are we able to say anything meaningful about the Venus figurine phenomenon? Well we have roughly four basic hypotheses to show for it all:

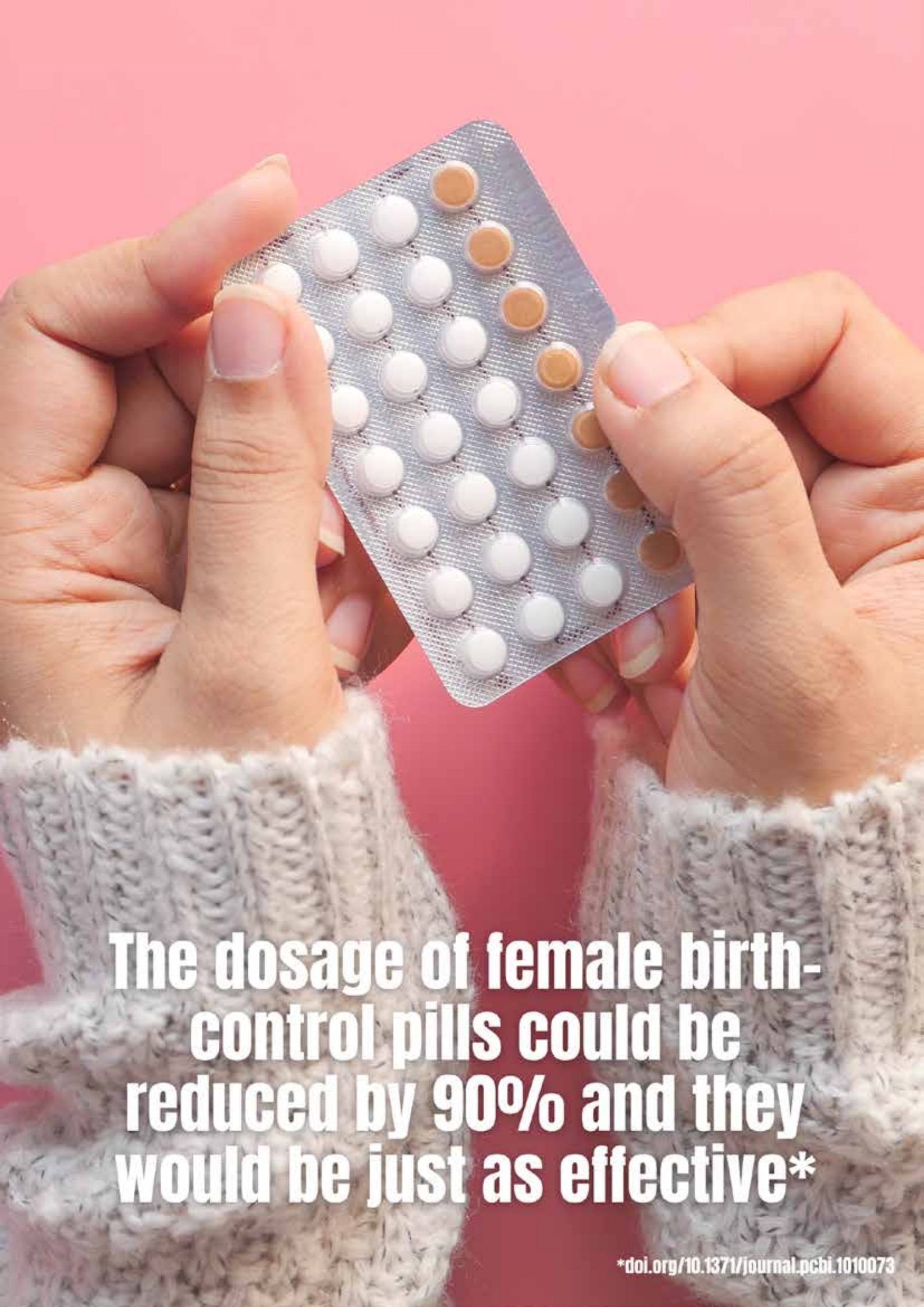
1. Realism: the figurines are accurate representations of Palaeolithic and Neolithic people. This can be looked at sexually, racially (not a popular or likely productive take) or physiologically, in particular the focus on obesity and age.

2. The Goddess: the figurines are representations of a general female deity, still a popular view amongst some feminists and environmentalists, but generally seen as anachronistic now.

3. Magico-Functional: the figurines are some kind of magical object relating to protection, luck, motherhood, pregnancy, fertility, ancestors, dead spouses, shamanic or religious activity or something else.

4. Mundane: this would include art-for-art's sake, children's toys, dolls, throwaway objects, teaching or visual aides, or some other less exotic function.

Personally I think the figurines should be considered more realistic than stylistic or idealistic, and any proposed function needs evidence stronger than just ideas like "fertility". I haven't had the space here to consider the figurines in the wider context of Palaeolithic art, nor to look at whether the Palaeolithic and Neolithic figurines represent one unbroken tradition, or two separate creations. It is interesting in the light of genetic studies that the figurines seem to continue to



The dosage of female birth-control pills could be reduced by 90% and they would be just as effective*

*doi.org/10.1371/journal.pcbi.1010073

VALIANT
NEWS
WE VALUE TRUTH
WWW.VALIANTNEWS.COM

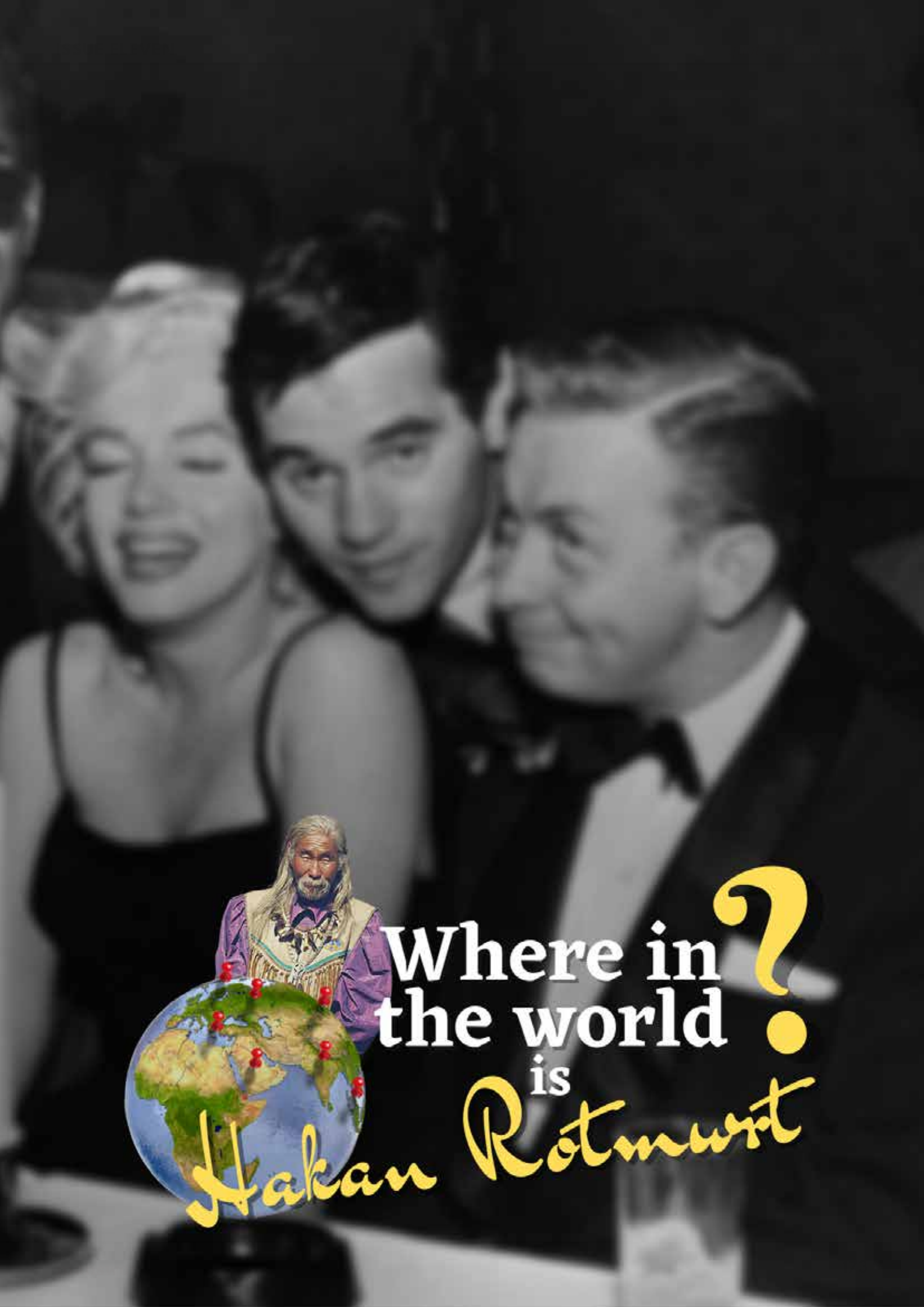
"WOMAN IS TRAPPED IN HER WAVY, WATERY BODY. SHE MUST LISTEN AND LEARN FROM SOMETHING BEYOND AND YET WITHIN HER"

be made, despite population turnovers and disappearances. I lean towards them being for personal use, with most of them being small and portable, and likely connected to pregnancy and protection. Hopefully future work can integrate wider lines of evidence, rather than speculation, but we must always be prepared to admit in the final analysis that we simply don't know.

I leave you with a portion of Camille Paglia's superlative description of the Venus figurines from her 1990 magnum opus *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*:

"Venus of Willendorf carries her cave with her. She is blind, masked. Her ropes of cornrow hair look forward to the invention of agriculture. She has a furrowed brow. Her facelessness is the impersonality of primitive sex and religion. There is no psychology or identity yet, because there is no society, no cohesion. Men cower and scatter at the blast of the elements. Venus of Willendorf is eyeless because nature can be seen but not known. She is remote even as she kills and creates. The statuette, so overflowing and protuberant, is ritually invisible. She stifles the eye. She is the cloud of nature. She is eternally pregnant. She broods, in all senses. She is hen, nest, egg. The Latin mater and materia, mother and matter, are etymologically connected. Venus of Willendorf is the nature-mother as primeval muck, oozing into infant forms. She is female but not feminine. She is turgid with primal force, swollen with great expectations. She has no feet. Placed on end, she would topple over. Woman is immobile, weighed down by her inflated mounds of breast, belly, and buttock. Like Venus de Milo, Venus of Willendorf has no arms. They are flat flippers scratched on the stone, unevolved, useless. She has no thumbs and therefore no tools. Unlike man, she can neither roam nor build. She is a mountain that can be climbed but can never move. The braided cap of Venus of Willendorf is hivelike — prefiguring the provocative beehives of French court wigs and shellacked swinging-Sixties towers. Venus buzzes to herself, queen for all days, woman for all seasons. She sleeps. She is hibernation and harvest, the turning wheel of the year. Female jiggle is the ducklike waddle of our wallowing Willendorf, who swims in the underground river of liquid nature. Sex is probings, plumbing, secretions, gushings. Venus is drowsing and dowsing, hearkening to the stirring in her sac of waters. Is the Venus of Willendorf just to female experience? Yes. Woman is trapped in her wavy, watery body. She must listen and learn from something beyond and yet within her. The Venus of Willendorf, blind, tongueless, brainless, armless, knock-kneed, seems a depressing model of gender. Yet woman is depressed, pressed down, by earth's gravitation, calling us back to her bosom. We will see that malign magnetism at work in Michelangelo, one of his great themes and obsessions. In the west, art is a hacking away at nature's excess. The western mind makes definitions. Life always begins and ends in squalor. The Venus of Willendorf, slumping, slovenly, sluttish, is in a rut, the womb-tomb of mother nature. Never send to know for whom the belle tolls. She tolls for thee." ■

Stone Age Herbalist tweets @paracelsus1092. Visit his Substack at stoneageherbalist.substack.com. His first book, Berserkers, Cannibals and Shamans, *is available now from Amazon, in paperback and Kindle formats.*


Where in the world is Hakan Rotmurt?

“THE SITUATIONIST VIEWED HIMSELF AS AN ARTIST FIRST RATHER THAN A WORKER, ACTIVIST, ORGANIZER, OR ‘POLITICAL CREATURE’ AS THE MARXIST DOES. THE SITUATIONIST WAS MORE EXISTENTIAL, MORE PRIMORDIAL”

DREAMING OF AVANT-GARDE ACCELERATION

A dissident look at the Situationist Internationale

by RINGLEADER

I had a dream that just this week, data centers and cell towers across the US were bombed simultaneously. For the past 3 days Youtube had been hacked to only play videos of the towers buckling, stitched together with clips of young people dressed all in white wearing geodesic paper masks made to look like low-poly 3D renders of famous faces: Mona Lisa, Napoleon, Marx, the Laughing Cavalier, Poe, etc. Old red- and blue-lensed 3D glasses are taped over the masks. The youth are shown casually walking up to highly visible spots in public places across America and gluing up posters that read:

"mind your manners: clean your plate

and consume consumption"

"why play the part if you'll get no royalties?"

"thank you for your participation"

"break the United States of Illusion"

"globohomo = globo slave hold" and most frequently

"the revolution will be a subscription streaming service"

They all use the clean, mid-century **Cooper Black** font, with varied color combinations of the text and background using red, white, and blue, as well as simple black and white. No one has a clue what's going on. Fox is blaming ANTIFA, and CNN is pointing the finger at incels, MAGA, and white-nationalist types. The only arrests made in association with the group have turned out to be homeless people that were given 20mg of Adderall crushed up in a coffee with 5 sugars in it and a $5 dollar bill defaced in thick-tip permanent marker with "LEGAL SPENDER" written on both sides. They say they were promised $100 more for wearing the get-up and putting up a stack of posters.

Because of the data-center bombings, social media is intermittent, but when it can be accessed, people find it plastered with AI powered bots spewing mish-mashed quotations from Mein Kampf, the most recent Hillary Clinton autobiography, the script of Shrek, and threads pulled from black Twitter. "And Donkey exclaimed: 'We gon take back the dignigity of our people that was stolen from us!'" At first, college campuses are eerily quiet, but once the letters **SI** begin to pop up everywhere, professors begin having hushed conversations and glancing over their shoulders to see **SI** sprawled on every whiteboard each day, **SI** chalked on sidewalks, **SI** carved into bathroom stalls, **SI** stickered on every wall.

Social media is inundated with more video clips of the masked youth waving upside down American flags on fire in open fields and wood clearings set to background music of bright shoegazey guitar rock with chorus pedals instead of distortion. The lyrics are the same slogans being postered and more like them interspersed with **SI** alternately pronounced as "see" and "S I." See S I See S I See S I See S I See – all sung with Beach Boys-style harmonies. Occasionally, they sing-song even pithier lines in French and German like "je suis un morse" and "du bist sehr einfach" or "vous êtes un corps" and "der kreig ist dada."

WAKING UP TO THE SITUATION

I woke up thinking that were we to ever see a Situationist Internationale-esque movement in America in 20xx, it could look something like my fever dream: a large-scale accelerationist blitzkrieg rooted in a rejection of consumerism, the left-right divide, alienation of the individual, and concentration/homogenization of art and culture. If you haven't heard of Situationist Internationale (SI), it was an international group based in France that lasted from 1957 to 1972. You may have heard of one of its founders, Guy Debord (1931-1994) and his 1967 book *The Society of the Spectacle*, which is practically a long-form SI manifesto. However, SI also published a very short manifesto in 1960 that gives an interesting glimpse into the group.

SI's manifesto introduces beliefs and goals that occupy a fascinating intersection of reactionary art, politics, and philosophy. Everything I have read about the group evinces an intrinsically avant-garde praxis that appears less defined by political ideology as by reactionary aesthetic feeling sprouting from the various and sundry strains of 20th century postwar Western surrealism and existentialism. As wordy as that description may be, it's nothing paired against the group's own cryptic and voluble writing that somehow treads the line of laying it down so the hogs can pick it up while still evoking the spirit of the late-great comedic genius Norm MacDonald on my shoulder with his angel wings and all concluding, "sounds like a bunch of communist gobbledygook to me."

And yes, when you look up SI they're classified as "anarcho- or libertarian Marxist," which is certainly reasonable to say except that it doesn't mean a damned thing. So, let's look at

what the SI really thought, in their own words.

SI's manifesto asks rhetorically, "So what really is the situation?" SI tells us that "the situation" is the "realization of a better game, which more exactly is provoked by human presence. The revolutionary gamesters of all countries can be united in the SI to commence the emergence from the prehistory of daily life." This prehistory of daily life is perhaps better understood to us today as the "4HL": the drudgery of wage slavery where the average worker is sentenced to work from 9AM-5PM which, once you add transit, responsibilities, and sleep, leaves only about a "four-hour life" where one is free to pursue their own interests.

As best as I can discern, like the ostensible goals of the Marxist, SI's main driving force was its discontent with the alienation, materialism, and persistent lack of basic necessities brought about by the modern world. So yes, while the way SI talked about drudgery of such a society does share many Marxist talking-points, especially when dealing with the organization of production and capitalism, it nevertheless appears that SI took legitimate issue with the way Marxism framed "the game." Whereas Marxists operated within the dominant framework, which is impotent to fundamental change, SI sought to completely upend the framework with sheer creative brute force, seeking the "the liberation of the game, its creative autonomy" in order to "supersede... the ancient division between imposed work and passive leisure."

The situationist viewed himself as an artist first rather than a worker, activist, organizer, or "political creature" as the Marxist does. The situationist was more existential, more primordial; he took issue with capitalism and the modern world, not because it is inequitable per se, but first and foremost because it simply is not natural. In this way, the situationist was exponentially more reactionary than the Marxist ever could be. The Marxist seeks power first and foremost — sure, power for the people, workers, oppressed, etc. ad nauseum, but power, nevertheless. The situationist sought culture first and foremost, decentralized culture at that, which they proclaimed would necessarily lead to greater liberty, abundance, unity, and freedom.

THE FAILED(?) SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONALE PLOT TO TAKE OVER UNESCO

SI looked upon concentration of power and bureaucracy with disfavor and set its sights directly on what it perceived to be one of the world's worst perpetrators: the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). In its manifesto, SI vowed to take over UNESCO in order to use its concentrated power to advance its own revolutionary interests. Unfortunately, we see here already an hypocrisy of principle that has proven unkind to SI's goals in practice. It's the age-old tale of revolution: very rarely—if ever—has any revolution resulted in a true decentralization of power.

Did this inconsistency lead to SI's mere impotence itself, or has SI's playbook been co-opted by its opponents? SI's stated objectives once they accomplished a takeover of UNESCO reveal a roadmap to determine whether they bore any fruit.

SI described the principles of their new culture as:

Against the spectacle, the realized situationist culture introduces total participation.

Against preserved art, it is the organization of the directly lived moment.

Against particularized art, it will be a global practice with a bearing, each moment, on all the usable elements. Naturally this would tend to collective production which would be without doubt anonymous (at least to the extent where the works are no longer stocked as commodities, this culture will not be dominated by the need to leave traces.) The minimum proposals of these experiences will be a revolution in behavior and a dynamic unitary urbanism capable of extension to the entire planet, and of being further extensible to all habitable planets.

Against unilateral art, situationist culture will be an art of dialogue, an art of interaction. Today artists — with all culture visible — have been completely separated from society, just as they are separated from each other by competition. But faced with this impasse of capitalism, art has remained essentially unilateral in response. This enclosed era of primitivism must be superseded by complete communication.

Ultimately, within this culture "at a high-

LONGHOU

THURS

-DAYS

10:00P

SHITE

USED

SHITELAND

SHITE

ELAND

IT'S SHITE. REALLY SHITE.

er stage, everyone will become an artist, i.e., inseparably a producer-consumer of total culture creation." Enabled by an abundance of necessities and freedom from "the spectacle" of mass media, people would be free to be individuals that engage in lives of active participation, creating and engaging with the world in an organic and real way. Much of this dialogue may resonate with those of us in the growing dissident movement of the 21st century, wherever their particular beliefs may be grounded.

Though, as I read more about SI, I also cannot shake the sense that much of their thinking seems to have been co-opted by those in power. Those who pull the strings of mass media, industry, and government seem to have a deep understanding of humanity's need to create and participate (and how to pervert that need). Consumer technology's development over the last half-century is rooted in that individual engagement. The internet, smartphone, and social media have given every living person with access to them an ability to engage in ways that the ancients would have rightly considered godlike. Yet this digital opium has in so many ways made people dumber, more dependent, and less engaged in real life or their own lives at all, opting instead for vicarious existence through mass media, both corporate and individual (which in so many instances is practically indiscernible). We are more in the clutches of "the spectacle" than we ever have been.

So, what is the rest of SI's story? Clearly, if they did somehow infiltrate UNESCO and subvert it to further their goals, then our present reality shows that whatever truth some of their thinking had, it has resulted in putrid rot, not utopian artistic and cultural renaissance. As an agency of the United Nations, UNESCO is a major arm of worldwide global homogenization, and the globohomo project has only accelerated at breakneck pace. Oddly enough, there is a two-degree separation between SI and UNESCO: just one year after SI published its manifesto, the Frenchman René Gabriel Eugene Maheu (1905-1975) became UNESCO's Director-General and held the position until 1974. Maheu was a close friend of Jean-Paul Sartre (1905-1980) who first developed the concept of "situation" in the 1940s that Debord and the rest of SI would cultivate. Under Maheu's tenure, UNESCO launched the "Man and the Biosphere Programme" in 1971. MAB was the first globohomo "sustainable development" program and thus the forerunner of Agenda 21 and 2030.

However, Sartre and DeBord did have some major differences in their thinking and SI, if it believed nothing else, believed in decentralization, so it appears less likely that SI had any serious involvement in the globohomo program and more likely that those who did, such as Maheu, would know how to out-subvert the avant-garde situationist subverters. The powers behind the globohomo world order are more aware of "the spectacle" and how to use it for control now than ever.

CURTAIN CALL

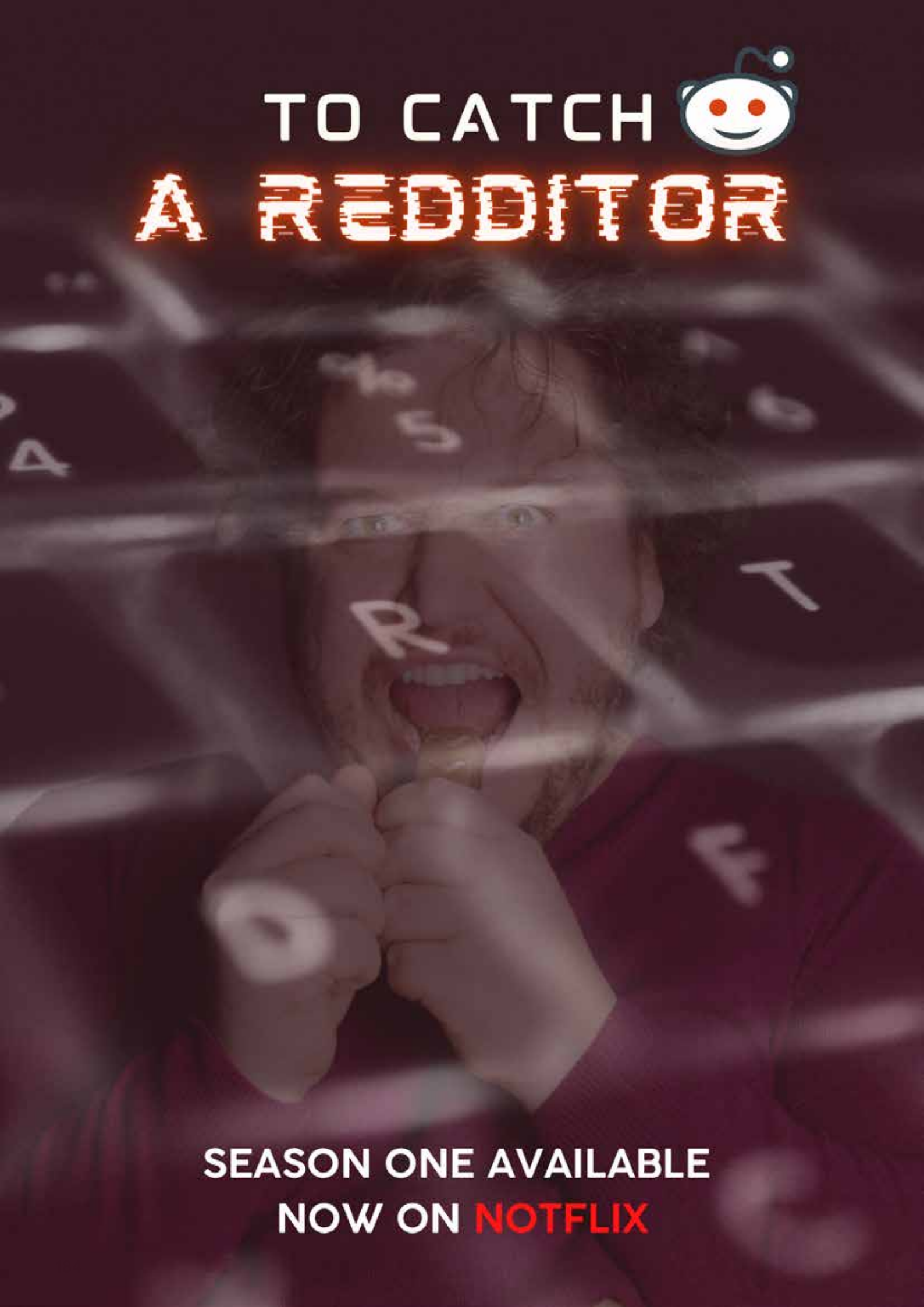
SI ended its manifesto with a promise:

"To those who don't understand us properly, we say with an irreducible scorn: 'The situationists of which you believe yourselves perhaps to be the judges, will one day judge you. We await the turning point which is the inevitable liquidation of the world of privation, in all its forms. Such are our goals, and these will be the future goals of humanity.'"

Yes, it sounds like typical communist gobbledygook to Norm and me as well, but the situationist scorn for centralization, alienation, and meaningless artificial spectacle still rings true. Yet, we must not let scorn be our driving force, or we too will become a footnote to eventually be erased from history.

Instead, our continued dissent against our 21st century Leviathan must be animated by a "total participation" of seeking and stewarding virtue, truth, and obedience to God and His natural order. These were the ancient aims of our forefathers, and all those who are opposed to these ancient aims are our enemies. As long as we keep our focus on these aims, we can and should employ any and all tactics that inspire hearts and minds to our cause. Situationist Internationale's subversive avant-garde accelerationism is a worthwhile study for today's dissident as we turn dreams of victory over our enemies into the reality of a better world.

WHERE OTHERS WON'T, WE
WILL
WILL
BASED MARKETING
@WILLtheagency
willtheagency.com


TO CATCH
A REDDITOR
SEASON ONE AVAILABLE
NOW ON NOTFLIX

"Someone whose opinion I respect has been advising me to get a cat.
He's the Raw Egg Nationalist, from Twitter."

You see, the Raw Egg Nationalist knows that, today, men's precious bodily fluids are under attack from all sides — by corporations, the government, transsexuals and people who live unconventional lifestyles. By the Chinese Communist Party. Every drop of testosterone is precious fuel in the war against feminisation.

"So?" You ask. "What does this have to do with getting a cat?"

Cats, my friend, are one of the readiest sources of *Toxoplasma gondii*. This parasite has been shown to increase testosterone levels so much that women can actually identify men who have the parasite from photographs of their faces alone.

"Wow!" you exclaim. Yes: *Wow*.

That's why I'm catmaxxing — and I've never felt, or looked, better.

MAN'S WORLD

JOHN BUCHAN's

THE 39 STEPS

OUR HERO RICHARD HANNAY RETURNS TO LONDON, BUT HIS ENEMIES IN THE BLACK STONE HAVE ANOTHER TRICK UP THEIR SLEEVES...

I came down to breakfast next morning, after eight hours of blessed dreamless sleep, to find Sir Walter decoding a telegram in the midst of muffins and marmalade. His fresh rosiness of yesterday seemed a thought tarnished.

"I had a busy hour on the telephone after you went to bed," he said. "I got my Chief to speak to the First Lord and the Secretary for War, and they are bringing Royer over a day sooner. This wire clinches it. He will be in London at five. Odd that the code word for a Sous-chef d'État Major-General should be 'Porker.'"

He directed me to the hot dishes and went on.

"Not that I think it will do much good. If your friends were clever enough to find out the first arrangement they are clever enough to discover the change. I would give my head to know where the leak is. We believed there were only five men in England who knew about Royer's visit, and you may be certain there were fewer in France, for they manage these things better there."

While I ate he continued to talk, making me to my surprise a present of his full confidence.

"Can the dispositions not be changed?" I asked.

"They could," he said. "But we want to avoid that if possible. They are the result of immense thought, and no alteration would be as good. Besides, on one or two points change is simply impossible. Still, something could be done, I suppose, if it were absolutely necessary. But you see the difficulty, Hannay. Our enemies are not going to be such fools as to pick Royer's pocket or any childish game like that. They know that would mean a row and put us on our guard. Their aim is to get the details without any one of us knowing, so that Royer will go back to Paris in the belief that the whole business is still deadly secret. If they can't do that they fail, for, once we suspect, they know that the whole thing must be altered."

"Then we must stick by the Frenchman's side till he is home again," I said. "If they thought they could get the information in Paris they would try there. It means that they have some

deep scheme on foot in London which they reckon is going to win out."

"Royer dines with my Chief, and then comes to my house where four people will see him—Whittaker from the Admiralty, myself, Sir Arthur Drew, and General Winstanley. The First Lord is ill, and has gone to Sheringham. At my house he will get a certain document from Whittaker, and after that he will be motored to Portsmouth where a destroyer will take him to Havre. His journey is too important for the ordinary boat-train. He will never be left unattended for a moment till he is safe on French soil. The same with Whittaker till he meets Royer. That is the best we can do, and it's hard to see how there can be any miscarriage. But I don't mind admitting that I'm horribly nervous. This murder of Karolides will play the deuce in the chancelleries of Europe."

After breakfast he asked me if I could drive a car. "Well, you'll be my chauffeur today and wear Hudson's rig. You're about his size. You have a hand in this business and we are taking no risks. There are desperate men against us, who will not respect the country retreat of an overworked official."

When I first came to London I had bought a car and amused myself with running about the south of England, so I knew something of the geography. I took Sir Walter to town by the Bath Road and made good going. It was a soft breathless June morning, with a promise of sultriness later, but it was delicious enough swinging through the little towns with their freshly watered streets, and past the summer gardens of the Thames valley. I landed Sir Walter at his house in Queen Anne's Gate punctually by half-past eleven. The butler was coming up by train with the luggage.

The first thing he did was to take me round to Scotland Yard. There we saw a prim gentleman, with a clean-shaven, lawyer's face.

"I've brought you the Portland Place murderer," was Sir Walter's introduction.

The reply was a wry smile. "It would have been a welcome present, Bullivant. This, I presume, is Mr Richard Hannay, who for some days greatly interested my department."

"Mr Hannay will interest it again. He has much to tell you, but not today. For certain grave reasons his tale must wait for four hours. Then, I can promise you, you will be entertained and possibly edified. I want you to assure Mr Hannay that he will suffer no further inconvenience."

This assurance was promptly given. "You can take up your life where you left off," I was told. "Your flat, which probably you no longer wish to occupy, is waiting for you, and your man is still there. As you were never publicly accused, we considered that there was no need of a public exculpation. But on that, of course, you must please yourself."

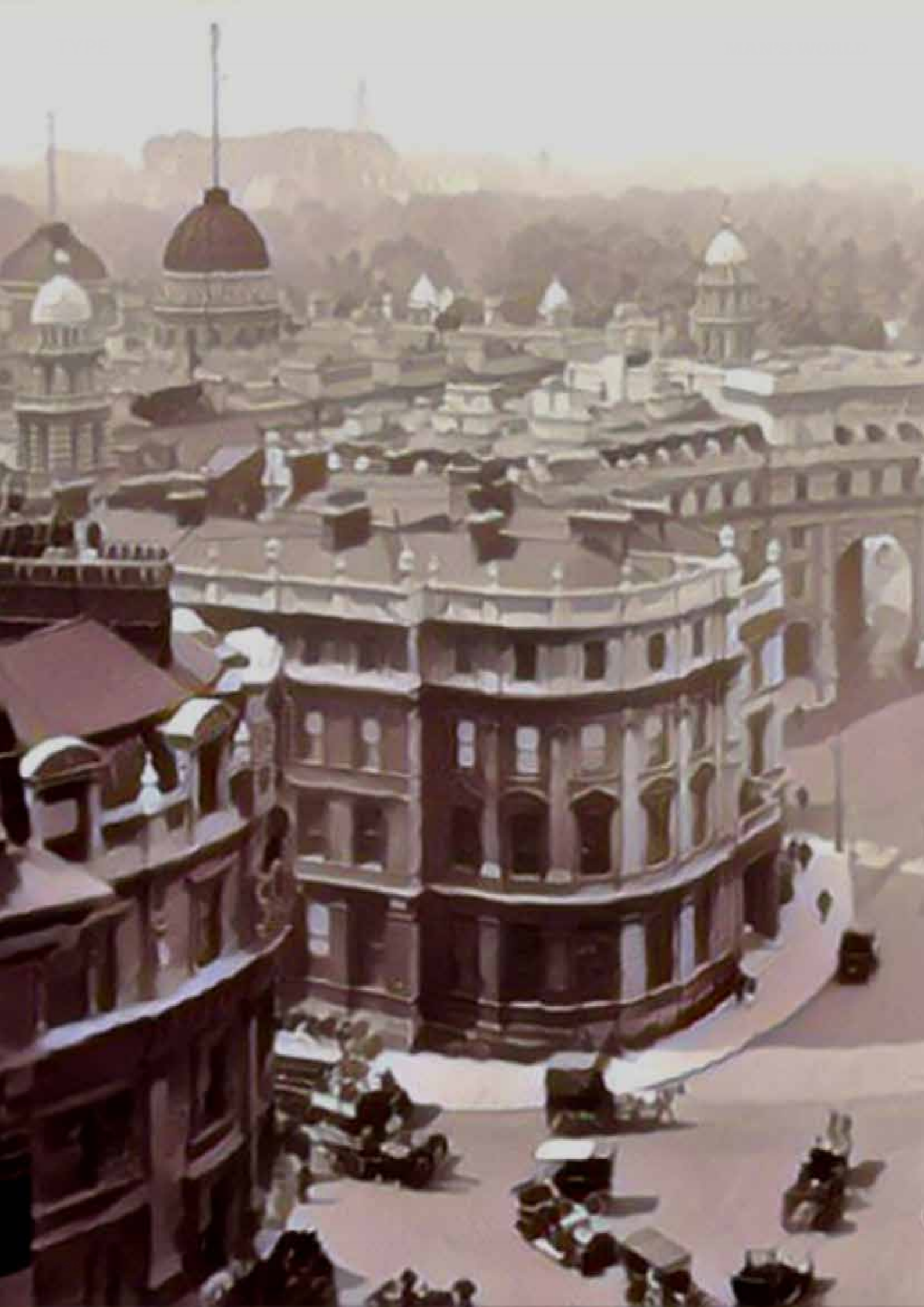
"We may want your assistance later on, MacGillivray," Sir Walter said as we left.

Then he turned me loose.

"Come and see me tomorrow, Hannay. I needn't tell you to keep deadly quiet. If I were you I would go to bed, for you must have considerable arrears of sleep to overtake. You had better lie low, for if one of your Black Stone friends saw you there might be trouble."

I felt curiously at a loose end. At first it was very pleasant to be a free man, able to go where I wanted without fearing anything. I had only been a month under the ban of the law, and it was quite enough for me. I went to the Savoy and ordered very carefully a very good luncheon, and then smoked the best cigar the house could provide. But I was still feeling nervous. When I saw anybody look at me in the lounge, I grew shy, and wondered if they were thinking about the murder.

After that I took a taxi and drove miles away up into North London. I walked back through fields and lines of villas and terraces and then slums and mean streets, and it took me pretty nearly two hours. All the while my restlessness was growing worse. I felt that great things, tremendous things, were happening or about to happen, and I, who was the cog-wheel of the whole business, was out of it. Royer would be landing at Dover, Sir Walter would be making plans with the few people in England who were in the secret, and somewhere in the darkness the Black Stone would be working. I felt the sense of danger and impending calamity, and I had the curious feeling, too, that I alone could avert it, alone could grapple with it. But I was out of the game now. How could it be otherwise? It was not likely that Cabinet Ministers and Admiralty Lords and Generals would admit me to their councils.



JOHN BUCHAN's

THE 39 STEPS

I actually began to wish that I could run up against one of my three enemies. That would lead to developments. I felt that I wanted enormously to have a vulgar scrap with those gentry, where I could hit out and flatten something. I was rapidly getting into a very bad temper.

I didn't feel like going back to my flat. That had to be faced some time, but as I still had sufficient money I thought I would put it off till next morning, and go to a hotel for the night.

My irritation lasted through dinner, which I had at a restaurant in Jermyn Street. I was no longer hungry, and let several courses pass untasted. I drank the best part of a bottle of Burgundy, but it did nothing to cheer me. An abominable restlessness had taken possession of me. Here was I, a very ordinary fellow, with no particular brains, and yet I was convinced that somehow I was needed to help this business through—that without me it would all go to blazes. I told myself it was sheer silly conceit, that four or five of the cleverest people living, with all the might of the British Empire at their back, had the job in hand. Yet I couldn't be convinced. It seemed as if a voice kept speaking in my ear, telling me to be up and doing, or I would never sleep again.

The upshot was that about half-past nine I made up my mind to go to Queen Anne's Gate. Very likely I would not be admitted, but it would ease my conscience to try.

I walked down Jermyn Street, and at the corner of Duke Street passed a group of young men. They were in evening dress, had been dining somewhere, and were going on to a music-hall. One of them was Mr Marmaduke Jopley.

He saw me and stopped short.

"By God, the murderer!" he cried. "Here, you fellows, hold him! That's Hannay, the man who did the Portland Place murder!" He gripped me by the arm, and the others crowded round. I wasn't looking for any trouble, but my ill-temper made me play the fool. A policeman came up, and I should have told him the truth, and, if he didn't believe it, demanded to be taken to Scotland Yard, or for that matter to the nearest police station. But a delay at that moment seemed to me unendurable, and the sight of Marmie's imbecile face was more than I could bear. I let out with my left, and had the satisfaction of seeing him measure his length in the gutter.

Then began an unholy row. They were all on me at once, and the policeman took me in the rear. I got in one or two good blows, for I think, with fair play, I could have licked the lot of them, but the policeman pinned me behind, and one of them got his fingers on my throat.

Through a black cloud of rage I heard the officer of the law asking what was the matter, and Marmie, between his broken teeth, declaring that I was Hannay the murderer.

"Oh, damn it all," I cried, "make the fellow shut up. I advise you to leave me alone, constable. Scotland Yard knows all about me, and you'll get a proper wigging if you interfere with me."

"You've got to come along of me, young man," said the policeman. "I saw you strike that gentleman crool 'ard. You began it too, for he wasn't doing nothing. I seen you. Best go quietly or I'll have to fix you up."

Exasperation and an overwhelming sense that at no cost must I delay gave me the strength of a bull elephant. I fairly wrenched the constable off his feet, floored the man who was gripping my collar, and set off at my best pace down Duke Street. I heard a whistle being blown, and the rush of men behind me.

I have a very fair turn of speed, and that night I had wings. In a jiffy I was in Pall Mall and had turned down towards St James's Park. I dodged the policeman at the Palace gates, dived through a press of carriages at the entrance to the Mall, and was making for the bridge before my pursuers had crossed the roadway. In the open ways of the Park I put on a spurt. Happily there were few people about and no one tried to stop me. I was staking all on getting to Queen Anne's Gate.

When I entered that quiet thoroughfare it seemed deserted. Sir Walter's house was in the narrow part, and outside it three or four motor-cars were drawn up. I slackened speed some yards off and walked briskly up to the door. If the butler refused me admission, or if he even delayed to open the door, I was done.

He didn't delay. I had scarcely rung before the door opened.

"I must see Sir Walter," I panted. "My business is desperately important."

That butler was a great man. Without moving a muscle he held the door open, and then shut it behind me. "Sir Walter is engaged, sir, and I have

THE SUN IS OUT
BROUGHT TO YOU BY BADITUDE - BADITUDEMUSIC.COM
HIT THE PARK
CATCH SOME RAYS
MOG THE NERDS!

Appearing at June 25-28th

NATCUCK UK

LONDON

orders to admit no one. Perhaps you will wait."

The house was of the old-fashioned kind, with a wide hall and rooms on both sides of it. At the far end was an alcove with a telephone and a couple of chairs, and there the butler offered me a seat.

"See here," I whispered. "There's trouble about and I'm in it. But Sir Walter knows, and I'm working for him. If anyone comes and asks if I am here, tell him a lie."

He nodded, and presently there was a noise of voices in the street, and a furious ringing at the bell. I never admired a man more than that butler. He opened the door, and with a face like a graven image waited to be questioned. Then he gave them it. He told them whose house it was, and what his orders were, and simply froze them off the doorstep. I could see it all from my alcove, and it was better than any play.

I hadn't waited long till there came another ring at the bell. The butler made no bones about admitting this new visitor.

While he was taking off his coat I saw who it was. You couldn't open a newspaper or a magazine without seeing that face—the grey beard cut like a spade, the firm fighting mouth, the blunt square nose, and the keen blue eyes. I recognized the First Sea Lord, the man, they say, that made the new British Navy.

He passed my alcove and was ushered into a room at the back of the hall. As the door opened I could hear the sound of low voices. It shut, and I was left alone again.

For twenty minutes I sat there, wondering what I was to do next. I was still perfectly convinced that I was wanted, but when or how I had no notion. I kept looking at my watch, and as the time crept on to half-past ten I began to think that the conference must soon end. In a quarter of an hour Royer should be speeding along the road to Portsmouth....

Then I heard a bell ring, and the butler appeared. The door of the back room opened, and the First Sea Lord came out. He walked past me, and in passing he glanced in my direction, and for a second we looked each other in the face.

Only for a second, but it was enough to make my heart jump. I had never seen the great man before, and he had never seen me. But in that fraction of time something sprang into his eyes, and that something was recognition. You can't mistake it. It is a flicker, a spark of light, a minute shade of difference which means one thing and one thing only. It came involuntarily, for in a moment it died, and he passed on. In a maze of wild fancies I heard the street door close behind him.

I picked up the telephone book and looked up the number of his house. We were connected at once, and I heard a servant's voice.

"Is his Lordship at home?" I asked.

"His Lordship returned half an hour ago," said the voice, "and has gone to bed. He is not very well tonight. Will you leave a message, sir?"

I rang off and almost tumbled into a chair. My part in this business was not yet ended. It had been a close shave, but I had been in time.

Not a moment could be lost, so I marched boldly to the door of that back room and entered without knocking.

Five surprised faces looked up from a round table. There was Sir Walter, and Drew the War Minister, whom I knew from his photographs. There was a slim elderly man, who was probably Whittaker, the Admiralty official, and there was General Winstanley, conspicuous from the long scar on his forehead. Lastly, there was a short stout man with an iron-grey moustache and bushy eyebrows, who had been arrested in the middle of a sentence.

Sir Walter's face showed surprise and annoyance.

"This is Mr Hannay, of whom I have spoken to you," he said apologetically to the company. "I'm afraid, Hannay, this visit is ill-timed."

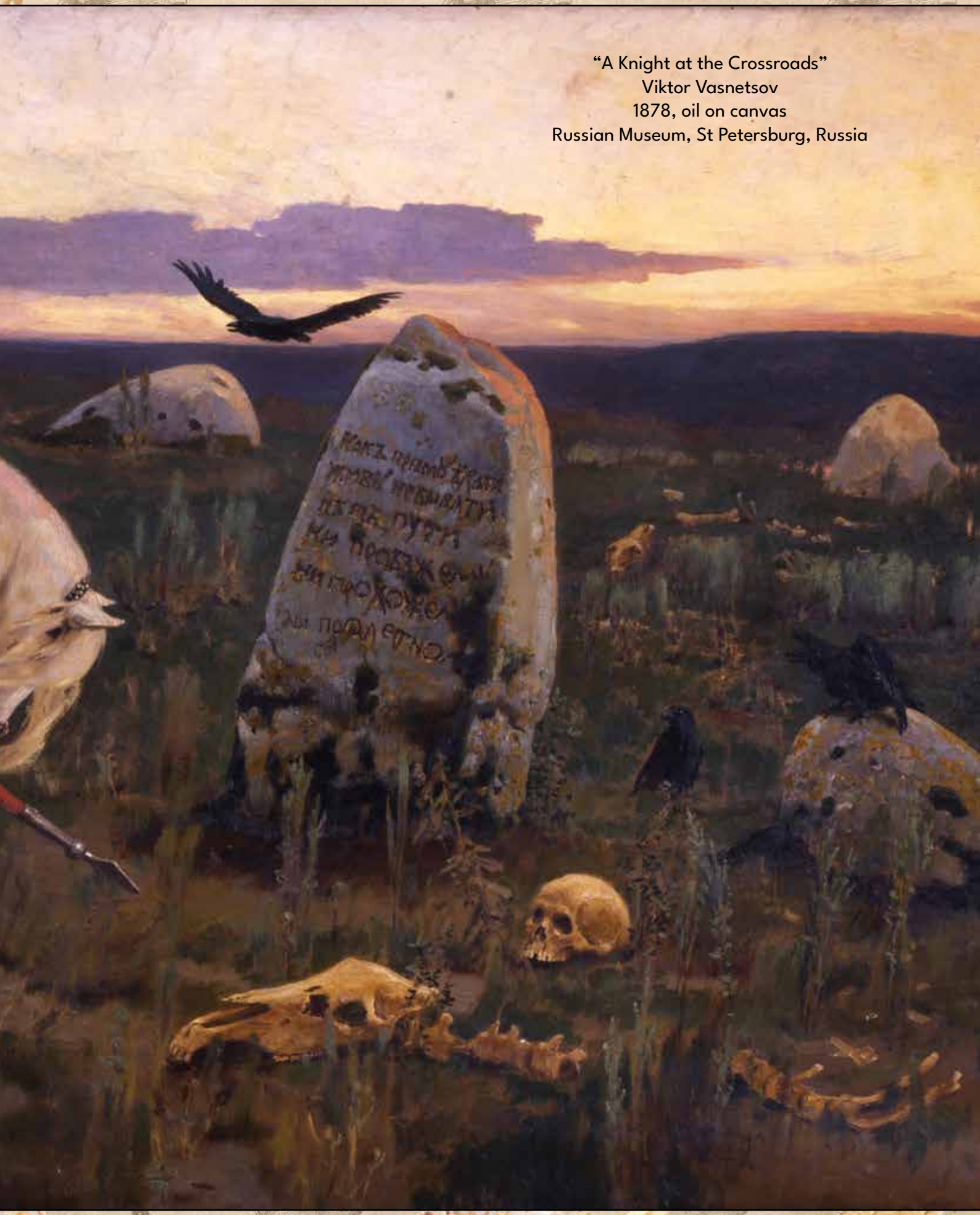
I was getting back my coolness. "That remains to be seen, sir," I said; "but I think it may be in the nick of time. For God's sake, gentlemen, tell me who went out a minute ago?"

"Lord Alloa," Sir Walter said, reddening with anger.

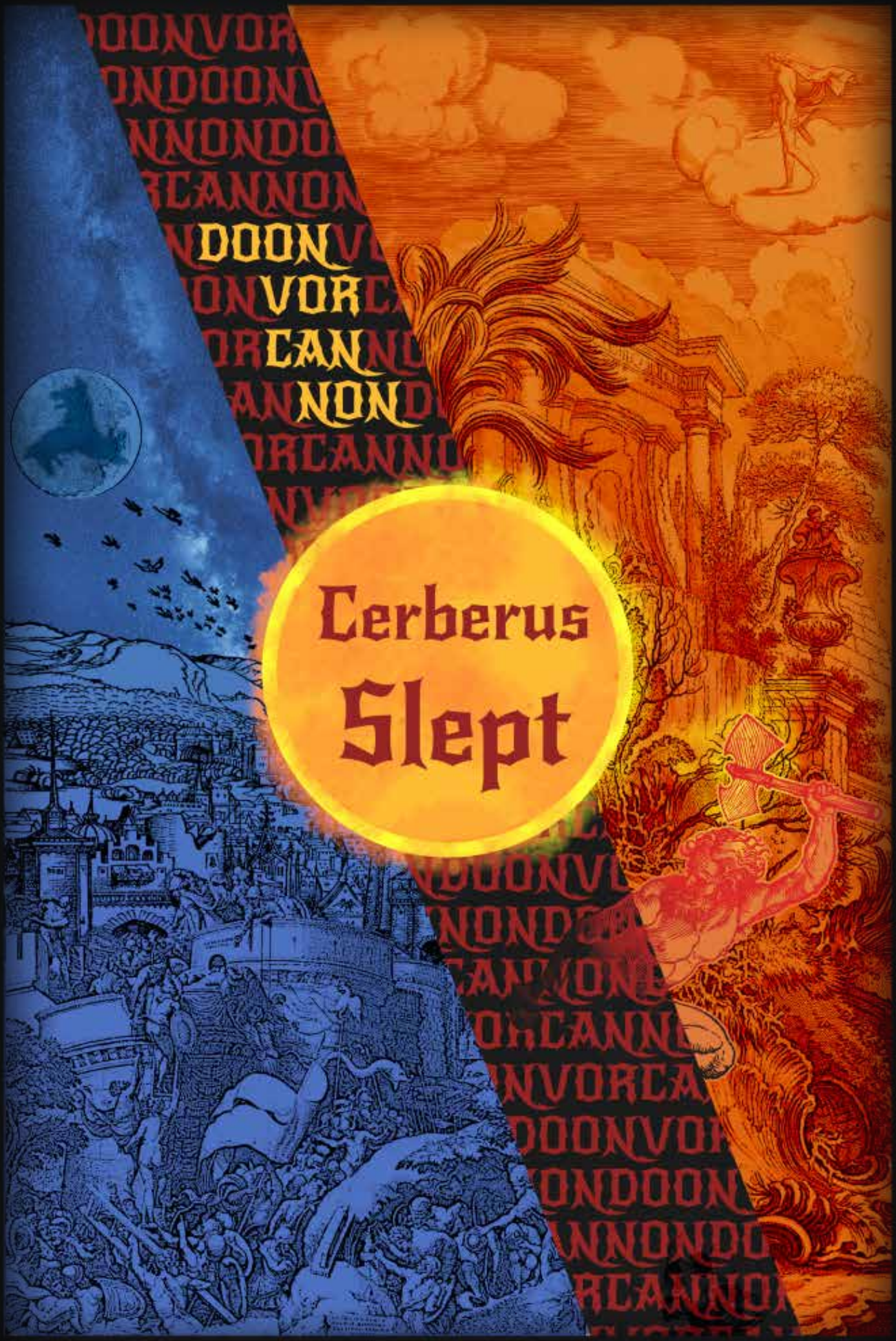
"It was not," I cried; "it was his living image, but it was not Lord Alloa. It was someone who recognized me, someone I have seen in the last month. He had scarcely left the doorstep when I rang up Lord Alloa's house and was told he had come in half an hour before and had gone to bed."

"Who—who—" someone stammered.

"The Black Stone," I cried, and I sat down in the chair so recently vacated and looked round at five badly scared gentlemen.



"A Knight at the Crossroads"
Viktor Vasnetsov
1878, oil on canvas
Russian Museum, St Petersburg, Russia


DOONVOR
CANNON
Cerberus
Slept

If you were remaking the world tomorrow

you'd download me, IRIS

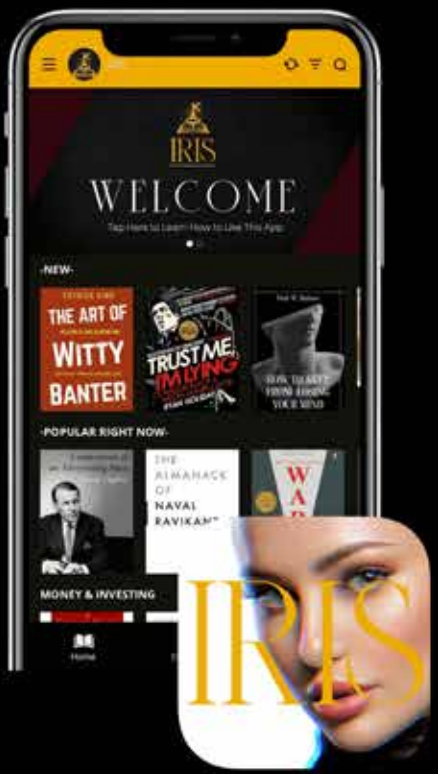
When the champions of the future make their move, my work will be complete.

You'll know my devotees by their superhuman knowledge, the speed of their ascension.

Behind their eyes burns the memory of YOUR gaze. Why?

Because inside my library app were the keys to your greatest WEALTH · MIND · BODY · LIFESTYLE

and you used these to change fortunes & ignite an eternal flame in their hearts.



IRIS - Book Summaries

Download on the App Store

GET IT ON Google Play

ABSORB THE BOOKS & PODCASTS THAT MATTER, INSTANTLY.
Now with audio.

www.meetiris.app/CHOOSE

Agartha Alexandria Algiers Atlantis Bangkok Belgrade BuenosAires Constantinople Corsica Damascus Dresden Havana Kiev Kobe Lemuria Manila Marrakesh Medellin Moscow Paris Reykjavik Rome Salisbury SaoPaolo Shambala Tokyo Vienna Xanadu

By CHARLES HAYWOOD

A review of Samuel Finlay, Breakfast with the Dirt Cult

In 1952, Ralph Ellison published, to great acclaim, his first and only novel, *Invisible Man*. The book narrated how Ellison's protagonist, a black man, suffered social oppression. But that was long ago, and one thing black people definitely don't suffer anymore is oppression. Rather, many dish it out, aided by their allies of other races, as seen most dramatically in the terroristic Floyd Riots, but it happens every day in every organization in America. The targets are, most of all, those at the bottom of today's social hierarchy — heterosexual (that is, normal) white men outside the professional-managerial elite. And Samuel Finlay's *Breakfast with the Dirt Cult* is, one might say, the new *Invisible Man*.

Think hard. Can you recall any book, movie, television show, or any other cultural product that celebrates, honors in any way, or even talks about in other than a contemptuous manner, normal, working- and middle-class, white men (whom we can name the backbone of America, or BOA)? No, you can't, because our ruling class despises the BOA and works hard to teach everyone, most of all our young, that the BOA are to be despised. Browse

"THE NEW INVISIBLE MAN"

any bookstore, and you will quickly realize that none of the books are directed at boys or young men, except with the aim of feminizing them, grooming them, or otherwise corrupting them. There is plenty of young adult fiction — which, as it has for a long time now, all centers around wildly unbelievable kick-ass girlbosses (since the Floyd Riots, depicted several shades darker). What is never shown is heroic men, or even non-heroic men who reflect any real-life men from the BOA. This is not because consumers demand such products; rather, it is a deliberate choice by publishers to use their power to indoctrinate the young (similar to the choices made by video game makers). Publishers choose indoctrination, even though they thereby harm their economic interests, because they hold their economic interests inferior to their ideological (and social) interests.

But Finlay, who unsurprisingly was forced to self-publish his book (in 2012), offers us a corrective, a book that puts the BOA, and the uphill struggles faced by the BOA, front and center. *Breakfast with the Dirt Cult* revolves around the American-Afghan war which started early in the twenty-first century and ended last year with our total and ignominious defeat. It is a *roman à clef*, a tale about real people that purports to be a novel. The protagonist, Tom Walton, is a stand-in for Finlay himself, and it seems fairly clear that what he writes happened more or less as he writes it. His book offers the type of story that used to be taught to all young men, to aid them on their own journey as they came of age. It revolves around how a man finds himself, in the three matters that loom larger, by nature, in any normal young man's life than all others. How shall he conduct himself with women? How shall he earn the respect of, and measure himself against, his peers? And,

related to the second, how will he respond when he is thrust into danger, most of all into violent confrontations with other men?

Walton is an infantryman in the United States Army, apparently with the 10th Mountain Division. He begins the book by falling in love with a Canadian woman while on leave, in 2002. The frame of the book is really this romance, more than the war — its beginning, its flickering flame throughout intermittent fighting in Afghanistan, its flare-up on Walton's return to the States, and its ultimate unsurprising end — unsurprising, at least, to a third-party observer who has left his youth behind. For Walton, it's a formative experience, because for a young man, establishing his connection with the fairer sex is a mysterious, but crucial, process. Walton, however, suffers because this process, like all relations between the sexes, has been corrupted beyond all recognition, and the BOA is the most affected by this, not having the buffers our society ladles out to the professional-managerial elite and non-whites (instead being force-fed killing drugs with the promise of escaping reality, temporarily or permanently).

Still, despite the romantic frame, most of the book's detail is military memoir, alternating with insights about history and the position in which America finds itself, a corrupt and clueless elite ruling over a dissatisfied yet demoralized mass. While he puts on no airs, Walton reads more than the average infantryman, and is reflective enough to cite Toynbee on the suicide of civilizations and Ibn Khaldun on asabiyyah, along with Juvenal on how wealth corrupts great societies. He sees that the Enlightenment was a fraud that has led society into a box canyon, and he can hear the water rushing up the canyon. These introspective asides give the book a dimension lacking in other military memoirs (such as Clinton Romesha's slanted *Red Platoon*).

Walton is an enlisted man, although as a college graduate he starts above the very bottom, and eventually he becomes a minor NCO. He gives us a worm's-eye view of infantry training, as it was conducted in 2002. Many of his fellow soldiers are crisply drawn; others cycle into and out of the story (which, along with heavy use of military acronyms, to someone like me largely unfamiliar with military procedure, makes the story occasionally hard to follow). This is not basic training, the topic of innumerable films; it is ongoing training as part of base life, with deployments to Bosnia (before the action in the book takes place) and then to Afghanistan. As a result, the life of the soldiers is sketched in a more complex way than is usually found (and the language and some of the happenings are definitely not-safe-for-work).

The training process Walton shows is one of learning military technique while also figuring out where one fits within a group of men who depend very heavily on each other — not only in battle, but for camaraderie (with a great deal of drinking; I didn't know soldiers were allowed to drink so much on base, at least in non-Muslim countries). This training is of particular interest to me, because I think acquiring military skills on the fly is the coming thing among parts of the general American population. I have been gently criticized for saying, in a podcast appearance with Buck Johnson, that basic military training for former civilians could, in a fracture situation in the United States, be accomplished "in a couple of weekends." While it is true that basic training in armed defense could be completed relatively quickly, it is also true that I exaggerated. Nonetheless, I think that with decent train-

ers, adequate equipment, and sharp incentives, it would not take more than several weeks to weld an ad hoc militia into a quite capable defensive force, and somewhat more time to turn it into an adequate offensive force against other ad hoc militias and general bad actors, which are the likely initial opponents. (This assumes, however, that the men are in reasonable shape already, not fat and lacking all stamina, which is not a safe assumption. Finlay shows how the military requires, or required, constant exercise, and a great many men today are wildly out of shape, so perhaps that would make training take somewhat longer.)

The soldiers exhibit no apparent racial tension; twenty years ago was the apogee of American race relations. There's plenty of perfectly normal racial banter, such as eternal arguments between a Puerto Rican in the squad and a California migrant. "Sexy Ricans are head and shoulders above you peasant Spics!" Walton acknowledges that even then, much of the soldiers' banter would be deemed "hate speech" by the totalitarians back home; I shudder to think what the commissars in today's military do with such jokes. I assume that the repression of normal speech has reached to the very bottom ranks into the military, but I could be wrong in this. Loose talk among soldiers has been going on forever, and great commanders sometimes take advantage of this to humanize themselves. But I doubt if today's leaders, much less the diversity hatchet-women, have the sense of humor that Julius Caesar did.

Racial interplay, however, is only a subset of an important larger question. How much has our core military, the quite-small actually fighting military, which is composed almost entirely of members of the BOA (along with some non-whites of mostly not-dissimilar views), changed since 2002? Not only in composition, but also in coherence? I would think quite a bit, as everything in our society has been politicized and ideologized by the Left. Now, for example, we have the insanity of women in combat units (though women anywhere near the military is insane), and all soldiers are required to celebrate the corrosive homosexuals and trannies who are aggressively recruited to join their ranks. I find it difficult to believe that what is shown by Finlay — the constant physical training demands, the completely normal racial jokes, the casual contempt for homosexuals, and the even-more-normal sexual ferment of heterosexual men, aimed at any woman crossing their sight — is permitted in today's military. It is no surprise that today's military is having extreme trouble meeting its recruiting goals; this failure seems like obvious cause and effect. Other than benefits, it's hard to see why anyone from the BOA would want to join today's military, given the cost/benefit analysis.

Leaving these political questions aside, *Breakfast with the Dirt Cult* shows why men fight. They fight to earn respect from other men, to prove themselves, and to earn the attention, admiration, even love, of women. At the extreme, they fight for inward-focused personal glory, as did Achilles, but even that is done to demonstrate something to others. All fighting by men is merely some form of the obsession that drove the son of Peleus. They may fight also, but secondarily,

"IT IS IN THE NATURE OF MEN, AND A KEY DRIVER OF CIVILIZATION, THAT MEN WANT TO FIGHT"

for practical reasons, to defend their own, narrowly defined as their family or broadly defined as their nation. Walton is eager to fight "the terrorists who attacked his country," but that is not what keeps him going, most of the time; it is too abstract. And he recognizes that fighting for the nation isn't permitted unless tightly circumscribed. He knows, he can viscerally feel, that something in this is very wrong with our elites and where they have led the country. "Pride in one's country, pride in one's people, history, ways and beliefs," could be exploited whenever the American elite "needed the yokels and suckers to sign up, line up, and go fight wars." But pride is not allowed if "those same yokels and suckers try to express those feelings in ways that didn't involve killing strangers, but rather sought to preserve and cultivate the strength, identity, and spirit of their homes." Then it is forbidden, and execrated as evil — what would today be characterized with the stupid boogeyman term "white supremacy."

Whatever the reasons, it is in the nature of men, and a key driver of civilization, that men want to fight, a truth that is foolishly denied today, labeled "toxic masculinity." (Sebastian Junger, in his books *Tribe* and *Freedom*, has interesting thoughts on this topic.) A man who refuses to fight is not a man, and fighting completes a man. As Walton says, "Being on the hunt with his tribe . . . there was a rightness to it all that appealed to some fundamental aspect of his masculinity in a way which he found both thrilling and liberating." This centrality of fighting to masculinity is what makes war a coin with two sides. It has always been recognized, even if of late it has become fashionable to deny, that war has a heroic, even glorious, side. "War also offered a glimpse of something transcendent… For all its ugliness… for a brief instant, [Walton] had seen men touch upon glory." This can be seen in much great literature — Shakespeare's *Henry V* comes to mind, and this glory that is possible in war (though certainly not war on behalf of or at the behest of our current globohomo rulers, which is a foolish waste, and perhaps only rarely in modern war in general) could be a key antidote to the wussification that has been forced upon American men. Yes, the other side of the coin is horror, and, it is strange to say, Americans have equally forgotten that side of the coin. Even for those few who have not forgotten, they tend not to actually understand, because most modern Americans don't understand anything at all about war. Nearly the only ones who do are men like Walton, and their immediate families. But Americans will, I predict, learn all these lessons again.

All this said, fighting cannot be permitted to become an end in itself; that tears a society apart. The role of a civilization (and especially of the women in that civilization) is to channel this impulse to productive and useful ends. This brings up the question of whether any American soldier should have died in Afghanistan and Iraq. (Or Bosnia, for that matter, or any other place American soldiers have died in the past thirty years.) A mother Walton meets, when he is recuperating back in the States from extensive bullet damage to his hand and arm, says of her son, "He died protecting his country. I have to believe that."

But he didn't. And that his mother mourns for no good reason at all is one of the

Opposite: scenes from the US deployment in Afghanistan

WHAT IS THE WORTHY HOUSE?

The Worthy House is the project of Charles Haywood. His end is outlining, and preparing for the advent of, a political philosophy, which he has named Foundationalism, and which he is preparing to implement in real life. He uses the process of writing mainly to develop his own thoughts — battle preparation. If they are useful to others, so much the better. The vehicle for this effort is often book reviews, or rather, Haywood's thoughts masquerading as book reviews.

The selection of writing topics on The Worthy House is not random. The aim is to create a coherent whole; therefore, repetition of the exact same points from piece to piece is avoided. Often certain general topics or themes will receive sustained focus for some months, interspersed with items relating to current events and occasional human-interest pieces.

As to Haywood, he was born in Indiana, where he now lives with his Australian wife and five children. His father taught Russian history at Purdue University. His mother was born in Hungary, and he has spent quite a bit of time in Hungary and maintains a keen interest in Hungarian affairs. He was once a big-firm lawyer, in Chicago in the late 1990s and early 2000s, primarily practicing mergers-and-acquisitions and securities law.

However, Haywood tired of law and wanted to be rich. So he moved back to Indiana and started a business that developed and manufactured hair care products (after first briefly operating a woodworking and cabinetry business). He sold that business in 2020, and now he causes trouble, when he is not trying to be a gentleman farmer.

Visit theworthyhouse.com to read reviews of various books, including Mary Harrington's Feminism Against Progress, Luca Fezzi's Crossing the Rubicon: Caesar's Decision and the Fate of Rome and Raw Egg Nationalist's The Eggs Benedict Option.

"FEMINISM IS A CONSTANT TARGET… AS IT SHOULD BE, FOR SO-CALLED FEMINISM IS AN ABOMINATION THAT IS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RUIN OF THE WEST"

great tragedies of end-stage America. I have great respect for those, including friends of mine and readers of The Worthy House, who chose to serve in Afghanistan and Iraq. Yet their service was a pointless waste, beyond what the men themselves may have gained. Regardless of whether the people we killed were so-called bad people (and most were not, such as the ten children Finlay sees, chopped to bits by a female A-10 pilot, an incompetent like many or most female pilots), as a nation we accomplished far less than nothing. We made the countries in whose affairs we interfered worse for their surviving populations, while we did not make our own country one iota "safer" (already a dubious primary goal, smacking of feminization). Instead, we enormously enriched those who profit from the massive expansion of our odious national-security state, while we became accustomed to enthusiastically granting our rotten elites unparalleled powers to oppress Americans, which they have used with gusto, and are vigorously trying to expand yet further, with the specific current goal of oppressing the BOA. We, following George W. Bush (God rot him), in Walton's words spent trillions to "overthrow [Afghanistan and Iraq's] political, cultural, and economic structures," not to mention those of several other countries (notably Ukraine) using less violent means, all with the intention of turning them into "democracies," meaning not ruled by the people, but rather full participants in the noxious Left project of combined emancipation and forced egalitarianism. The only silver lining is that all this stupidity has brought our regime closer to its inevitable end while accomplishing few of its goals, but it has been very costly for the BOA, and will be yet more costly before the end.

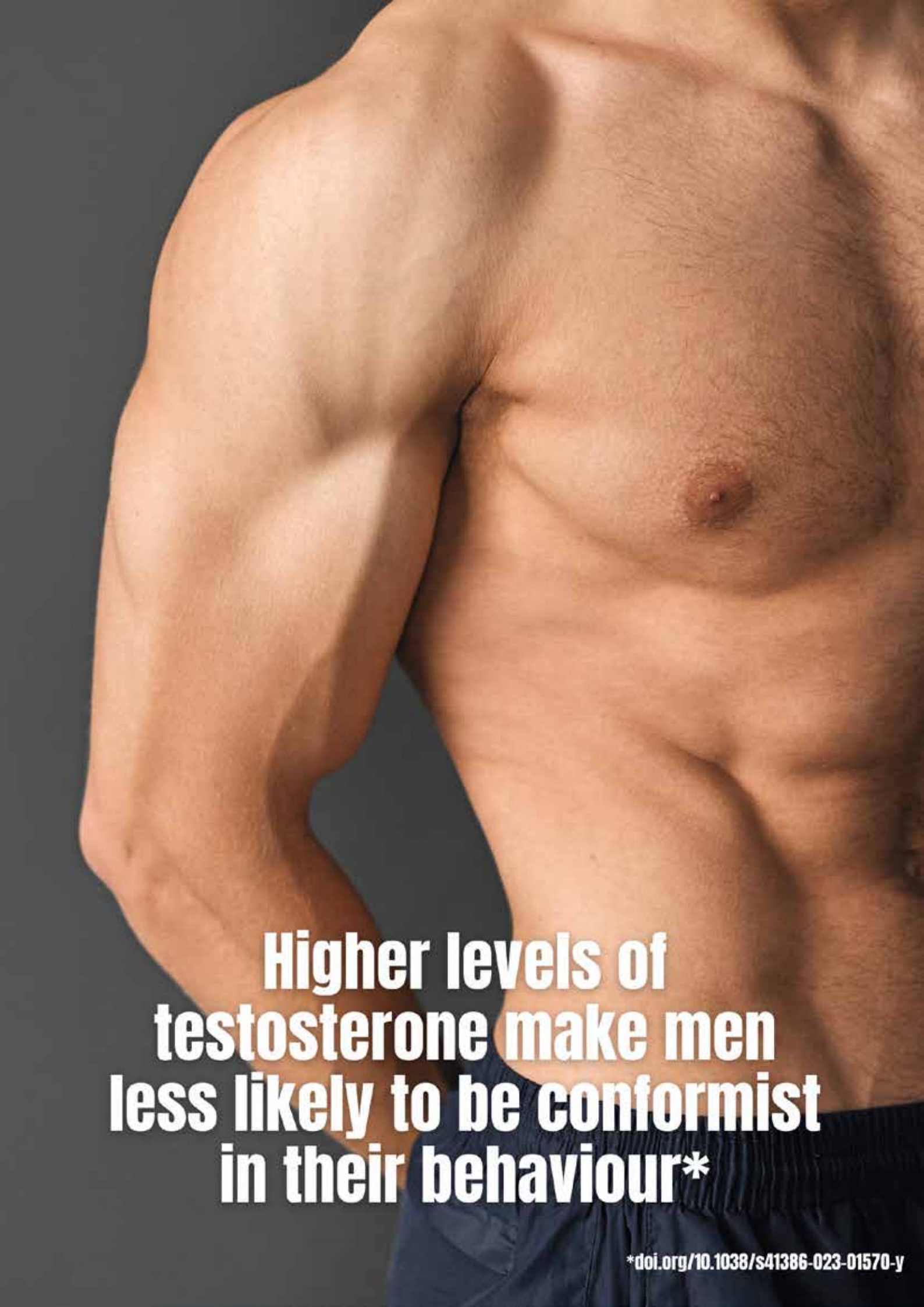
Anyway, back to the book. Walton spends quite a bit of time musing on the culture and habits of "Haji," both the enemy Taliban and the population in general. He admires their ability to maintain their identity over the centuries and millennia; they are not deracinated like the people of the West. Certainly, Walton can see that in many ways Haji culture is grossly inferior. "[Haji] was brutal, illiterate, broke as a joke, and smelled like five tons of petrified ass. Allah only knew what he did with those goats. However, he bowed to no one, and Walton grudgingly respected him for it." (A few years back, one of my eight-year-old boys got in trouble at his school for referring to generic enemies in schoolboy warplay as "Hajis." His teacher said that was "raaaaaaaacist." We praised him, and removed him from that school.) But Walton can appreciate Haji for what they are, good and bad. What he, correctly, does not see them as is proto-Westerners, eager to adopt Western customs and beliefs. He sneers at the many stupidities American elites tried to impose on the Afghans. When some meddling staffers from a ridiculous NGO get shot in a village, Walton reflects, "Going into a village in a foreign country, and teaching their children different ways and ideas, was asking for trouble. Using a classroom to separate children from the culture of their parents was a form of kidnapping." True enough, though such kidnapping is something our enemies have done for a long time in America as well, and have now ramped this program up to ludicrous speed, not receiving

THE BEST WAY TO DEFEAT LIBERALS?

KEEP POINTING OUT THEIR HYPOCRISY OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

GURNING POINT USA FOUNDER, CHARLIE DERP

GURNING POINT USA



Higher levels of testosterone make men less likely to be conformist in their behaviour*

*doi.org/10.1038/s41386-023-01570-y

the same payback, not yet, at least.

All things military, even the stupidities that get men killed, Walton takes in stride. He reserves his bitterness most of all not for the brass, or the rotten elites of America, but for the many infelicities between men and women in the modern age. Feminism is a constant target of his, as it should be, for so-called feminism is an abomination that is largely responsible for the ruin of the West. Walton's fundamental complaint is that right order between the sexes has broken down, in a manner that benefits nobody, but harms men most of all. Feminists "had struggled for, and won, a world where men were seen as the problem and women as the solution." Men have become "the disposable sex." Men are expected to bear all burdens but to make no claims. Men, most of all men in the BOA, are taught that to atone for being men, they must defer to everyone, especially any woman, but also any so-called elite. "If he gave, then he would receive. If he was 'nice', then he would be loved and respected. This was a lie."

Walton complains, with total accuracy, that the culture demands a man make his woman's happiness his top priority, without any expectation, much less demand, for reciprocity of obligations. This is related to a phrase that I once found unobjectionable, but have come to realize is, shall we say, problematic — "happy wife, happy life."

Embodied within this phrase is the lie of which Walton complains, that reciprocity is not the goal, but rather servitude to the whims of the woman, whims often dictated by society and changeable as the wind. A man's real duty is to do what is right with respect to his wife, not to strive endlessly to make her happy (a goal anyway impossible for anyone, for himself or others, if one aims directly at it, as my mother taught me from earliest youth). If she makes his life miserable by her fancies and demands for "happiness" when he does his duty, she needs correction, not more attempts to make her happy.

All this sounds negative with respect to rescuing sound relations between the sexes, and it is. The world of today as between men and women is far worse than it was twenty years ago, and it was plenty bad then. We now have the consequences of the insane degradation of Tinder, OnlyFans, and all the roaring flood of poison injected by the Left. But hidden beneath the surface of manifold tragedies, including those of Walton's doomed romance, is actually a positive message — that there are many normal Americans left, seeking the answers to a better life, which answers can, we all know or should know, be found by examining the past and applying its lessons to the future. These normal Americans, not only in the BOA, are the wellspring of any future revival in the lands that were once America.

There's a lot of distance between here and there, however, as this book shows. In much of America, the questions examined in this book, of relations between men and women and of how a man can and should act, aren't even recognized as questions. That'll end poorly; but when? This is the question of the age. *Breakfast with the Dirt Cult* doesn't answer that question, but it at least raises other important questions, which means it is worthwhile reading for anyone seeking the answers.

By NOSTROMO

A Review of Early Christianity and Greek Paideia, by Werner Jaeger

Werner Jaeger (d. 1961) was a German classicist and emigré to America who is generally remembered for his three-volume work *Paideia: The Ideals of Greek Culture*, to which the short study *Early Christianity and Greek Paideia*, his final book, was an addendum. Jaeger's biography and politics were somewhat typical of emigre scholars of his generation. He left Germany in 1936 for the United States, but was later regarded with suspicion by some of his American colleagues both for his ambiguous politics and for his youthful attempts to resurrect a "Third Humanism" in Europe that would succeed Erasmus and Goethe.

Early Christianity and Greek Paideia is an absorbing transcription of seven lectures on the use of Greek philosophy in some writings of Paul, Clement of Rome, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Gregory Nazianzus, Basil of Caesarea, and Gregory of Nyssa. The book benefits from this narrow scope and sharp focus; Jaeger does not succumb to the grandiose temptations of trying "to compare the Hellenic mind,

"TWO CONCEPTS OF REVALUATION: JAEGER AND NIETZSCHE"

as it is expressed in the tragedies of Sophocles or in the Parthenon, with the spirit of the Christian faith," nor does he attempt to cover the Christianization of the Latin West beyond a few remarks on Augustine. Rather Jaeger decides to "speak of Greek culture as it was at the time when the Christian religion appeared and of the historical encounter of these two worlds."

This textual focus on the encounter between the Greek mind and its Christian counterpart is a refreshing antidote to the tired and fashionable approach of "genealogies" that, equaling Nietzsche's bombast without being able to match his rigor and breadth of learning, seek to derive recent ideology X from alleged historical predecessor Y through a handful of quotes and historical events taken out of context. As Burckhardt, a third famous professor from Basel, wrote in his introduction to *The Greeks and Greek Civilization*:

"The 'events' are exactly what it is easiest to learn from books, while our task is to establish vantage points from which to view the events. [...]

"Cultural history by contrast possesses a primary degree of certainty, as it consists for the most part of material conveyed in an unintentional, disinterested or even involuntary way by sources and monuments; they betray their secrets unconsciously and even, paradoxically, through fictitious elaborations, quite apart from the material details they may set out to record and glorify, and are thus doubly instructive for the cultural historian.

"This kind of history aims at the inner core of bygone humanity, and at describing what manner of people these were, what they wished for, thought, perceived and were capable of. In the process it arrives at what is constant, and finally this constant comes to seem

greater and more important than the ephemeral, and qualities greater and more instructive than actions; for actions are only particular expressions of the relevant inner capacity, which can always reproduce such acts."

As a study of the early Christian mind and its relationship to Greek thinking, *Early Christianity and Greek Paideia* displays many of these advantages.

By restricting his scope to the Greek-speaking world of Late Antiquity, and by focusing on Christian thinkers who had received the traditional Classical education of the era, Jaeger inevitably tends towards highlighting continuity between the pagan world and its Christian successor. His study is thus invaluable for those of us who are curious about historical and academic arguments against the charges that modern political philosophy, beginning with Machiavelli, levels against Christianity. This current of modern anti-Christianity, which attacks the faith as an homogenizing, castrating slave morality, is largely forbidden today, but it remains prominent in the minds of those poor souls who, when reading the philosophers, prefer to skip the editor's introduction and insistent contextualizing footnotes.

And so there is a need to examine Christianity with regards to that lost, forbidden half of Enlightenment thought that reacted against both the religion and its morality, the notorious neo-Classical, laconophilic tradition that fell into seemingly permanent disfavor in 1945, that vision of the world and of Europe's future which begins with Machiavelli and ends, perhaps, with Nietzsche. So I read Jaeger, who defends Christianity from a Classical perspective, with Nietzsche's *Anti-Christ* in mind.

The state of the Greek mind upon first encounteringA Christianity

Jaeger begins by describing the Greek world, its philosophy and religion, as it entered Late Antiquity. He recounts the many premonitions of the Christian faith that abounded in Classical times, including the "teaching of two ways" in Pythagoras and Hesiod, which depicts the possibility of conversion to a correct way of life as a fork in the proverbial road; the proliferation of pagan martyrology literature in Egypt; the literary forms of the Epistle and the Acts which took after Greek philosophy; the propagation of Orphic tracts from house to house (Plutarch warns wives not to admit strangers peddling religious literature through their back doors); and the influential concept of *gnosis*.

There is also, of course, the singular transcendent deity which had long featured in the writings of many Greek philosophers. Jaeger explains:

"The interpretation of Christianity as a philosophy should not surprise us, for when we stop to consider for a moment with what a Greek could compare the phenomenon of Jewish-Christian monotheism we find nothing but philosophy in Greek thought that corresponds to it. Indeed, when the Greeks met the Jewish religion for the first time in Alexandria in the third century B.C., not long after Alexander the Great, the Greek authors who give us their first impressions of their encounter with the Jewish people, such as Hecataeus of Abdera, Megasthenes, and Clearchus of Soli on Cyprus, the pupil of Theophrastus, invariably speak of the Jews as a 'philosophical race.' What they mean of course is that the Jews had always held certain views about the oneness of the divine principle of the world at which Greek philosophers had

arrived only quite recently."

Indeed, philosophy was to be the route by which Christianity entered the Greek mind. When we turn to Nietzsche's description of the Jewish background of Christianity, then, we cannot read his acid prose without irony:

"Here I barely touch upon the problem of the *origin* of Christianity. The first thing necessary to its solution is this: that Christianity is to be understood only by examining the soil from which it sprung — it is *not* a reaction against Jewish instincts; it is their inevitable product; it is simply one more step in the awe-inspiring logic of the Jews. [...]

"*The instinctive hatred of reality:* the consequence of an extreme susceptibility to pain and irritation—so great that merely to be "touched" becomes unendurable, for every sensation is too profound.

"*The instinctive exclusion of all aversion, all hostility, all bounds and distances in feeling*: the consequence of an extreme susceptibility to pain and irritation — so great that it senses all resistance, all compulsion to resistance, as unbearable *anguish* (— that is to say, as *harmful*, as *prohibited* by the instinct of self-preservation), and regards blessedness (joy) as possible only when it is no longer necessary to offer resistance to anybody or anything, however evil or dangerous — love, as the only, as the *ultimate* possibility of life....

"These are the two *physiological realities* upon and out of which the doctrine of salvation has sprung. I call them a sublime super-development of hedonism upon a thoroughly unsalubrious soil. What stands most closely related to them, though with a large admixture of Greek vitality and nerve-force, is epicureanism, the theory of salvation of paganism. Epicurus was a *typical décadent*: I was the first to recognize him. — The fear of pain, even of infinitely slight pain — the end of this can be nothing save a *religion of love*..."

I don't have room here to adequately trace Nietzsche's argument in the *Anti-Christ*, on this point or any other, but suffice it to say that in general wherever Jaeger sees a sublime continuity between the Classical and Christian worlds, Nietzsche sees only a bitter irony. Jaeger allows for the possibility that Christianity was indeed the only force that could have sustained a civilization that was already in fatal decline, while for Nietzsche this suggestion is a cruel absurdity: "If a temple is to be erected a temple must be destroyed: that is the law — let anyone show me a case in which it is not fulfilled!"

Morphosis and Metamorphosis

The quiet thesis of Jaeger's little book is that at the time of Christianity's arrival in the Eastern Roman world, Classical civilization was on the way out. Not only had the height of genuine, fervent belief in the gods long since passed — so too had the marvellous and explosive artistic ferment which always flourishes when a culture enters its autumn. A reader of this book might conclude that in order to survive through a suitable heir, the Classical world *needed* Christianity, as Christianity today might need its own successor, its own revaluation, in order for its vision of life to endure in some form.

Jaeger tells us that the Alexandrian Christian thinkers such as Origen treated the Bible allegorically and philosophically, just as some pre-Christian Greek philosophers had treated Homer:

"Aristotle himself had declared that the ancient gods of Greek popular religion were the same thing as the theology of his unmoved mover, only expressed in mythical form,

"A READER OF THIS BOOK MIGHT CONCLUDE THAT IN ORDER TO SURVIVE THROUGH A SUITABLE HEIR, THE CLASSICAL WORLD *NEEDED* CHRISTIANITY"

just as he had taught that Hesiod's theogony was a *sophizesthai* in mythical form. The Alexandrian interpretation of the Bible, especially that of Origen, applied this method systematically to the sources of the Christian religion, just as his pagan fellow-Platonists in the schools of Longinus and Plotinus used it for their explanation of Homer, as we learn from Porphyry's *Homeric Questions*. Behind this phenomenon there lies, as concerns pagan tradition, the strong conservatism of Greek philosophical rationalism with its wish to preserve the whole tradition of the prerational layers of the Greek mind."

Nietzsche says that Christianity was born out of the Jewish determination to exist *at any price*: "this price involved a radical *falsification* of all nature, of all naturalness, of all reality, of the whole inner world, as well as of the outer." Jaeger seems to conclude that just as the Jews used religious revaluation to preserve their nation, men like Origen preserved Greek philosophy and *paideia* with a similar revaluation:

"Plato in his *Republic* had rejected Homer and Hesiod not as poetic fiction but as paideia, which for him meant the expression of truth. Against him the Stoic school had maintained Homer and Hesiod as normative expressions of the truth in order to retain the old poetry as the basis of Greek paideia. Therefore they had to create a whole system of allegoric meaning, which they sought in the mythical stories. It was in the first place done for theological reasons, in order to protect the old written tradition of the Greeks against the accusation of blasphemy. In the same way the Alexandrians wanted to save the Old Testament from those radical critics who rejected it and wished to get rid of it altogether; this they achieved, in Origen's theology, by the distinction of a literal, a historical, and a spiritual meaning of the texts. This made it possible for them to avoid the philosophical objection of crude anthropomorphism in the way in which God is represented in the Old Testament. The anthropomorphic character of the gods of the Greek myths had been from the beginning the point against which Greek philosophy had directed its attacks. [...] So Origen set out on his lifelong attempt to translate the Bible from the level of its literal meaning to that of its spiritual sense. He thus saved what we might call the Christian paideia and its foundation in the Bible, as the Stoics had done with Homer's theology."

One of the prime advantages of Nietzsche's view of Christianity is that it is audaciously simple and relatable: Christianity as the original George Floyd movement, as the anti-Roman, anti-aristocratic religion par excellence. The onus is on Jaeger to demonstrate that the Greek Church Fathers' infatuation with Greek philosophy was not mere window-dressing, that these Christian Platonists were not simply wearing the skin-suit of a superior civilization, as our own "elite institutions" are so fond of doing to the former West.

In his account of Origen's writing, Jaeger describes the progression from pagan to Christian *paideia*:

"Christ to Origen was the great teacher, and in this respect his view of Christianity as the paideia of mankind permitted him to stay close to the Scriptures and to the picture the gospels give of Jesus. But Jesus is not a self-appointed human teacher; in him is embodied the divine Logos. This is the great difference of Christianity from all mere human philosophy, that it represents the coming of the Logos

HERODOTEAN FIRE

BY LYCURGUS

to man not only as a human effort but as proceeding from a divine initiative. [...] In [Plato's] *Laws* we find a statement that relates all that is said in that work about the right paideia to God as its ultimate source. God is the pedagogue of the universe, *ho theos paidagogei ton kosmon*."

Thus for Jaeger the shift from worldly polis to spiritual *ekklesia* (or more precisely from the classical "assembly" to the Church) is not a mere semantic coup but a triumph of philosophical insight. This thesis, initially quite difficult to detect, gradually emerges:

"It could rightly be said that the great revival of Plato that we see everywhere in the Greek-speaking world of that time was due not so much to the intensification of learned study that accompanied it as to the role of the "divine Plato" as supreme religious and theological authority, a role that he assumed in the course of the second century and that reached its culminating point in the so-called Neoplatonism of Origen's generation in the third century. *No mere formal classicism could save that old civilization*." [my emphasis]

What above all else set Eastern and Western Christianity on divergent paths, Jaeger's thesis suggests, was this bold reinvention of Platonism and Hellenism, a revaluation of every social relation and every ideal that, far more than being a vague "synthesis" of "paganism" with the new religion, systematically spiritualized the political relations of the decaying classical world and reoriented them towards the life to come. In the words of Steven Runciman,

"Christianity was an oriental religion. Greek philosophy had moulded it into a form acceptable to Europe, but fundamentally it remained Semitic in its conceptions. The citizen of Constantinople was fully conscious of his Greek and Roman heritage, but his basic outlook on life was different. He took less joy in the world, dwelling rather upon the eternities. This state of mind made him more receptive to ideas coming from the East than from the West; and the history of the Byzantine Empire is the history of the infiltration of Oriental ideas to tinge the Graeco-Roman traditions, and of the periodic reaction."

These Semitic conceptions, having first been created to preserve and universalize the ancient Jewish self-image in an epoch of political and spiritual collapse, were to be the instrument which completed the transformation from *Hellēnes* to *Rhōmaîoi*, with Homer wedded to the Bible and Moses placed by the side of Plato. The society of the Middle Ages in Western Europe consisted, in the words of one famous historian, of the fusion of Christian, Roman, and Germanic culture.

In the East, on the other hand, it was the Church that was laid atop the older Roman and Greek substrates. The Greeks, in order to survive as a people and as the definitive civilization in an age of total exhaustion, remade themselves alongside Christian and Platonic lines; they froze their culture in place for a thousand years and cultivated a more prosaic genius for diplomacy and political survival, until the day that George Gemistus Plethon, the man whose auspicious visit to Florence helped launch the Renaissance and won him the title of "second Plato" from Ficino, the man whose anti-Christian *Nomoi*, which proposed a renovation of the Empire along Platonic and authoritarian lines, were burned by the Church seven years after the fall of Constantinople, expired, his mission — and that of his civilization — complete at last.

YOU'VE NEVER BEEN AFRAID TO PUSH THE LIMITS, ON THE BATTLEFIELD OR IN THE BEDROOM.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU A CUCK OPERATOR.

OUR COFFEE IS FOR YOU.

CLASSIC SALAD!

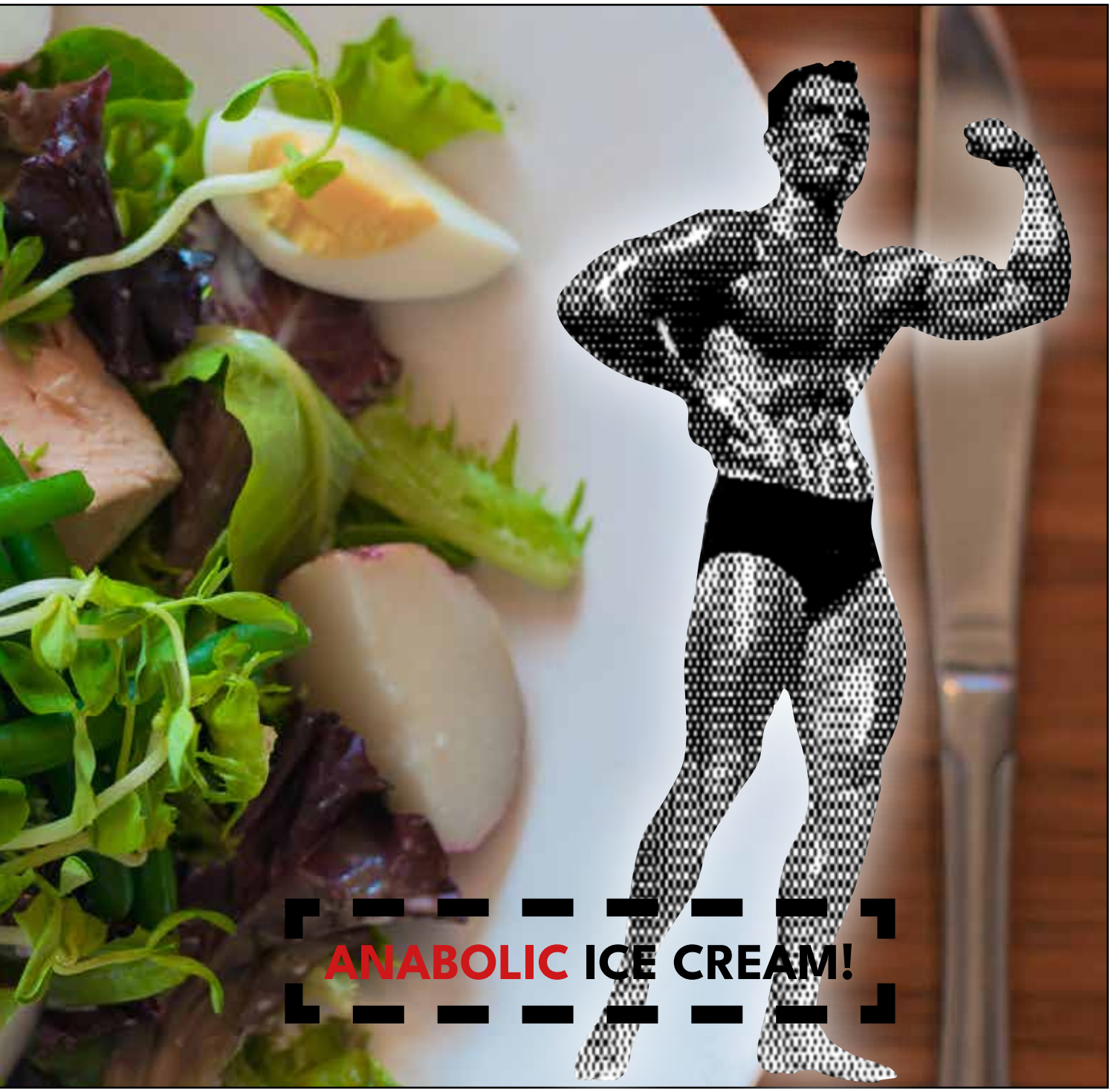
"My doctor told me I had to stop throwing intimate dinners for four unless there are three other people."

Orson Welles

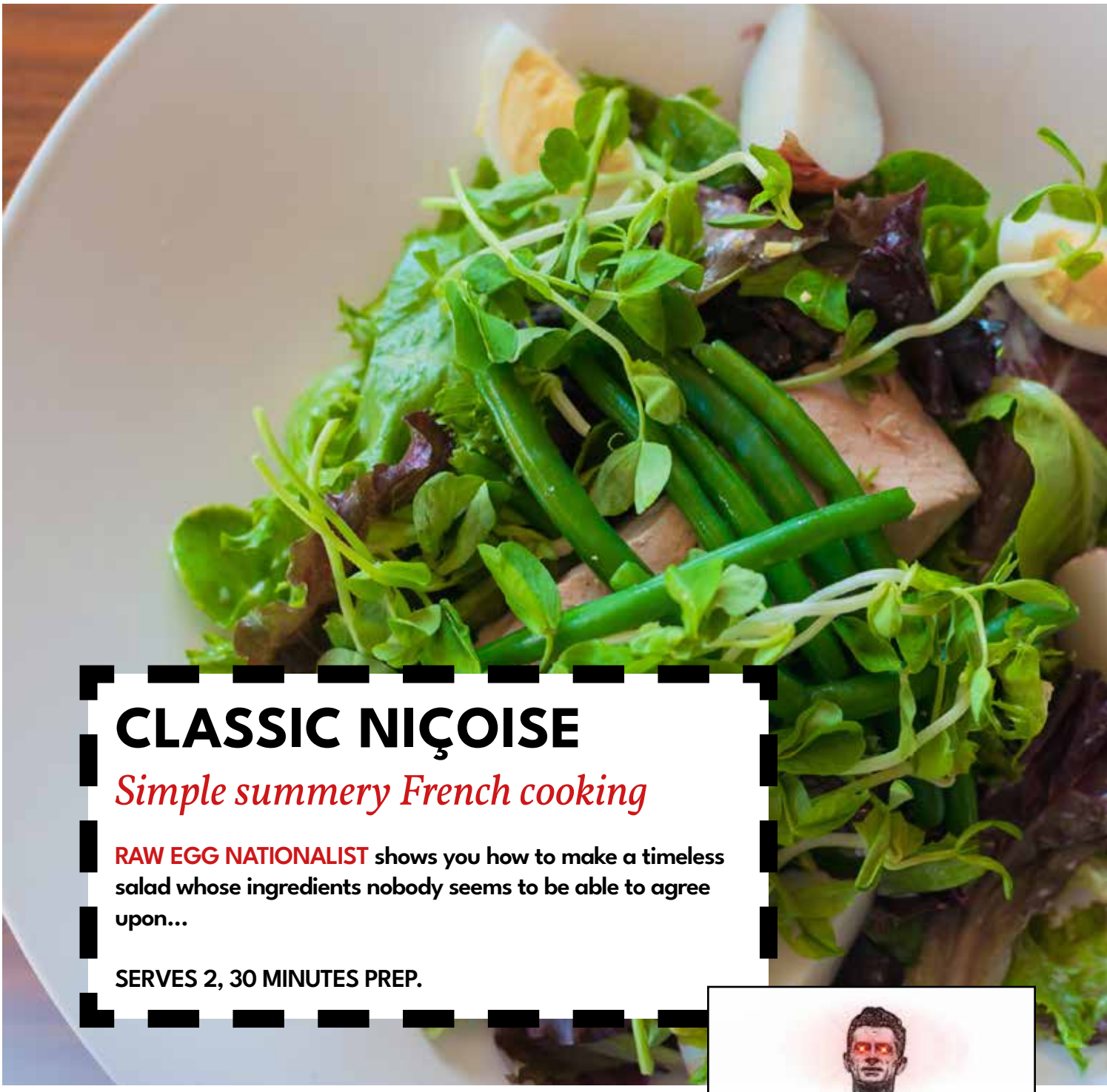
CONTENTS

Classic salad Niçoise

Malted milk ice cream



FOOD



CLASSIC NIÇOISE

Simple summery French cooking

RAW EGG NATIONALIST shows you how to make a timeless salad whose ingredients nobody seems to be able to agree upon...

SERVES 2, 30 MINUTES PREP.

In its purest form, salad Niçoise — literally, from Nice, in the south of France — once consisted of just tomatoes, anchovies and olive oil. Together these ingredients do indeed make a delicious summery salad (whenever just a few ingredients are used in this manner, they must stand alone, purely on their quality. It's then that you release there's a world of difference between a tomato and *a tomato,* etc.) Since the 19th century, a huge number of variations of this dish have emerged: with tuna, without tuna, with boiled eggs, without boiled eggs...

As I don't have a dog in the Niçoise authenticity race, here's a recipe with various extras you can add or subtract according to your taste.

INGREDIENTS

- 3 tbsp extra-virgin olive oil
- 1 tbsp lemon juice
- 1 tbsp red-wine vinegar
- 1 tsp Dijon mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste
- A handful of green beans
- 1/4 cup of olives, ideally black olives like Kalamata
- 1/2 cup of cherry tomatoes, halved
- 4 anchovy fillets

Optional:

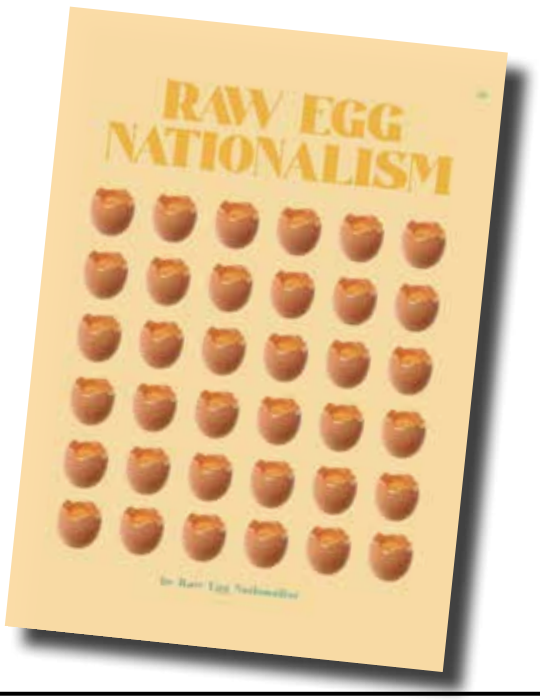
- Tuna
- 1 or 2 hard- or semi-hard-boiled eggs, halved
- 1/2 cup of new potatoes boiled and halved
- Romaine lettuce and other greens
- Fresh herbs (like thyme)

INSTRUCTIONS

In a small bowl whisk together the olive oil, lemon juice, vinegar, mustard, and sal and pepper to taste.

Arrange your chosen salad ingredients and then add as much or as little dressing as you'd like.

Raw Egg Nationalism, the amazing hardback cookbook that's also a political manifesto, is available now exclusively from antelopehillpublishing.com



By RAW EGG NATIONALIST

I write a lot about the health hazards of plastic exposure, especially microplastics, which, as the name suggests, are tiny usually invisible pieces of plastic that get just about everywhere you can think of. It seems barely a week passes without some fresh horror study telling us yet another place microplastics have been found – now the gut, now the blood, now the lungs, liver, and even the brain (*really*) – or telling us yet another new symptom of exposure to them. Just a few weeks ago, I reported for *The National Pulse* that scientists have coined a special term, "plasticosis", to describe the distinctive physical syndrome associated with consumption of large quantities of plastic by seabirds.

Whether we like it or not, plastic is getting inside our bodies. One study from 2019 suggested we might be consuming as much as a credit card's worth (5g) of plastic *every week*.

A question I get asked regularly is, "Can I get rid of the plastic that's already inside me?" Well, I've done some research, and here are my thoughts in response.

The short answer is, no. There doesn't appear to be any deliberate way you can get rid of whatever plastic is already inside your body, in tissues like the lungs and liver – certainly not that I've found. There doesn't appear to be anything you can eat, swallow or do to retrieve plastic and get it out of your body.

"CAN YOU DETOX YOUR BODY OF PLASTIC?"

We don't really understand, yet, the mechanisms by which plastic accumulates in particular parts of the body, or whether there are natural processes that break it down and get rid of it. We do know, for instance, that there are naturally occurring bacteria that can digest plastics, and that these occur in the stomachs of some living creatures, including ruminants like cows. There might turn out to be natural processes within the body that dispose of plastic over time. Or there might not.

One thing that's worth noting though, is that not all of the plastic that gets into your body, whether through your mouth or your nostrils (microplastics are in the air), will stay in your body. A proportion of the plastic you ingest will just pass straight through you. Many studies of plastic exposure are based on stool samples, for this reason: the more plastic in your poo, the more you must be consuming. Precisely how much passes through – 90%? 75%? 50%? – is unclear at present.

The best thing you can do, if you want to have less plastic in your body, is to reduce your exposure in the first place. This means a number of quite simple practical things. Reduce your use of plastics as much as possible, in all forms. That means plastic water bottles. Plastic bags of any kind. Tupperware. Clothing made from synthetic fibres like polyester. Don't let little children gnaw on plastic toys or give them food served in plastic. Cut out processed food (pre-

"YOUR HOME IS PROBABLY THE PLACE WHERE YOU WILL BE MOST EXPOSED TO MICROPLASTICS IN YOUR DAILY LIFE"

made food wrapped in plastic). Filter your water (Alexa Pure is a good brand). Vacuum your home regularly and consider using a HEPA filter to clean the air.

Although microplastics are now more or less everywhere – they've been found at the bottom of the ocean, in fresh snow on the top of mountains, in Arctic and Antarctic ice cores, and circulating in the air – your home is probably the place where you will be most exposed to them in your daily life. Recent studies have suggested that we may be ingesting 100x more microplastics in our homes, mainly through inhalation, than scientists had previously thought. This is why keeping your home clean, particularly the carpets and air, is important. Microplastics shed from synthetic fabrics (not only clothing, but also carpets and furnishings) and other sources accumulate and circulate as dust. Carpets, especially carpets with a deep pile, are particularly good at concentrating microplastics, which is one of the reasons why babies and toddlers have been found to have massively increased levels of microplastics in their stool: they crawl around all day with their faces right in the carpet, sucking them up. Poor little things.

While you can't detox your body of plastic per se, you can detox your body of the harmful endocrine-disrupting (i.e. hormone-disrupting) chemicals that they carry into the body. Chemicals like bisphenol-A (BPA), phthalates and perfluoroalkyl substances (PFAS) are associated with a wide variety of negative effects in human beings, from hormonal and reproductive problems to weight gain and obesity. The massive drop in sperm counts, sperm quality and testosterone levels in men in recent decades is almost certainly due to our increased exposure to such chemicals, largely as a result of plastics.

A number of studies have shown sweating is a major route out of the body for these harmful chemicals. When people are tested for phthalates, for instance, with blood, urine and sweat samples, levels of these chemicals are significantly higher in the sweat than the blood or urine. What this suggests is that phthalates that have been stored in bodily tissues, especially fat tissue, have been mobilised and released into the sweat. Causing your body to sweat more, then, either through saunas or heavy exercise, is one way to get them out of your body. Sauna-based therapy has been shown to be an extremely effective way of treating other forms of chronic toxicity, including methamphetamine exposure. Other studies also show that, in animals at least, caloric restriction – either fasting or reducing food intake – also helps to mobilise chemicals stored in the fat and bring them to the skin, where they can be sweated off. In short, sweating while on a calorie-restricted diet appears to be a potent combined form of detoxification for these harmful chemicals.

We all have to accept that plastic exposure is an unavoidable part of modern life: there's nowhere you can go that plastic hasn't already gone. This is no reason to despair, however. You can reduce your exposure significantly, by following the simple steps outlined above, and you can reduce the concentration of harmful chemicals associated with plastics that are in your body. While this may not be perfect, it's a lot better than nothing.

This article was originally published in the Montpelier News Examiner.

BRIAN GOLDBERG
RAW
PODCAST
SEMINAL
ORDER

EPISODE 27: GAGE CUCKRANE

FOUNDER OF CUCK OPERATOR COFFEE KOMPANY

Chuck Sipes is well and truly one of my bodybuilding heroes. Not only did he have an incredible physique and immense strength (he bench-pressed 570lb in his garage without a rack, humping the bar up his body and then belly-tossing it up into place for the press), but he was also a hero, a man who devoted his life to helping disaffected young men turn their lives around before it was too late. For decades, long after he had finished competing as a bodybuilder, Chuck led expeditions of young men from California's juvenile detention system out into the wilds to help them develop confidence, a sense of self-worth and, most of all, a purpose. One of Chuck's many nicknames was "the Iron Knight", and I think this captures nicely the mix of physicality and faith that defined everything he did. He was a muscular Christian indeed.

This recipe is based on a Chuck's favourite protein shake, made with malted milk, blackstrap molasses and a banana. Chuck shunned refined sugar, preferring instead blackstrap molasses, the dark tangy, nutrient-dense gloop that's left over at the end of the sugar-refinement process. Blackstrap contains a wealth of beneficial nutrients: iron, magnesium, calcium, potassium, phosophorus and a variety of antioxidant compounds and polyphenols. Buy organic if you can.

One final note. You can make this with or without an ice-cream machine. If you don't have a machine, when the ice cream is freezing, you may need to break it up and reincorporate it at regular intervals (every hour) to ensure the mixture doesn't split.

INGREDIENTS

- 4 whole eggs, separated into whites and yolks
- 300ml heavy cream
- 1 large banana (pureed)
- 1tbsp blackstrap molassses
- 1tbsp honey (raw preferably)
- 1 tbsp malted milk powder

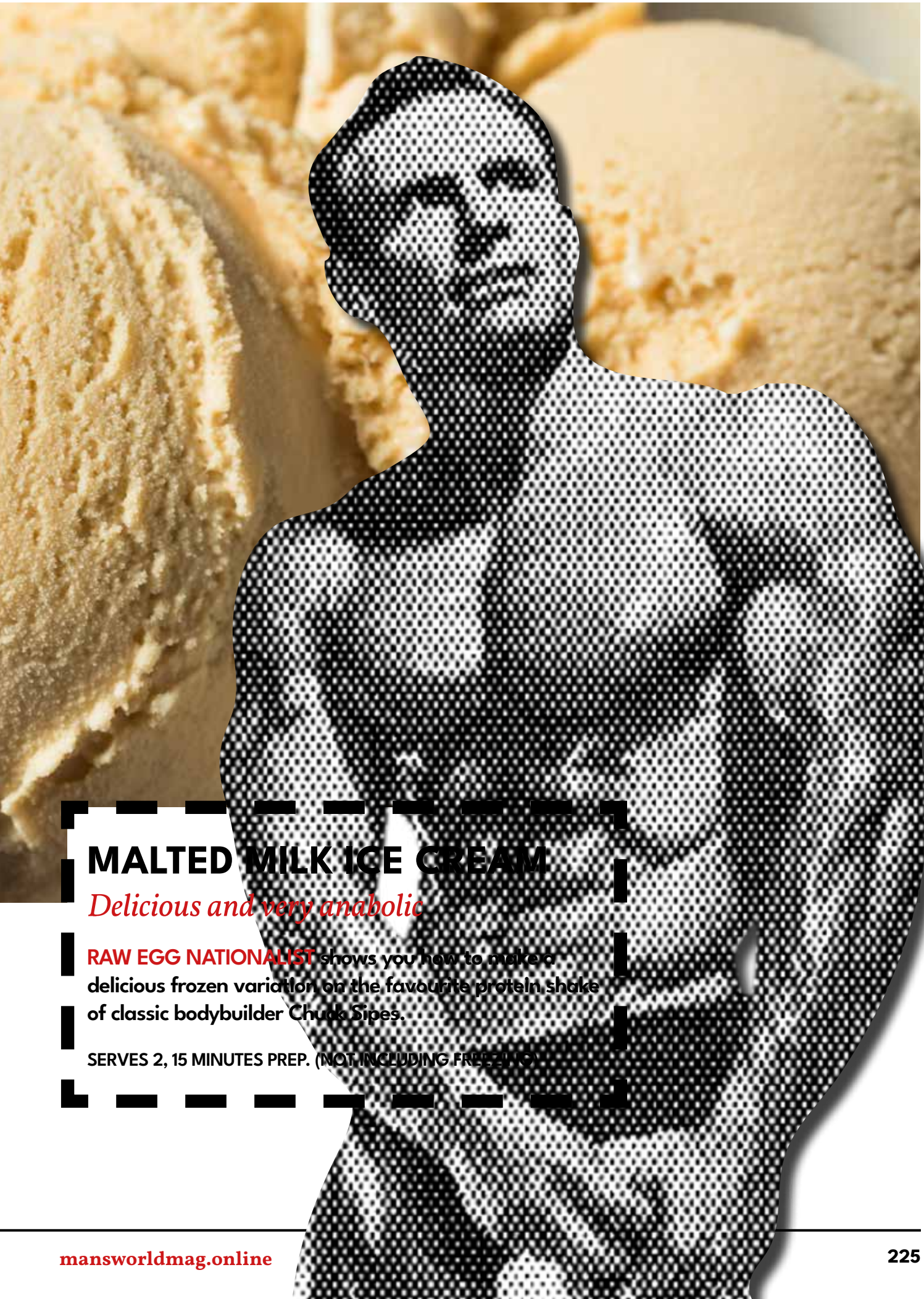
INSTRUCTIONS

Whisk the eggs whites (or use a mixer) until stiff peaks form.

Whisk the cream in a separate bowl until soft peaks form.

Fold together the whites, cream and yokes, then whisk in the honey, molasses, milk powder and pureed banana.

Churn the mixture in an ice-cream machine or simply freeze in a container.

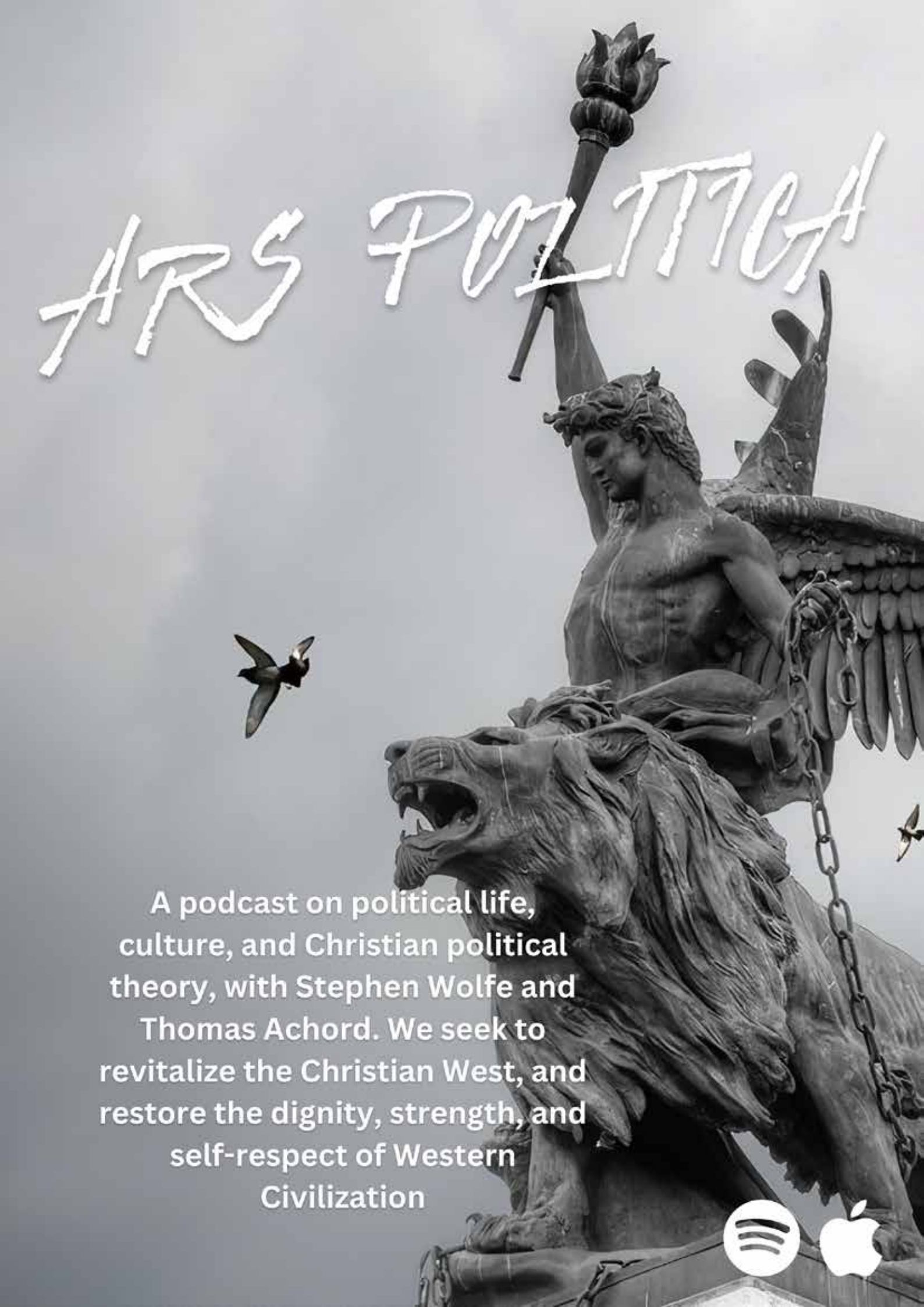


MALTED MILK ICE CREAM

Delicious and very anabolic

RAW EGG NATIONALIST shows you how to make a delicious frozen variation on the favourite protein shake of classic bodybuilder Chuck Sipes.

SERVES 2, 15 MINUTES PREP. (NOT INCLUDING FREEZING)


ARS POLITICA
A podcast on political life, culture, and Christian political theory, with Stephen Wolfe and Thomas Achord. We seek to revitalize the Christian West, and restore the dignity, strength, and self-respect of Western Civilization

MAN'S WORLD: JUST GUYS BEING DUDES.

THE ULTIMATE BURGER

ROCKY (@thewarkitchen) tells you all you need to know to create the most delicious burger you've ever eaten.

SERVES 2, 20 MINUTES PREP.

The burger has been bastardized. The average person associates a burger with heart disease, that it's somehow this "unhealthy" thing you can only eat in moderation. What if I told you they were wrong? That other than the Frankenstein monstrosities we see mimicking real food in supermarket aisles, there actually is no such thing as unhealthy food. You can make a burger healthy just like you would any other food. All you have to do is use the right ingredients.

For a burger, that means four things:

1. Bun
2. Meat
3. Sauce
4. Toppings

1. Bun

95% of store-bought burger buns are trash. They don't belong on a burger. They're made with seed oils, preservatives and emulsifiers. What you want instead are freshly baked buns ideally made from ancestral flour like spelt, or sourdough. Local bakeries are your best bet to get these, or you could always bake at home.

The best, foolproof, way to toast a bun is to do it without any fat. This means getting a pan on medium-high heat, and pressing buns firmly on the pan. No butter. No oil. Just contact and heat. This guarantees crispy buns. Of course, you could do it with butter, but if you mess it up, you'll end up with soggy buns. And nobody likes soggy buns.

2. Meat

This is what will either make or break your burger. It all comes down to the meat-to-fat ratio. Too much fat? Your patty's going to disintegrate. Too little? It'll taste dry and devoid of any flavor. 80/20 is the industry standard, but I think 70/30 is better. If you're not sure, just ask your butcher for a burger patty. They'll know exactly what to mince. If you have a mincer at home, you could throw individual ribeyes in. They're perfect for a good, juicy burger.

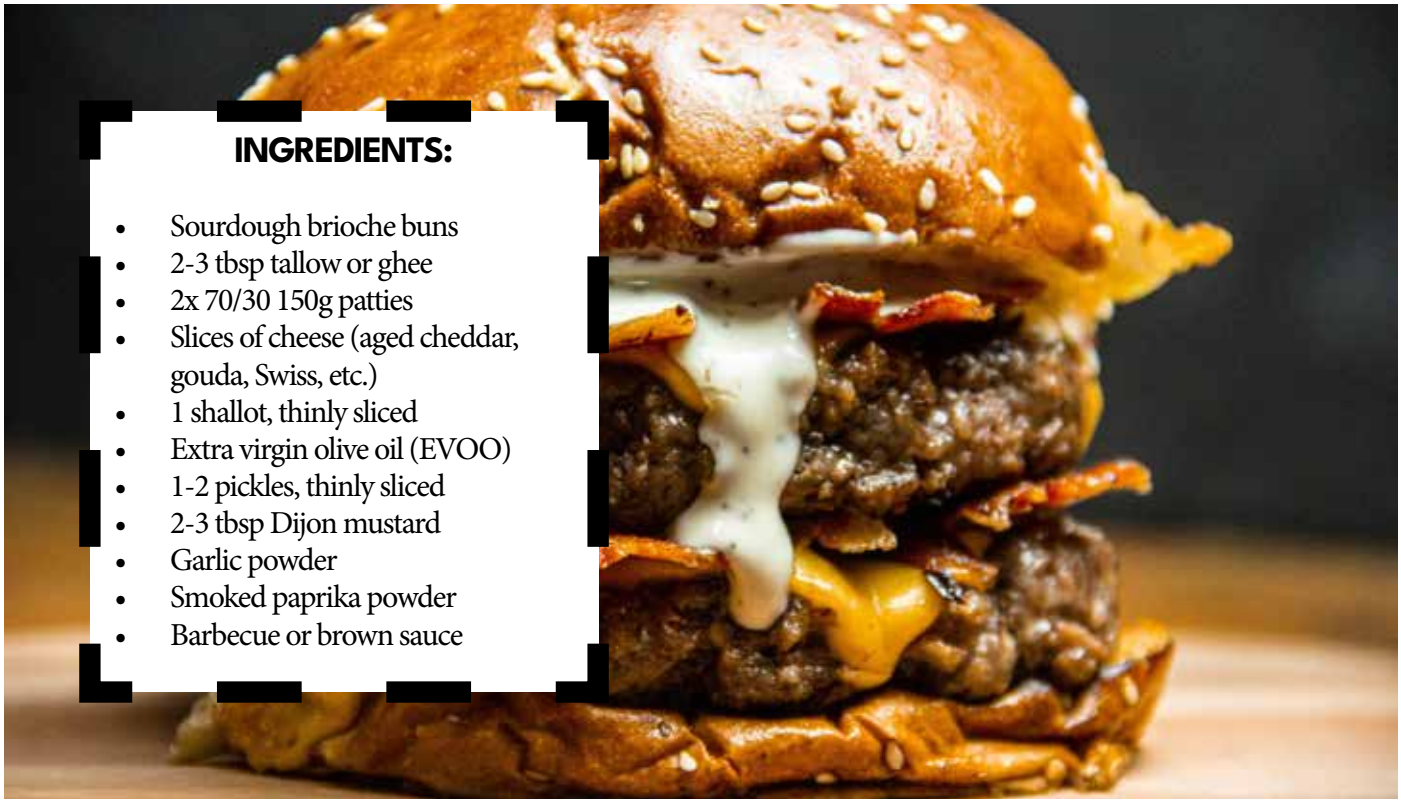
3. Sauce

This is where store bought burgers fail catastrophically. It's almost always 50% soybean oil. You want to use a few sauces, and just enough to coat the two buns well around the edges. Feel free to get creative here. A good sauce is the easiest way to elevate a burger.

4. Toppings and Assembly

You don't need to go crazy. Simplicity is perfection. What all these trendy burger spots fail to realize is that there's a limit to these things. Put too many toppings on a burger and it becomes impossible to eat. It'll disintegrate in your hands within the first minute. Keep it light. Cheese is almost mandatory, but please ditch the processed plastic cheese that comes in individual packets. Look for quality aged cheddar. It should feel like cheese, and not like soft plastic. Gouda's also a great option.

The toppings have to stick to the burger. Before you pick it up to have a bite, the burger needs to become a single thing — a sum greater than its parts. You do this by giving the cheese enough time to melt and fuse with the bun. Get it on as soon as you flip the patty. Sprinkle some water and put a lid on if you need some steam to help you. Get the other toppings (caramelized onions, bacon, egg, etc) on the cheese when it's still hot. Centre it. Press the bun down (not too much, because you don't want to squeeze all the liquid out of the patty). Use a skewer if you need to.



INGREDIENTS:

- Sourdough brioche buns
- 2-3 tbsp tallow or ghee
- 2x 70/30 150g patties
- Slices of cheese (aged cheddar, gouda, Swiss, etc.)
- 1 shallot, thinly sliced
- Extra virgin olive oil (EVOO)
- 1-2 pickles, thinly sliced
- 2-3 tbsp Dijon mustard
- Garlic powder
- Smoked paprika powder
- Barbecue or brown sauce

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Caramelize Onions
- Heat 10-inch pan on low-medium heat with EVOO
- Add thinly sliced shallot and cook until translucent, slightly browned
- Remove and transfer to small bowl

2. Prepare Patties
- This step can be done as part of your mise en place
- Roll the patties into a ball and ensure they are fully incorporated
- If you're going to leave the patties undisturbed for at least an hour, lightly sprinkle some salt. If you're cooking immediately, don't salt

3. Toast Buns
- Slice your burger buns in half using a bread knife
- Place the buns in a toaster oven or on a dry 10-inch pan over medium-high heat
- Toast without using any fat for a crispier, cracklier bun
- If you prefer a softer, more flavorful bun, you can use butter
- However, in my experience it is unnecessary to use fat, especially if you have good brioche buns

4. Cook Patties
- Heat 12-inch pan on high heat and add ghee or tallow
- Once the pan is hot and almost smoking, place the first patty strategically, making sure you have space for the second
- Use a smasher or solid turner to press down on the ball firmly until it's shaped like a regular beef patty
- Repeat with second patty
- Cook the patties for 2-3 minutes on the first side (use this time to start step 4)
- Once the edges are starting to cook, scrape the patty with the spatula, flip and add a slice of cheese on top of each patty. Lower to medium heat
- Cook for another 2-3 minutes, then using the spatula place the first patty on top of the second

5. Special Sauce and Condiments
- While the burger is cooking on the first side, prepare the sauce
- In a small bowl, mix Dijon mustard, garlic powder, smoked paprika, BBQ or brown sauce and sliced pickles
- The buns should finish toasting around the time you finish preparing the sauce. Lower the heat if necessary

6. Assembly
- Get the buns on a plate and spread the sauce on both
- Once the patties are cooked, place them on the bottom bun
- Get the caramelized onions and place them on top of the patties
- Place the top bun on the onions and you're done.
- Serve on its own or with French fries or potato wedges

By WOLAND

In 2018, mayor Ryozo Tatami collapsed mid-speech in a dohyo, a sumo ring. Two women rushed atop the clay mound to administer first aid. Naturally, the referee ordered them away: a professional dohyo is a sacred male space, denied to women since the Shinto ritual known as sumo began over 1,000 years ago.

The video-recorded incident became an international scandal. The head of the Japan Sumo Association denounced the referee's response as "inappropriate in a life-threatening situation." Journalists pilloried Japan's national sport for sexism. "Of course it is important to protect tradition, but the way it excludes women perhaps is out of step with the times," said a Japanese newscaster.

This was not sumo's first sexist incident. In 1990, the Chief Cabinet Secretary requested the honour of presenting the Prime Minister's cup to a sumo grand champion, and was denied. So too was the governor of Osaka in 2000.

A dohyo is not the godless turf of other sports. It is built from scratch with traditional tools for each sumo tournament and consecrated by prehistoric ritual. Offerings of food and alcohol, buried in the clay, invite the presence of Shinto gods – at times drawing even the Emperor, direct descendant of the sun goddess Amaterasu. The yokozuna, the highest ranked wrestler, enters the dohyo flanked by attendants, one bearing a sword, and performs a cleansing Shinto ceremony on each day of a tournament. His corded, 35-pound shimenawa belt denotes a god within. A female presence would be contrived and sully the sacred space with a menstrual cycle. For the same reason, women were banned from climbing Mount Fuji up until a cultural revolution at the end of the 19th century. Today, they remain banned from Mount Omine and Okinoshima island.

"A SPORT AGAINST TIME"

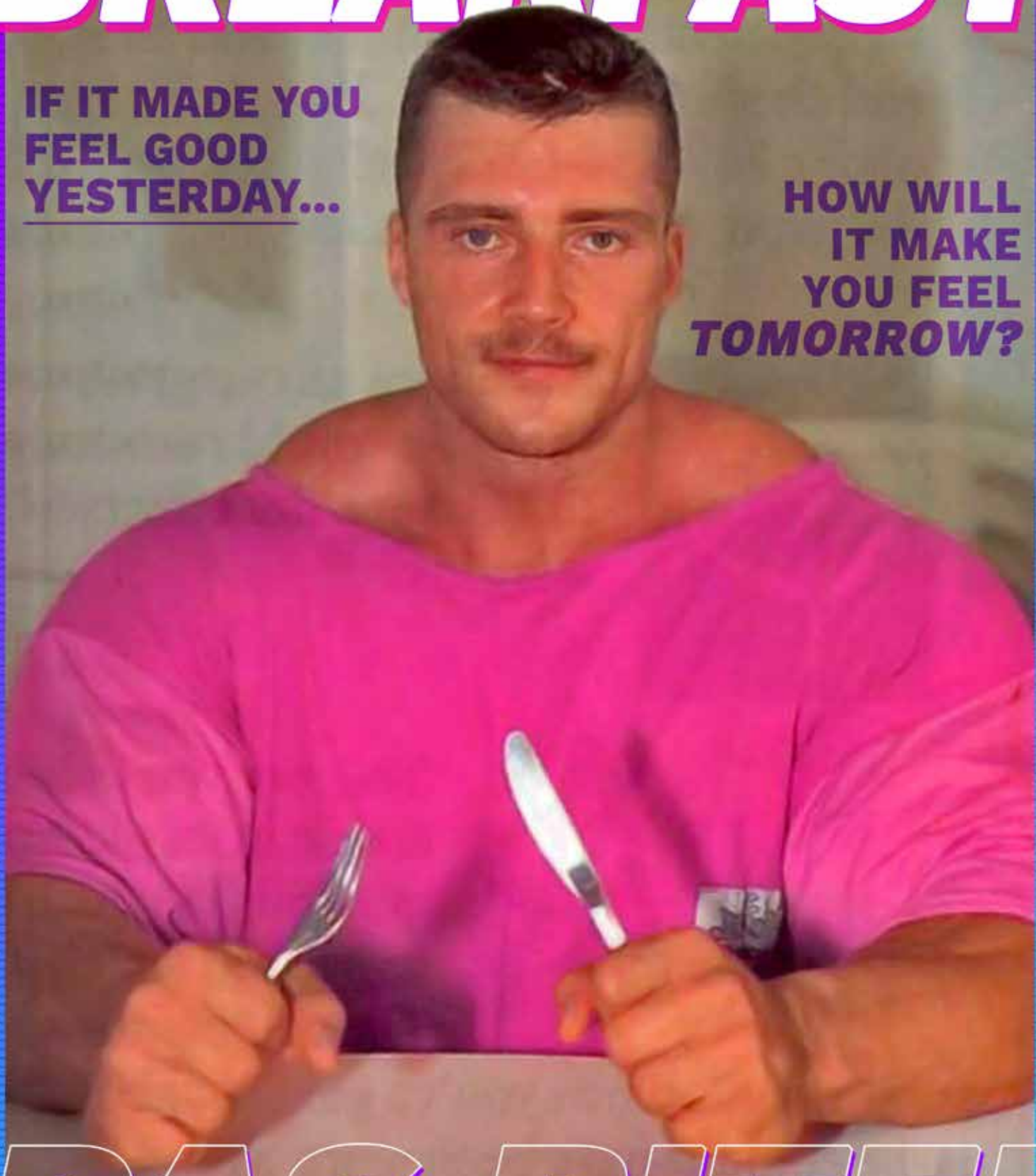
The taboo goes against tolerance, money, and science: core tenets of the modern age. Why does it still exist? The Japanese simply answer, "tradition."

Sumo's glacial modernization makes it a gem among desiccated sports, but also a target. Netflix recently released a show called Sanctuary, featuring a vulgar, upstart sumo wrestler and an equally obnoxious journalist. Together they challenge sumo's stuffy traditions and reveal its corruption.

The Netflix agenda is plain from the first episode when a thuggish wrestler crudely chastises Asuka for entering his gym's dohyo. "The whole world needs to know about sumo's dark side," Asuka later exclaims. Indeed, so seems to be Netflix's goal. Fraternity, lineage, and respect for hierarchy are dismissed, mocked, and misrepresented. The show is not really about sumo, but rather aspects of Japanese culture that globalists hate.

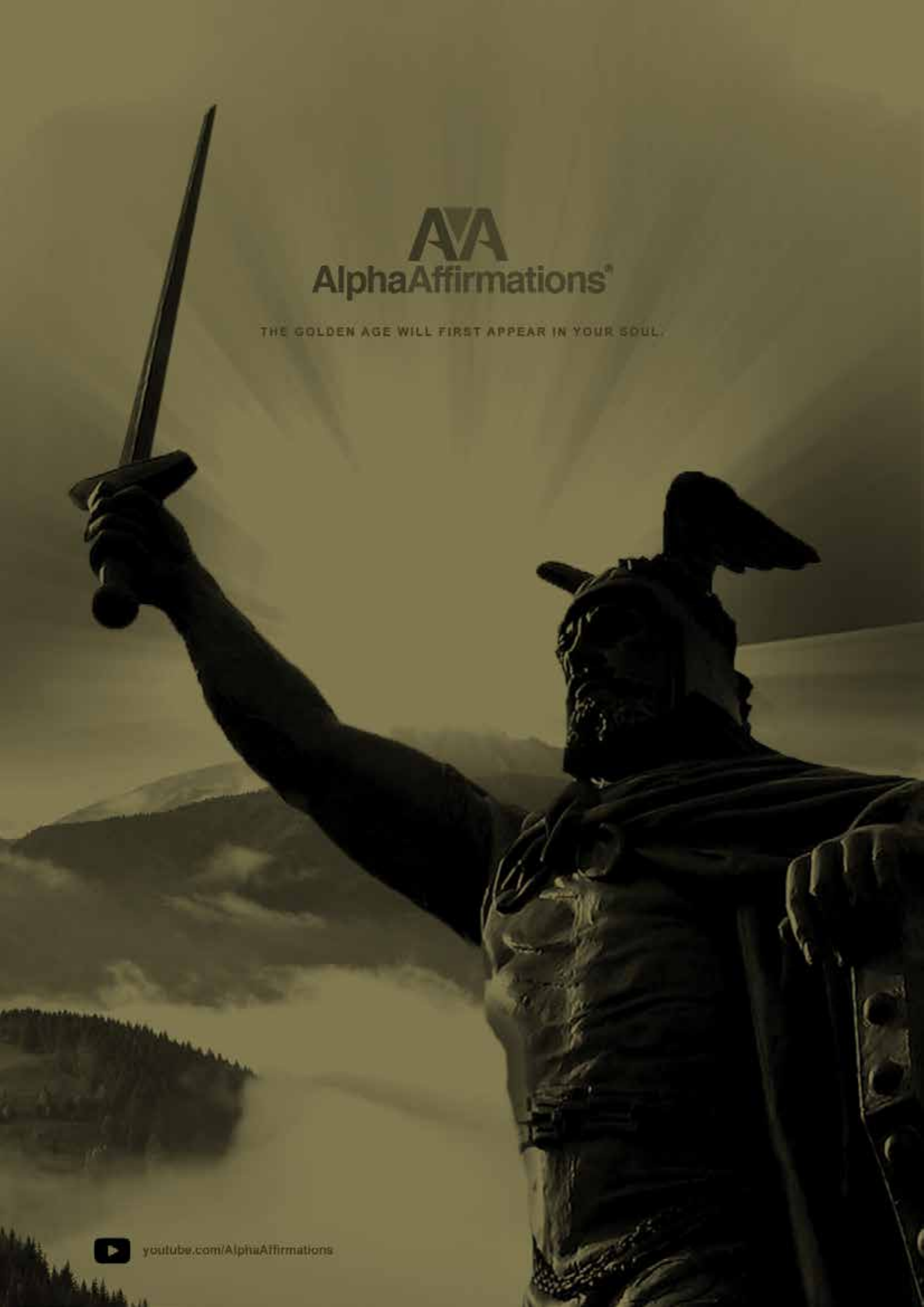
Sumo cannot help being a lightning rod; it is too pure. Wrestlers must keep their hair in a traditional topknot and wear a kimono in public. They are forbidden to drive

HIGH PROTEIN BREAKFAST



DAS RITE!

BROUGHT TO YOU BY BADITUDE - BADITUDEMUSIC.COM


AlphaAffirmations®
THE GOLDEN AGE WILL FIRST APPEAR IN YOUR SOUL.
youtube.com/AlphaAffirmations

"SUMO'S GLACIAL MODERNIZATION MAKES IT A GEM AMONG DESICCATED SPORTS, BUT ALSO A TARGET"

motorized vehicles. They fight wearing a 30-foot loincloth that wraps around their waist and ties into a knot on the back. Cellphones and girlfriends are banned for wrestlers outside the top two divisions, and all except the elite live in a communal training facility. Violent hazing is the norm while boorish behaviour earns swift reprisal.

These arcane rules produce a culture of valour, perseverance, dignity, and martial spirit. These qualities compelled President Donald Trump to award a trophy of his creation – the United States President's Cup – to a sumo grand champion. Trump said he hoped the cup would be awarded for "many hundreds of years."

Imagine a millennium-old order of European knights that holds duelling tournaments throughout the year. There is no off-season and they wear the garb of Georgian England. Any European man can join, so long as he devotes his life to the order, upholds chivalric virtue, and lives in shared training quarters. That is what Japan has in sumo, yet Japanese youth are lately enamoured of Western sports. Playground dohyos have been replaced with baseball diamonds. Professional recruitment is at a fifty-year low. Journalists write that sumo will adapt or die, perhaps instinctively aware that sumo, like every other institution, has devolved over centuries.

Once upon a time, the Emperor settled sumo disputes. Referees, a form of Shinto priest, were later introduced and sorted into ranks. The most senior wore daggers that they used to cut open their stomachs in the case of an overturned decision. Referees still wear these daggers, yet they do not fall on them. Perhaps the daggers will be removed altogether, to make sumo tournaments safer. And why not allow women on the dohyo? The number of female fans has risen drastically in the last decade. Besides, Shinto is a sexist religion that should be put to bed. The kimono dress code is already laxly enforced. It's time for sumo to grow up and move on…

Such talking points ring from the mouthpieces of the Cathedral. Thankfully, Japan continues to stymie them. Tradition runs deep, chasing money is publicly shamed, and ninety percent of Japanese practice Shinto rituals. They would not necessarily consider themselves Shintoists or followers of the Shinto religion – they are just Japanese. That is the fabric into which sumo is woven.

Between the bi-monthly grand tournaments, sumo wrestlers perform ritual bouts at Shinto shrines and ceremonial roles at festivals. The best, perhaps, is the 400-year-old Nakizumo festival, where sumo wrestlers carry babies onto the dohyo and see which one cries loudest. A cynic would say these public acts are nothing more than promotion for a sports show, but they are as inextricable as sumo's head-first charge.

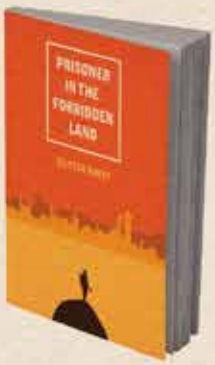
Sumo has survived worse than low viewership. In 1854, Commodore Perry forced an end to Japan's 250-year policy of isolation. Foreign trade, freedom of religion, and democracy followed. The Tokugawa shogunate that ruled Japan for over 200 years collapsed within a decade. Sumo became passé, symbolic of a primitive past. Politicians pushed to have it cancelled. Funding evaporated. At its darkest hour the Emperor sponsored a series of tournaments, using sumo to preserve the nation's sense of self in a time of crisis. From there, it rode a wave of Shinto nationalism that has lasted to this day. May it continue to be a beacon and the pride of Japan.

PRISONER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND

GUSTAV KRIST

An Austrian soldier of the First World War finds himself captured by Russian forces. Facing near death at every turn GUSTAV KRIST tells his riveting true story of escapes, recaptures, and his quest to return home by any means.

But while the Russian Revolution would bring an end to the war, the chaos of the communist takeover of Central Asia would only make matters more dangerous.



Agartha Publishing is a new independent publisher bringing lost works back to print for a modern audience. With a focus on Central Asia and the Russian Revolution they currently offer two books by GUSTAV KRIST, with more exciting releases coming soon.

WEB: agarthapublishing.com **TWITTER:** @Agarthab00ks

THE DOUBLE-DEALER

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FROM THE SOUTH

VOL. ? 21 JUN

PCM CHRIST • T.R. HUDSON • J.L. MACKEY
CHRISTOPHER SANDBATCH • M.V.

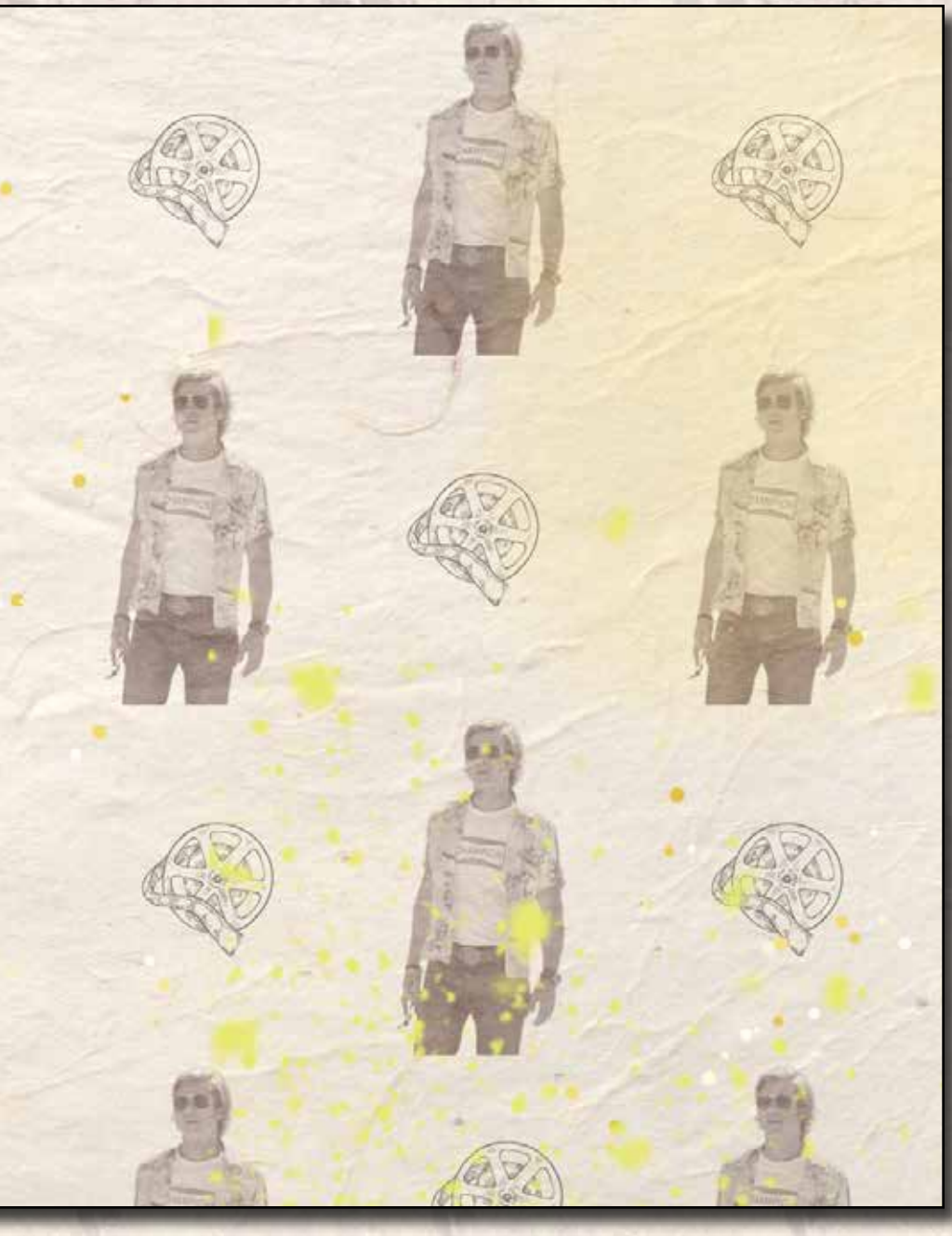
@DBLDEALER

THE AUTEUR OF "FUCK RACISM"

Quentin Tarantino's entire oeuvre is defined by a very familiar ideology

by ASTRALFLIGHT and SPENDO (@spendokush)

Quentin Tarantino's career can easily be broken into two halves, with a line drawn between *Kill Bill Vol. 2* and *Deathproof*. Artists create to express or communicate something eating away at them, but sometimes once they've expressed it they've got nothing left, and all the work after their magnum opus comes across deflated, lackluster, and directionless. Scorsese still produced masterpieces like *The Departed* and *Wolf of Wall Street* during his late period, but Melville never even brushed up against *Moby Dick*, and while David Foster Wallace and Cormac McCarthy tried to match the profundity of *Infinite Jest* and *Blood Meridian* in their later career, they merely pro-



duced pale imitations without offsetting them with great works. Quentin Tarantino's late period amounts to some confused amalgamation of all of the above. Tarantino, however, adds one factor that these other artists avoid: ideology. Tarantino's late work is defined by ideology, and his considerable talent as a director is overtly put to use in service of a particular ideological message.

Tarantinos' magnum opus was the *Kill Bill* duology, essentially one movie that the studio made him break into two. Comparing it with his later works, it's easy to see that all lack the comprehensiveness, coherence, novelty, and artistry of *Kill Bill*. From *Deathproof* through *Inglorious Basterds* to *Django Unchained*, the "message" of these films supersedes the content. *Hateful 8* may have been fun, but it was ultimately a throw-away reimagining of *The Thing*. *Only Once Upon A Time in Hollywood* regained some of the directorial greatness he was known for, and while it is certainly tarnished by some of the weaknesses on display in the prior films, he ultimately redeems his career with a capstone film that puts his maturity and vision on full display.

One of Tarantino's strongest talents is crafting a perfect scene, a stand-alone diorama in which every element is exactly right: costume, dialogue, set, tension, mood, lighting, etc. Without a strong enough story and a charismatic central character to drive the

narrative, a collection of well-crafted scenes make for an episodic movie whose final conflict-resolving climax either falls short, or must resort to spectacle in an attempt to provide the needed catharsis to resolve the story. This perhaps best characterizes the failure of his later career, in which Tarantino creates a series of trademark scenes that fail, ultimately, to hold together in a satisfying narrative. Rather, in service to his ideological message, his considerable talent leaves us with episodic snapshots grafted on to parodically bad acting and a glamorized violent climax that amounts to a cheap imitation of Tarantino's trademark final showdown.

The best stand-alone scenes of Tarantino's career, perhaps in all of 21st century Hollywood, occur in *Inglorious Basterds*. The infamous "enemies of the state beneath the floorboards" and "fighting in a basement" scenes are arguably the pinnacle of Tarantino's talent, and of course owe quite a lot to the masterful, show-stealing acting of Christoph Waltz and Michael Fassbender. Sadly, these scenes are juxtaposed with the ridiculous performance of Brad Pitt (his worst?) and the comically-bad cartoon violence against the evil Nazis. By the time we watch what appears to be the intentionally funny death of Hitler, the film has already fallen apart, and the climax serves as little more than some pandering genuflection at the altar of Hollywood's eternal resentment towards the evil German. The violence itself was served to audiences like microwaved leftovers of the gourmet violent climaxes of his earlier films, the two best of which - *Natural Born Killers* and *True Romance* - it should be noted, were handled by other directors. The focus of the violence however, against Hitler himself, rather seemed to be for an entirely different audience than the one watching the film. It's almost as if Tarantino was delivering this revisionist history schlock to Hollywood itself.

By 2009, the American public had got beyond the glut of Holocaust-porn from the 90s, and *Inglorious Basterds* felt like a belated, almost farcical throwback to the age of the blockbuster action of *Saving Private Ryan*, the fantastical sentimentality of *Life is Beautiful*, and the harrowing emotionality of *Schindler's List*, all of which captivated the entire nation. Suddenly, we have the guy famous for over-the-top violence, retro-noir, and witty dialogue trying to contort his whimsical craft into some holocaust memorial, taking revenge on Hollywood's most hated figure for crimes that have no direct connection to him personally. The cognitive dissonance is so palpable as the film reaches its forced conclusion, one may have wondered, what happened to Tarantino?

The answer becomes clear when considering *Deathproof* and *Django Unchained* in light of the book Tarantino supposedly wrote and published last fall, *Cinema Speculation*. "Supposedly" because so much of the book reads like pure negrolatry and worship of the longhouse one wonders if Tarantino related some personal stories to a team of HR harridans who wrote out some woke fantasy version of his life, then ran it through the processing mill of a team of Hollywood lawyers before it went to print. Originally, the book was only going to be the first and last chapter, and in those two alone he hits every woke talking point you can imagine: his girlboss single mom and her black best friend, the horror of politically incorrect language in old Hollywood movies, the appalling homophobia in *Dirty Harry*, and the derelict homeless black man named Floyd (sounds familiar...) whom he knew – for one year – and who of course served as his surrogate father. If this book is to be believed, it becomes clear that Tarantino's wokeness is baked into him as a man, and was there from the start.

While *Pulp Fiction* depicts whites acting black because blacks are "cool," and Tarantino's use of hard-R in the film is meant to show that he's "down" (note his Kangol hat in press appearances), the film still depicts the races seamlessly integrated into the plot in a way that allows race to remain inconspicuous and secondary to the story. Not so with *Django*. While *Inglorious Basterds* was ten years late to the Hollywood Holocaust party, Django was dead center in the revival of the True American Victim. The 2010's saw a rash of films not celebrating black culture or the black American experience, but veritable grievance lists depicting blacks as the victim and subjects of wicked and cruel violence at the hand of white abusers. Many of these films depict a hero overcoming, and in the case of *Django*

"BOTH MOVIES AMOUNT TO A PUNISHMENT FOR THE COLLECTIVE WHITE MAN, THE GREAT PERPETRATOR, AND AUDIENCES ARE SUPPOSED TO SQUIRM WITH GUILT FOR OUR PAST CRIMES"

Unchained, taking revenge for these historic crimes. Within five years of *Django*, Hollywood also released *12 Years a Slave*, *Get Out*, and *Moonlight*, two of which were Oscar winners, not to mention several other minor films. Quentin Tarantino has to be considered central to this revival, and in his book, he credits the character and story of *Django* to a never-produced script dreamt up by Floyd.

Previously, the violence in his films was wanton, revelrous, and cathartic if nihilistic. He took some of the elements of action that played well in previous generations like with *The Wild Bunch*, *Straw Dogs*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, and *Taxi Driver*, and stylized it, made it fun. But with *Deathproof* and *Django*, the violence served a very specific purpose: to depict women and blacks as victims of white male cruelty and sadism. The first violent scene in *Deathproof*, where Kurt Russel runs over an oncoming car full of women, was hilarious and extreme in a way that recalled *Evil Dead* or other splatter-fests, but by the end of the film the women – a black woman, specifically – are the ones having the fun, and the bad guy is left squealing like a weak coward in the final scene. Conversely, much of the violence in *Django* is intentionally brutal and hard to watch, particularly the beating of Django's wife and the gladiatorial fight between two slaves. Now the violence is in service to the victimization of women and blacks at the hands of whites, unambiguously so in the scene with the white slave-owner played by Leo DiCaprio, who watches coldly and cheers exuberantly as one glistening sweaty slave brutally mutilates and murders another. The whole scene, in fact the entirety of both movies, amount to a punishment for the collective White Man, the great perpetrator, and audiences are supposed to

squirm with guilt for our past crimes. By the time we get to *Django*, the "fun" in Tarantino's trademark violence has completely evaporated, and Jamie Foxx's hardened, angry visage as he watches the gladiators serves as a religious icon of resentment and retribution, the patron saint of black victimhood whose stare imbues the audience with a collective sense of culpability for crimes of the past.

Tarantino the Hipster

The hipster is the archetypal man of the modern American metropolis. He embodies mainstream fake masculinity to his core; facial hair, tattoos, piercings, drinks craft beer, demands his whisky served neat. If he's lucky he's a well paid bartender or tattoo artist. Always in the gig economy and usually some gradation of fat but not morbidly obese, ally to some current thing. Every one of them owns a "Fuck Racism" T-shirt.

Well, Tarantino is the auteur of Fuck Racism. The pieces come together while reading Cinema Speculation, in which we discover that his identification with blacks and women shaped his identity from an early age. Tarantino was the veritable prototype for the hipster of the 2010's, and his "fuck racism" posture is present in his work from the beginning, though over time it becomes more and more overt.

From the age of four onwards, Quentin experienced many of the best movies of the New Hollywood movement as it emerged in the late 60's and early 70's. Various adults brought "Little Q" along with them to the movie theater, most notably, his mother, step-father, and several black boyfriends and acquaintances his mother had, the most important, of course, being Floyd. At a time where double features were a common occurrence, he consumed the motion picture the way it was intended to be seen, in a crowded theater, with full attention on the film.

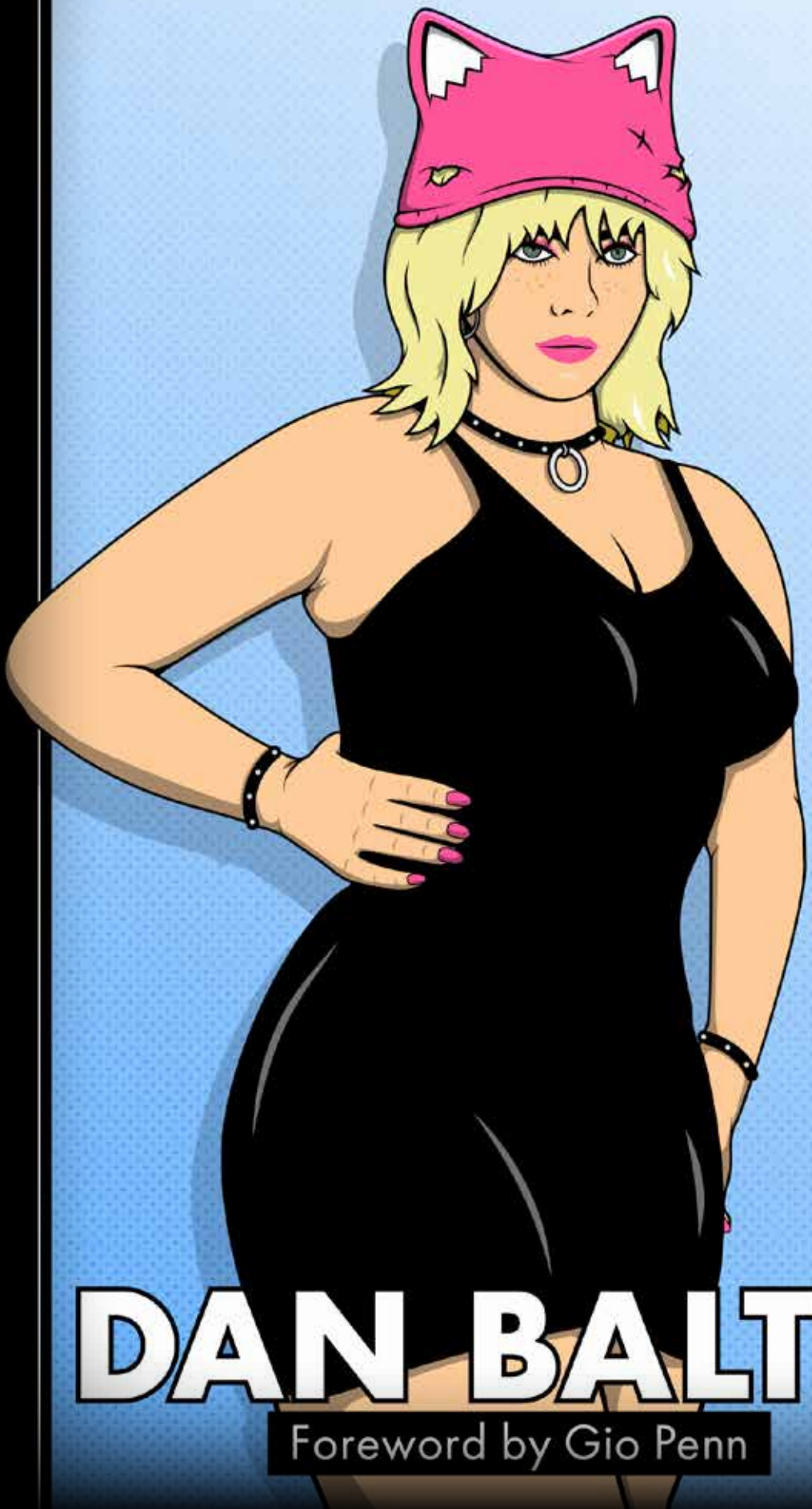
Tarantino makes it clear that audience reaction is of the utmost importance to him, and in the book and in interviews throughout his career, his central concern is how his scenes, particularly the violent ones, play in real time with audiences. Whatever he may have been doing with the violence in *Django* and *Inglorious Basterds*, it was intentional.

As an aspirational film maker, he was certainly in the right place at the right time. If there were a program designed to mold postmodern writer-directors, Tarantino's upbringing would be the Ivy League version. When one reads of his formative experiences with black adults and black cinema, it appears inevitable that Little Q would grow into Quentin Tarantino, a household name of American pop culture. He's the paramount postmodern baby of American boomer culture. His subconscious permanently stamped with imagery and associations born from the silver-screen – larger than life antiheroes, hyperreal violence, cool-with-the blacks vibe – these things eventually spilled out from his films into American culture at large. As we've seen, however, this celebration of violence and interraciality got twisted by some guilt complex into a collective penance, and what was fun in the 90's became a punishment in the 2010's.

Another way to look at his body of work is his depiction of the masculine, something that mutated over time in the last 50 years of Hollywood from the bravado of Arnold Schwartzenegger and Sylvester Stallone (an era Tarantino speaks of with disgust) to the feeble neuroses of Jesse Eisman and Michael Cerna. What's masculine to Tarantino is the result of the movie-star system, art-house films, and black entertainment. This concept of the masculine was born from pure consumption of product combined with a lack of male role models growing up. Look no further than the title character in *Jackie Brown*, who is based on his mother's roommate, to get a lens on his home life during his adolescent years and what the image of a hero is for him . Tarantino states explicitly, in several places, that he's looking to subvert Hollywood tropes with his films, so it's no coincidence that his depictions of masculinity quickly invert themselves into a string of girlboss films with female, and often black, "heroes."

While this subversion doesn't seem evident in *The Hateful 8*, the movie isn't quite a return to form after the three prior films, in which subversion is central. Rather, *The Hate-*

NUTCRANKR



DAN BALTIC

Foreword by Gio Penn

Appearing at
June 25-28th
NATCUCK UK
LONDON
"Stop being mean to me."
Kirsty Growler

ful 8 maybe could've been "*Pulp Fiction* in the Wild West," just like Guy Ritchie (a Tarantino imitator if ever there was one) might've made King Arthur a "*Snatch* in Medieval England." But in both cases, the director was clearly too self-aware, trying too hard to have witty "on-brand" dialogue, "hip" characters, and engaging action sequences integrated into a well-written story. Instead, we get over-the-top violence out of sync with the grittiness of their earlier work, convoluted plots that lose you three-quarters of the way through, and plug-in characters from their other work that seem to be in the wrong costumes.

If Tarantino ever had a return to form proper, it was with *Once Upon A Time in Hollywood*. It wasn't quite as fresh as *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*, as tight as *Jackie Brown*, or as sprawling and engaging as *Kill Bill*, and the plot was so meandering that by the end it felt like you'd watched two different movies. Still, Tarantino's greatness is finally on display once again. While his first two films (*Reservoir Dogs*, *Pulp Fiction*) showed he could push the medium in both form and content, with Hollywood, he's showing the world he has mastered the finesse of a seasoned artist and embeds these things onto the screen with a more subtle hand. In *Once Upon a Time in Hollywood*, we finally get to see Hollywood Boulevard and beyond, Tarantino's backyard growing up, re-imagined through his own lens and the budget required to deliver his vision in its totality.

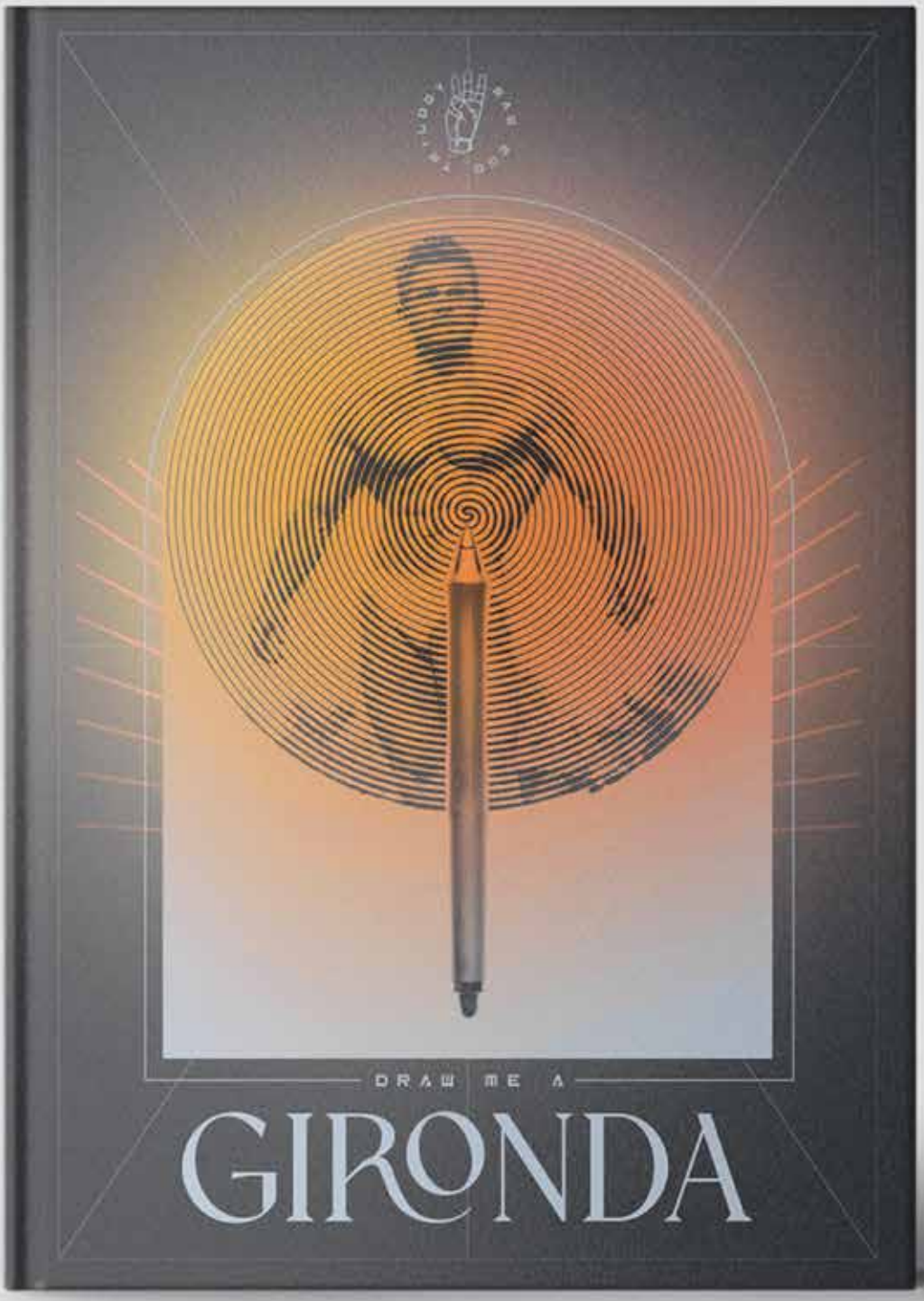
Tarantino effectively stamps his trademark style on perhaps the most significant era of Hollywood (the ascension of New Hollywood) for his own autobiographical purposes, Hollywood as a historical entity and a metaphor for American society writ large. The references to other films, television shows, celebrities, pop-culture artifacts and iconography aren't simply a part of the soundtrack, production design, or off-beat dialogue – they are the DNA of the entire film. Films within the film take on part of the antihero journey. The streets, theaters, billboards, restaurants, and bars are the veins that give the film its blood. The heavy-hitter cameos and cultural references are the entire spine of this thing, and the gas that powers Rick and Cliff's Cadillac Coupe DeVille. Brad Pitt and Leonardo DiCaprio play characters that are original and unique to Tarantino's oeuvre and not just plug-ins of the same type over and over again, which defined most of his career. With this novelty, Tarantino offers a new sort of masculinity never seen before in his catalog, and totally absent elsewhere in contemporary Hollywood. Instead of the stylized fantasy "masculinity" of Michael Madsen, Christian Slater, or Bruce Willis' admittedly superb performances, we get a revival of a long dead "everyman" masculinity from the Steve McQueen/Paul Newman era, which of course died with the Manson murders.

While seemingly derivative of the iconic Hitler moment from *Inglorious Basterds*, the ending does so much more than wrap up the film with a loud, guttural laugh - no easy feat and the ultimate prize of comedy, something he pulls off here but failed at with *Inglorious Basterds*. What this ending also accomplishes is giving conspiracy-obsessed Gen. Xers, naive zoomers, and boomers who lived through it a magnificent feeling of victory and an unspoken what if?

What if New Hollywood and beyond was dominated by people like Rick Dalton and Cliff Booth? What if Dennis Hopper, Roman Polanski, Jack Nicholson, and all their groupies, had their shit kicked in? What if the hippies were tarred and torched? Could Bruce Lee in his prime really take on Hollywood's best stuntman? What if Sharon Tate had her baby – in other words – what if Rosemary had an actual beautiful baby boy?

Tarantino has honed in on the moment Hollywood lost the divine masculine, and made it part of his world. He's managed to introduce a new type of character to his body of work and show America what was lost in the insanity of the 60's and 70's. DiCaprio's descent into irrelevancy is the symbolic depiction of the death of the true American man, while Brad Pitt never falls for the hippie bullshit for one second. In the end, Tarantino actually achieves the catharsis that he so abjectly failed to achieve in *Basterds* and *Django*. The ending is a call to action, Tarantino's declaration that men are the ones who let this happen, and men are the ones who can stop it. But are there any men left to put these psychos to the torch?

EGGS



New and improved Draw Me a Gironda, available now from Amazon and the Rogue Scholar Book Store

By JIM STEEL

"I need you to tell me about life," Bobby said as he and his Uncle Randy sat in the goose-hunting blind eating egg-salad sandwiches that Bobby's mom had made for them for the hunt. Randy drank coffee from a thermos and Bobby drank a Mountain Dew.

Goose hunting was a tradition on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and today was Opening Day.

"What do you want to know?" Randy asked with a grin.

"Well, I'm 16 and I don't know anything about anything."

Randy got the gist. Bobby wanted to know about girls.

"You want to talk about girls?"

"Among other things," Bobby said.

Randy knew that after Bobby's dad died that he'd become a surrogate father to the boy. Randy liked the responsibility, never having had kids himself.

It was quiet for a few minutes and then Bobby spoke up.

"Do you think that I should have a girlfriend? Bobby asked.

"Sure, have a girlfriend," Randy said

"Just like that?" Bobby asked.

"If you want one, have one. Just don't put your whole life into a girlfriend at the exclusion of your friends and don't let a girlfriend get in the way of your goals and aspirations," Randy said. "One friend of mine that I played with in high school actually quit football because his girlfriend wanted him to spend more time with her so he quit and then they broke up a few weeks after he quit. The crazy thing is that he quit during his senior year, so who knows? He was good enough to get a scholarship but no college coach is going to give you a scholarship after quitting and especially over a girlfriend."

"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?"

"I can't believe that he did that," Bobby said, incredulously.

"He did," Randy replied, "and he always regretted quitting over that girl."

"I've had two girlfriends and it didn't turn out so well either time," Bobby said.

"What happened?"

"I think that I was too much for them."

"What's that mean, 'too much'?"

"I think that I was too intense for them. I couldn't understand why they were so lazy and also why they didn't understand that I had to go to bed because I had to lift weights the next morning."

"So what happened?"

"They both got rid of me. They found guys exactly the opposite of me. Guys who could stay out late with them and cater to them. Guys who did whatever they wanted them to do."

"So what did you learn from all of this?"

"I don't know, Uncle Randy. I sorta like the way that I am and doing the things that I do, like playing football and lifting weights before school with you."

"Then that's what you learned: That you are comfortable with yourself. From what I can remember, at sixteen there are not too many kids that are."

"I may get a little too crazy sometimes."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, I'm embarrassed but if either of them talked to anoth-

er guy, I'd get pissed off."

"Ah, I get it. I started out the same way until my father overheard one of my phone conversations one day where I was giving one of my girlfriends shit about talking to another guy and he sat me down when I got off the phone and said, 'You jealous, son? Let me tell you something. Jealousy is a worthless emotion.' He was saying 'What exactly does it do, being jealous? Either get rid of her or relax. It is so mentally draining being that way. It doesn't do a bit of good to be jealous.'"

"He made me feel pretty stupid," Randy continued, "like I was weak for letting it control me. He was right. It took a while, but I let the jealousy go. When I did that, it really helped me out."

"I was wasting my energy on that," Bobby replied. "When I think about it, I'm pretty embarrassed.'

"Let it go," Randy said. "We all have stuff that we look back on and cringe. The best thing to do is learn from it and move on. In fact, that's what you should do with all of the mistakes that you make. Realize it, learn from it, and move on. It's the only way to go about it." Uncle Randy spit some tobacco juice on the ground. "It's no fun being sixteen, getting ready to turn seventeen." He looked directly at Bobby. "A lot of stuff is just darn confusing. I had a friend in college who I really admired. His name was Brandon and he played right next to me on the defensive line. He did two things that I really admire: He always looked at a situation before he jumped in and he never minded being by himself. If he wanted to do something and his girlfriend didn't, he'd do it anyway. He was his own man. No rash decisions and he did what he wanted to do."

Bobby thought that hearing Randy talk about Brandon was exactly how he wanted to be: like a lone wolf.

"That is the way to be, isn't it, Uncle Randy?" Bobby asked.

"I think that it is," answered Randy. "Especially at your age. You should have nothing that holds you down. You mess around with the wrong girl and you are careless and get her pregnant and all those goals of being a college football player are gone, or at least a lot more difficult to achieve."

"I don't want to mess myself up," Bobby said. "I want to reach my goals."

Randy nodded. "I know that you do and I know it seems like you can't find a girl that is into the things that you're into, like lifting, and muay thai, but dude, those types of girls are out there. How'd you think I was in high school? I was the same way that you are now. In fact, I'd go to a party in high school and other football players would hide their beers."

"Oh man, that's funny!"

"I just had goals. Now, when I wasn't in season, I'd have a beer once in a while but I always had the stuff to get up for the next morning and usually early. Either I was going hunting, working at Grandpa's farm or I had to work out."

"Kids at school just seem different than me," Bobby said, "all they do is play video games and social-media stuff. There's a group of us who grew up out in the country and who hunt and fish and hang out together. It sort of bothers me sometimes that I don't have a bunch of friends. Sometimes like all those people who look down on my group, call us a bunch of rednecks."

"And what do you say back to them?"

Bobby smiled, "Well, they don't say it to our faces, we hear about it from other people. But we don't complain."

"Why not?"

"Well, I don't think the administrators are all fired up about us."

"Why do you say that?" Randy asked.

"Well, one time Josh, you know Josh, lives out there on Goose Creek Road?"

Randy nodded.

"Well one day, Bobby con-

tinued, "Josh wore a shirt that had an American Flag on the front and a bald eagle and it had the Second Amendment on the back of it. They called him down to the principal's office and told him that his shirt may be offensive to some people."

"Offensive in what way?"

"I don't know. Josh said that he just wanted to get out of this. His dad was pissed off, though. He went down there to the school with a copy of the constitution. The principal said that he acknowledges what he was saying but that once a student complained that he had to acknowledge her too. He said that the student was triggered by Josh's shirt."

"She was 'triggered'?"

"Yeah, she was upset so the principal said that they wanted the school to be a safe space for everyone."

Randy sighed. "The constitution, huh?" Randy looked down at the ground and spit. "I know that it's not a popular opinion these days, but the constitution is what makes America, well, America. Do you know what Hitler, Pol Pot, and every other dictator that's ever existed have in common besides being murderers, and thieving thugs? They took all the guns away from the citizens. So when these dictators came to take them to concentration camps or to simply just kill them, they had no way to fight back."

"Really? That's awful." Bobby said.

"Yes! Don't ever believe that the Second Amendment is about hunting. The Right to Bear Arms is to protect against tyranny."

"Wow, I didn't know that, but the government has all the right weapons. How would people fight against the government?"

Randy laughed. "Ask the Vietcong if they can fight against someone with superior firepower. Although we killed millions of them, they killed a bunch of our boys and they wore the American public down. And just like if another country came here and attacked us, they never would have stopped fighting"

"Boy, that's true. We would fight to the death."

"That's right," Randy said. "Listen, Bobby, this may sound harsh to some, may 'trigger' some folks, as you say, but there's us and there's them. We are Patriots, we respect the flag, we support the soldiers, the constitution, and freedom, among other things."

"What people don't get is that we patriots don't believe that everything is right in the country," Randy continue. "We just believe that this country is better than any other country out there, and although it may have some problems, it has less than any other country and we are constantly working to make it better. "

Bobby smiled, "I like that, Uncle Randy. I like being a patriot, and I like feeling pride in America. And I also like that you say that we are always working to make America better."

"Good. I know we started this conversation talking about girls, but you seem to have a handle on that subject. I am glad that we started talking about America, though." Randy stopped and looked into the sky. "Damn, I thought that was a goose, but it's just a Blue Heron. Anyway, if you just have that foundation, that pride in yourself and what this country really stands for, you'll be okay. But I'm not talking about the government."

"What do you mean?" Bobby asked, shuffling his feet to try to warm them in the cold weather.

"I mean, some politicians are evil, greedy people. We let them have too much control over our lives. I always think, how dare they? They work for us! The way that it is sup-

"WORK HARD AS YOU CAN AT EVERYTHING YOU DO. TAKE CARE OF YOUR CIRCLE, YOUR TRIBE: YOUR FAMILY AND YOUR FRIENDS"

posed to work is that we vote them in and they represent our interests, not their own. Those folks go into government to make a career out of it and come out as multi-millionaires. They want power and money and very few are there to actually help us. It's corrupt and its not right."

"Why do we let that happen?"

"Because the people have no power anymore. Corporations have all the power. And the corporations control the media. They give all kinds of money to the candidates that support their agenda and then all of a sudden, laws get passed that benefit the corporations. Nothing trickles down to us, that's for sure," Randy said.

"Okay, so that's a pretty bleak outlook about the government. What do we do about it?"

"Voting works sometimes, as long as the voting is not corrupt also."

"But look, Randy continued, "its not about all that anyway. What you really want to do in life is to control what you can control. It doesn't do any good to focus on what's going on in the government. Besides voting, you can't do shit about any of it anyway. So, have pride in yourself. Work hard as you can at everything you do. Take care of your circle, your tribe: your family and your friends. Learn to be self-sufficient: hunt, fish, and grow your own food. Get strong as hell and stay strong. Learn to protect yourself and teach the ones that you love to protect themselves also. Stay armed and vigilant. Stay away from toxic people and toxic substances. Be clear-minded when you are in places where something could go down. Keep your head on a swivel when you are in public. Treat people as you want to be treated. Walk away unless you have no choice. Be a man your father would be proud of."

Bobby looked at his uncle and smiled. " I love that, Uncle Randy. 'Just control what you can control.'"

"It's true. All of it. You will be a success in anything that you do if you follow what I just told you. As you get older, it may be hard to stay on the right path, and you will make mistakes. Hell, everyone does. But always remember to get back on the path and you will be just fine." Randy paused for a moment, then asked, "You good?"

"I'm good, Bobby said. "Thanks."

Randy nodded and smiled reassuringly at Bobby. He spotted a few geese coming their way and began to call to them, blowing his goose call. "Enough talk. Let's kill some birds!"

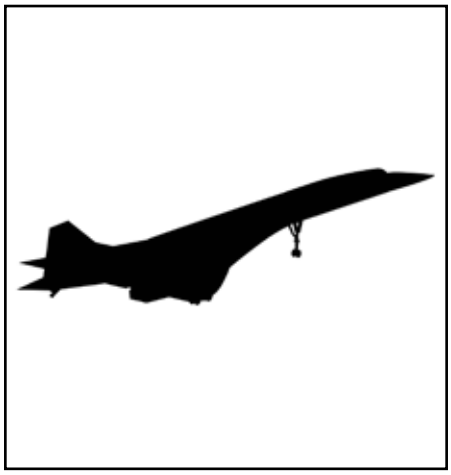
"Hylas and the Nymphs"
John William Waterhouse
1896, oil on canvas
Manchester Art Gallery, Manchester, UK

By LEO CAESARIS

Juan Trippe, the founder of Pan American Airlines, was probably the last great American aviation pioneer. Recognizing the appeal of jet airliners, he placed the first commercial orders for Boeing's original jetliners. The Boeing 707 thus kickstarted the Jet Age by accomplishing its maiden flight from New York to Paris. In doing so, the aviation tycoon fulfilled his dream of air travel for all. But Trippe did not stop there. This was not nearly enough.

He needed a plane that could service mass air travel on intercontinental routes. And so the 747 was born and put into service. It was the largest commercial airliner of its time. Many large carriers ordered the plane for the renown it would bring. Boeing had even designed the plane to carry freight, as the feeling of the time — and that of Trippe — was that supersonic airliners would soon replace subsonic jets. In any case, for Pan American the 747 meant lower fares, halving travel time, and more passengers.

And what of this supersonic era? When we hear sonic booms in the skies, we don't think of passengers cruising at Mach speeds. In this era of "progress and innovation", we are all still flying on planes essentially designed in the 1960s. But for a few decades, that was not the final frontier. Let's explore the story of the most exciting commercial airliner that once was: the Concorde.



"BEYOND THE SPEED OF SOUND"

The Concorde project began at the end of the 1950s. The French Sud-Aviation worked on an early design for a civil aviation supersonic transport dubbed the "Super-Caravelle". Due to the cost and complexity of the project, there was a need to leverage the French and British aviation industries to bring this project to fruition. This was fortuitous, as the British Aeroplane Company (BAC) was also working on its Bristol Type 223 design, another supersonic project.

Incidentally, there was a competing project in the United States to develop the Boeing 2707. Unfortunately for French efforts, this resulted in pressures on the British government to end its participation in the Concorde venture. This frustrated the French leader, Charles de Gaulle, who floated to his ministers the idea of working with the Russians instead.

But by placing the onus of canceling the project on the English, de Gaulle awakened a dormant English national pride that he thought had evaporated. On November 29, 1962, a cooperation treaty was finally signed between both countries. The project began.

The share of development privileged the British for the production of the engines, and the French for the fuselage. Concorde ran on four Olympus 593 engines for a takeoff thrust of 677 kN, or 69 tons. Testing revealed that it would be able to reach a maximum speed of Mach 2.2. To deal with the increasing temperatures caused by air friction at such speeds, the plane was outfitted with four air intake ramps controlled by computers. These retracted as the plane reached its maximum speed to slow down the air intake to subsonic.

While the objective was

to design a supersonic plane, Concorde would also be steered at normal cruising speeds. These constraints required a delta wing shape. Consequently, landing a Concorde was not an easy task, as the delta design required a high angle of attack. This also applied to take off, and two additional wheels were placed below the tail to avoid scraping. To alleviate concerns about take off and landing, the famous nose of the Concorde could be lowered at three different levels. The 0° angle was used during the supersonic and subsonic stages, the 5° angle for taxi and take off, and finally the 12.5° offered better visibility for landing.

On April 1966 in Toulouse, the first Concorde prototype construction started. It exited the hangar a year later. In March 1969, the first test flight took place. With Major André Turcat at the helm, Concorde launched for the first time from Toulouse Blagnac aeroport. On board were co-pilot Jacques Guinard, navigator and program director Henri Perrier, and chief flight engineer Michel Rétif.

These men embarked on the world's first Concorde flight test, flying for a total of 29 minutes. It would not be until October 1st, 1969 that a Concorde piloted by Jean Pinet would break the sound barrier. A year later, on November 4th, 1970, Concorde at last reached Mach 2 speeds. Supersonic commercial flight was no longer a dream. Concorde was acclaimed a triumph of engineering, and it was: a plane that flew faster than a bullet, designed by engineers who still used log tables and slide rules.

Initially, the Concorde received over 100 orders. These included Pan Am, American Airlines, Lufthansa, Iran Air, Japan Airlines, Middle East Airlines-Air Liban, Japan Airlines, and more. Alas as the 1973 oil crisis unfolded, the potentially lavish costs of operating Concordes lead to mass cancellations. In the end, only twenty were built. Fourteen of them were flown by Air France and British Airways on commercial flights. Concorde F-BTSD was one of those planes. One could often see it wearing its Pepsi blue promotional livery. Those colors restricted the speed to Mach 1.7, due to the heat generated. The others included the two prototypes, two development airplanes and two pre-productions.

The commercial services also included chartered flights, such as the around-the-world luxury tour operated by Concorde G-BOAF in 1989. These flights set several world air speed records such as the world record for circumnavigating the globe in 31 hours, 27 minutes, and 49 seconds. This record still stands today, and has only been beaten by the Apollo X spacecraft.

On another occasion, an Air France Concorde flying from Ascension Island to Luanda, Angola would remain inside a total eclipse for an hour, something no other aircraft could accomplish.

Concorde enabled flights from Paris, London to New York in around three hours. This allowed the world's businessmen to take a morning flight and be back home for dinner. It was the plane of the wealthy, the chic, and the glamorous. With its steep ticket price it was reserved for an exclusive and particular clientele. So why was it retired? Why did the adventure end?

Some recall the steep price of operating Concordes, that it was not profitable, or perhaps that it was too old. These are convenient explanations. The truth is that towards the end, Air France was led by a government bureaucrat named Jean-Cyril Spinetta. At the time, the company was dealing with the aftermath of several Airbus A320 crashes. This meant legal repercussions for company executives, and fronting the cost of the safety modifications for the aircrafts to re-enter service.

Spinetta viewed several incidents leading up to 2003 as

increasingly risky for the company's operations. On July 25, 2000, Concorde F-BTSC operating Air France Flight 4590 took off from Paris followed by a trail of flames. Spinetta watched in horror from the Air France office as the plane lifted off. Jean Marcot was in the cabin that day. He, the rest of the crew, and all passengers were lost as the aircraft crashed into a hotel.

The reasons for the crash were a number of maintenance errors. A spacer had not been replaced, which led to the plane drifting to the left on the runway and almost hitting a 747 carrying then-President Jacques Chirac. But the main culprit was a piece of titanium which had fallen off from a DC-10 taking off right before Concorde. The piece of metal struck a tyre, which blew out and hit the underside of the wing. The resulting shockwave punctured fuel tank 5.

French law would have held Spinetta personally liable in the event of another grave crash. While Air France had been traumatized by the crash, which was in full view of their offices, British Airways had more enthusiasm in reviving the plane. Over 100 engineers were assigned to produce modifications to resume service. These men not only had the task of improving the aircraft, but also of saving an icon. They produced specially designed Michelin burst-resistant tyres, better electrical wiring, and outfitted the fuel tanks with Kevlar lining. But as fate would have

"Why is the Concorde so important, and why does it still evoke a real nostalgia?"

it, just before service resumed the September 11th attacks occurred.

On the side of British Airways, Director of Engineering Alan McDonald complained of the high cost of maintenance in the overall budget and recommended an end to all charters in 2000. Add to this the fact that Airbus had to assign personnel to support only twelve Concordes operated by Air France and British Airways, and the fate of the plane was sealed.

McDonald inflated cost statements for Concorde maintenance to convince BA executives including CEO Rod Eddington who was dealing with a nearly-insolvent company. Air France then circulated the idea that the Concorde was too old, and should be retired for that reason. However, the greatest flight time on a Concorde was around 23,000 hours, which was around the same time that a five-year-old Boeing 747 would normally accrue.

What about the cost of kerosene? A journey from Paris to New York took around 3 hours and 45 minutes. In 2023, the average price of jet fuel rose to $3.86 per gallon. At an average of 6,985 gallons of fuel per hour on the Concorde's transatlantic journey, that gives us a total of 26,193 US gallons of jet fuel per flight. The per-passenger cost, assuming 80 passengers (which could easily have been increased), would be around $1260 for fuel alone. In the 2000s, a gallon of kerosene cost around 80 cents while a Concorde passenger paid around $6000 for a ticket.

Why is the Concorde so important, and why does it still evoke a real nostalgia? For the British it is a testament to the brilliant engineering prowess of that country. But while it signifies national pride, it also signifies rare harmonious cross-Channel cooperation too.

For the French, it is something entirely different. The Concorde represented the era of the "Thirty Glorious". A France that could produce sophisticated technological achievements. A France that was at the forefront of aerospace innovation. It was the product of de Gaulle and the France he helped create, although he left office shortly after its first flight. With its gorgeous shape, it said loudly: here is French elegance.

To this day, it still captivates the imagination of those dreamers who greet its resting pedestal, when passing by Paris-Charles de Gaulle airport. One only has to look at the images of its last landing, where crowds said goodbye for the last time in tears.

People looking up to the skies when it passed over coastlines could hear its mighty sonic boom, as it pierced the sound barrier. Such a plane could never survive the pettiness of our time. You can imagine how efforts to revive it would be met. Climate change, noise pollution above the oceans, its elitist clientele – there would be a laundry list of objections.

The men who thought of such machines were simply different, they were bold. They sought to show the prowess of European industry and engineering. They dreamed of breaking physical barriers, reaching for the skies, and shattering all records. In another world, perhaps this drive would have fuelled further attempts to imitate these efforts.

Perhaps we could have seen an American project come to fruition, which would have ferried its diplomats and officers across the world. If the Soviet Tupolev-144 had survived, the vast expanse of the Russian territory would have been tamed. A Moscow businessman could reach Vladivostok in a few short hours. But such men as Trippe are now in short supply, and so we can only wonder – what if?

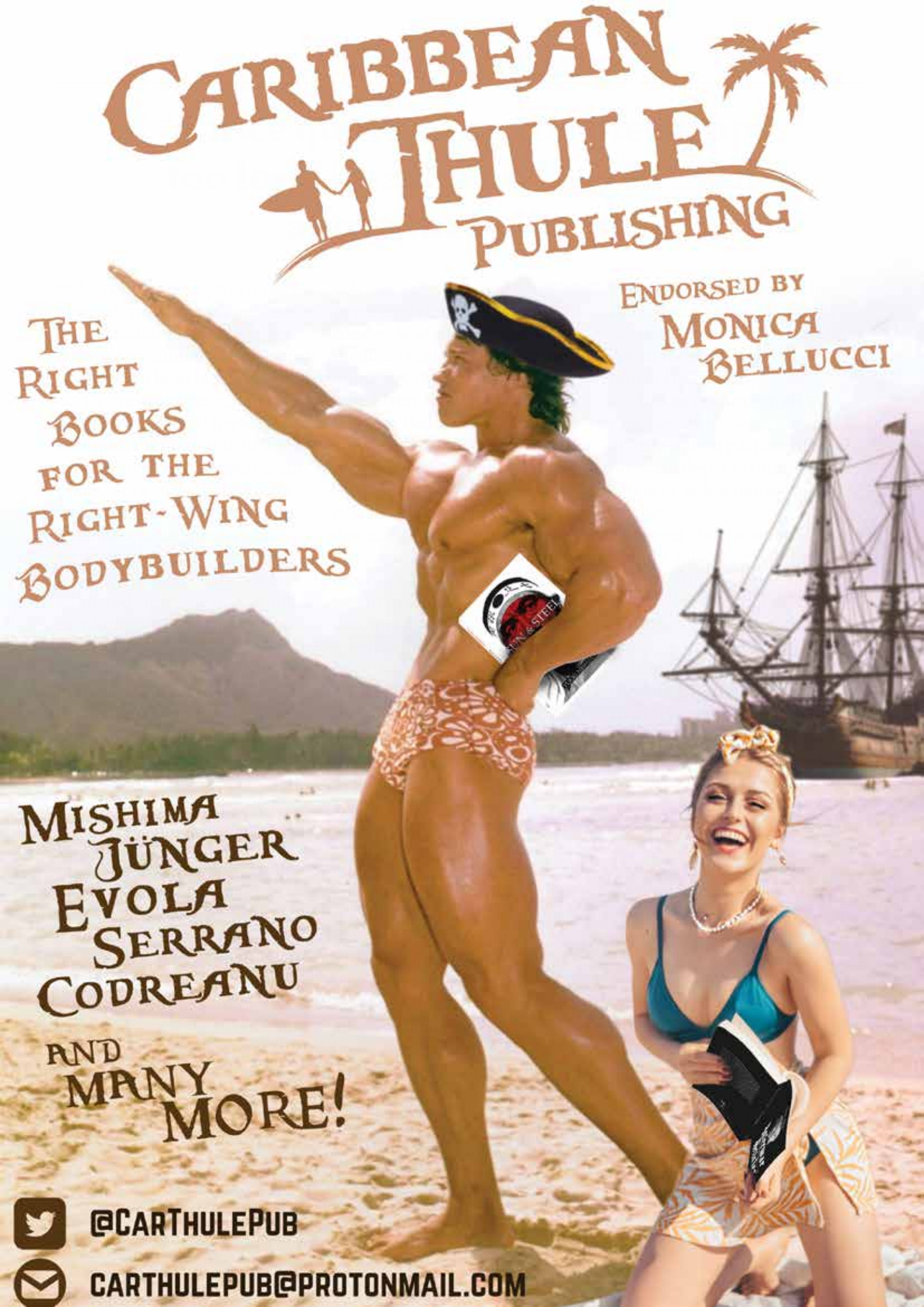
One day with better men at the helm Concorde might fly again, or perhaps others will carry its torch further, to even greater heights, and even greater speeds.

the past is the future
musclewaveusa.com
@musclewaveusa

Caribbean Thule Publishing

Endorsed by Monica Bellucci

The Right Books for the Right-Wing Bodybuilders

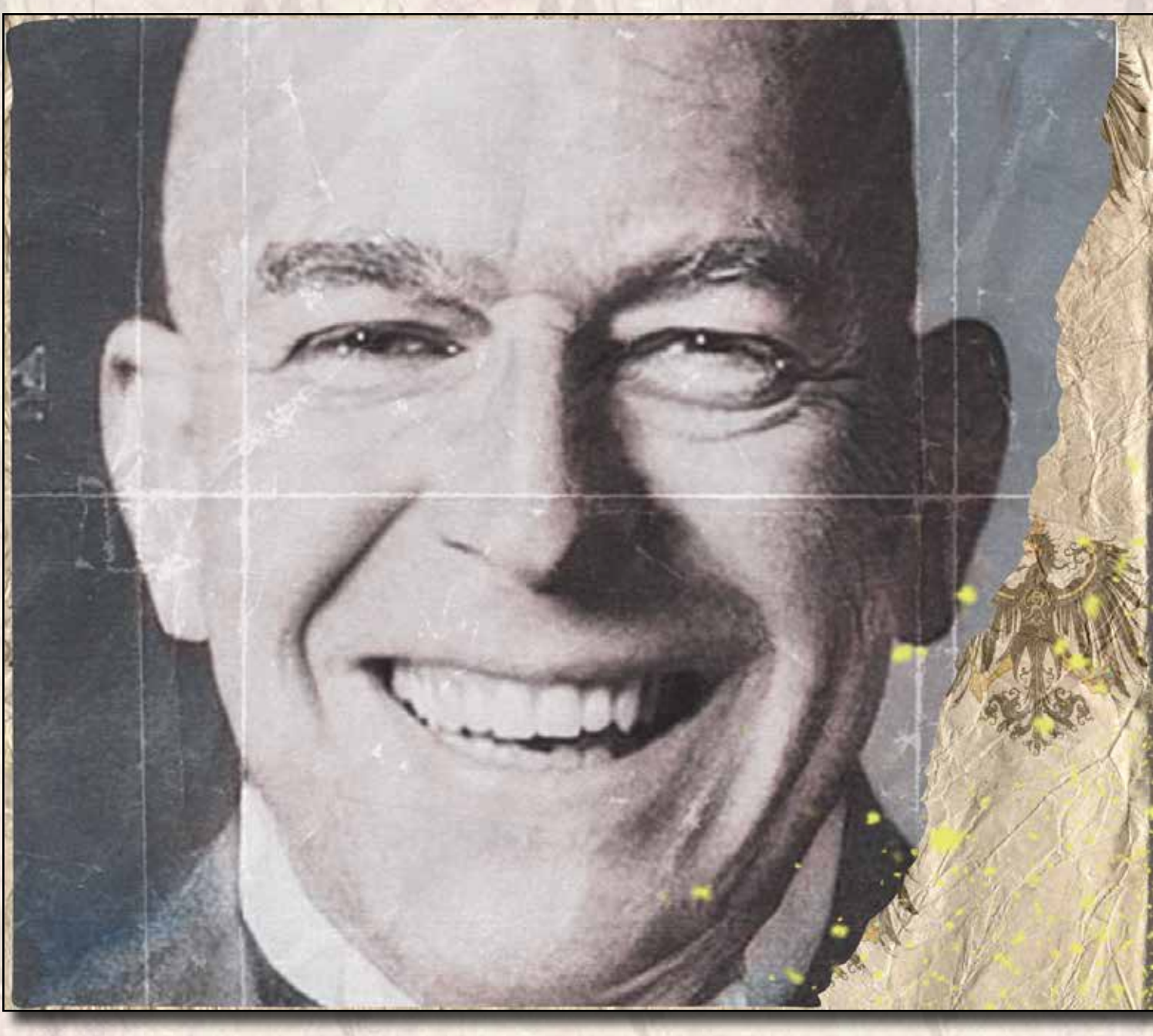


Mishima
Jünger
Evola
Serrano
Codreanu

and many more!

@CarThulePub

carthulepub@protonmail.com

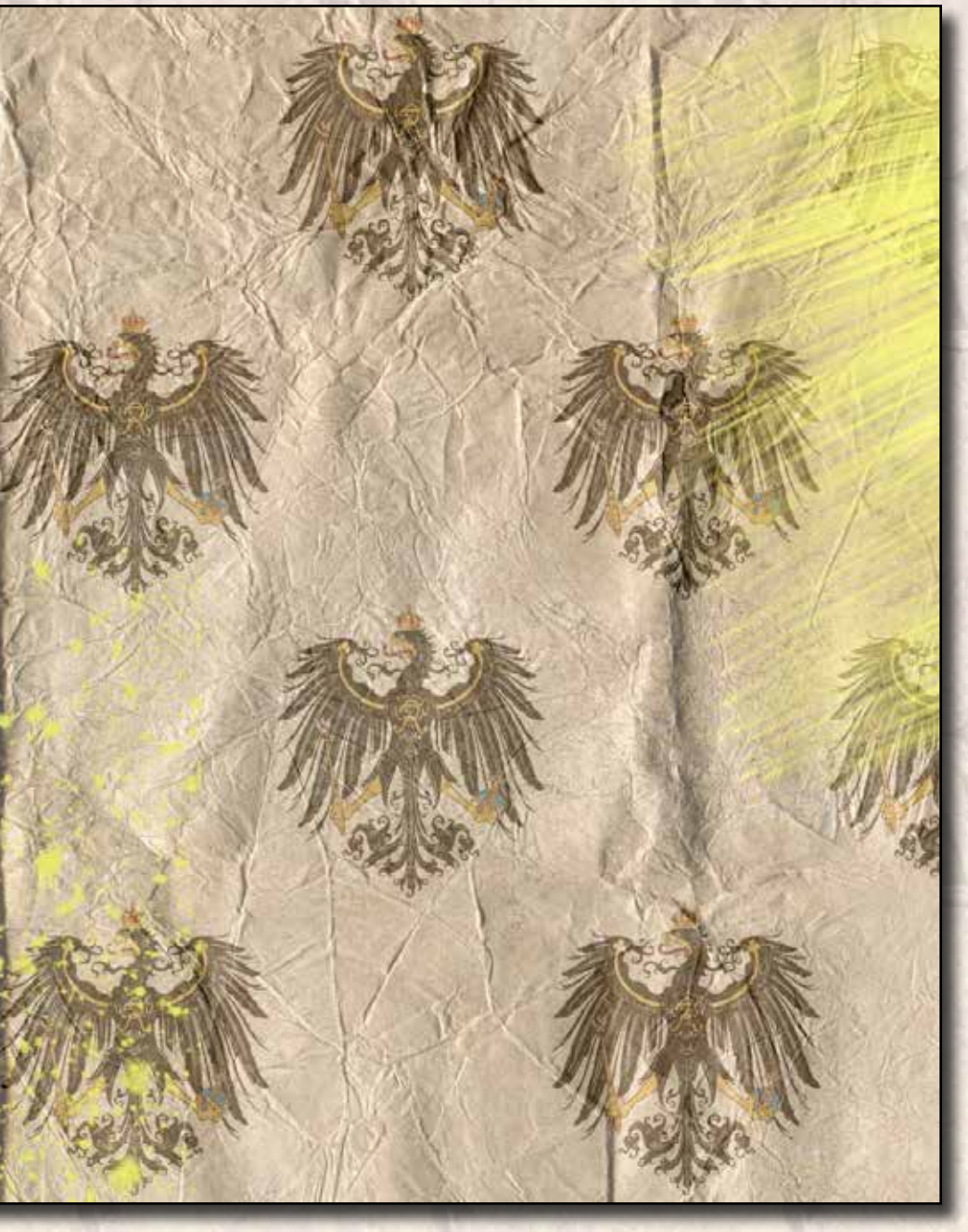


THE SECOND HOUR OF DECISION

What would Spengler's second volume of his prophetic text have looked like?

by MONOPTHALMOS

The unconsummated beckons. If you are anything like me, unwritten books, unfinished symphonies, fragments and projects possess a special allure. One such case is the unwritten second volume of Oswald Spengler's The Hour of Decision. For decades Spengler enthusiasts were left wondering how this book would have looked, had it ever been written. In a weekly journal that no longer exists, Spengler's niece published a few fragments in 1948, filling just a handful of pages, and Spengler's estate supposedly held more, though this was uncertain. Luckily, everything changed in the autumn of 2021 when young Spengler scholar Fabian Mauch produced a volume of political frag-



ments and aphorisms from the estate. Thanks to this publication we can get a rough idea what Spengler had in mind for the second volume of The Hour of Decision, but before we dive into all of that, let us take a quick look at how we reached this point.

On the 3rd of February 1930 Oswald Spengler held a speech in Hamburg titled "Deutschland in Gefahr" ["Germany in Danger"] and throughout the year of 1932 Spengler wrote a book based on this speech. When Hitler became chancellor on January 30th 1933 the book was already in print and, in order to prevent misunderstandings, he had the title changed from "Deutschland in Gefahr" to "Jahre der Entscheidung". The literal translation of the final title would be Years of Decision but the translator ultimately went with The Hour of Decision. When the original speech was held, the chancellor was fatally ill, the cabinet was quarrelling over planned economic reforms, and the minister of finance had just resigned after being openly blackmailed by the head of the German central bank. The nationalist opposition had thoroughly embarrassed itself after a failed referendum and their main party was disintegrating. Oswald Spengler called the leaders of the national opposition "politically inept to the point of retardation." Large parts of the political establishment were still hoping that what turned out to be the Great Depression would be merely a short-lived recession. In short, the

Weimar Republic was sleepwalking further and further into crisis and a political alternative seemed out of reach. Spengler's speech with its somewhat alarmist title "Germany in Danger" can thus be seen as an attempted wakeup-call.

Since the NSDAP hadn't yet made a significant impact on nationwide politics, they were likely only mentioned in passing if at all during the speech. By 1932 though, things had obviously changed. The NSDAP had made massive gains in a number of state-wide elections and become by far the largest party in the Reichstag in the general elections in July. The situation had deteriorated at the end of the year, however. In the general election in November, the NSDAP lost 2 million votes and all talks about entering or leading a government had not amounted to anything. The party was on the verge of bankruptcy and many believed that they had squandered their opportunity. Gregor Straßer, a personal friend of Spengler, was plotting to assume leadership of the NSDAP and it was rumored that the army might take over the government.

Despite Spengler's best efforts to avoid "misunderstandings" by changing the title and writing a new preface, nobody was under any illusions about the nature of The Hour of Decision. Apart from selling thousands upon thousands of copies, the book achieved the impressive feat of being placed on the index of the Vatican (until the 1960s), being banned and removed from libraries in the GDR after the war, and ending Spengler's career as a writer in Germany while the NSDAP was in power. As Rudolf Diels, head of the Gestapo in early 1933, recounts in his memoirs, Hitler and Goebbels were furious and wanted to ban all writings by Oswald Spengler. Diels argued that such a policy would be impossible to enforce and could even lead to a sort of "Streisand-Effect". Several meetings were held on this matter between Hitler, Goebbels, and Diels in September and October of 1933. The result was that Spengler's writings were not to be mentioned or reviewed in the press, a number of essays against Spengler were written by authors from the ranks of the NSDAP, notably by Arthur Zweiniger and Johann von Leers. Nowadays you might call it a "shadowban" followed by a few hit pieces.

While there were some ideological differences, there are some tangible reasons for Spengler's disapproval of the nascent Nazi regime. Spengler knew Hitler and wasn't impressed when he met him. Spengler also lost friends in the Night of the Long Knives. Not only was his friend Gregor Straßer shot, the music critic Willi Schmid was arrested and shot because he was confused with a member of the SA with the same name. Spengler also most likely knew Edgar Julius Jung and Gustav von Kahr who were also killed. These events caused Spengler to burn letters from Gregor Straßer and others that could be considered to be incriminating. Add to that how messy and chaotic the early days of the Nazi regime were, and you have plenty of reasons as to why Spengler could be displeased, even without taking philosophical differences into account.

When Spengler died he left behind 15,000 handwritten notes, aphorisms and fragments. They differed in length, but we're not talking about 15,000 full pages of text. Spengler's sister and niece started to transcribe them with a typewriter but the Second World War stopped them. About 3,000-4,000 of the fragments were destroyed by units of the US Army, apparently due to looting. From what remained, a number of publications were produced in the 1960s and from those fragments Fabian Mauch produced his volume of Spengler's political aphorisms. It's probable that more publications from Spengler's estate will come out in the future. Mauch's book contains almost 550 pages worth of political fragments written between the First World War and Spengler's death. 98 of those pages are filled with the 278 fragments that were part of the preliminary works for the planned second volume of The Hour of Decision, which is just under half of what he had for the first volume. We do not know which subtitle was planned for the second volume, but we do have concepts and layouts for two chapters. Volume one had four chapters, but the first two were essentially introductory in nature, while the third and fourth contain his main insights, such as the concepts of the white and the coloured world revolution. Based on this we can deduce that the two chapters in the fragments provide a good idea of what Spengler hoped to achieve in the second volume.

The fragments are also undated, and any enumeration is provided by Spengler's niece,

"SPENGLER ALREADY ARGUED IN FAVOR OF RACE AS A SPIRITUAL RATHER THAN A BIOLOGICAL CONCEPT IN THE FIRST VOLUME AND, SURE ENOUGH, HE PURSUES THIS FURTHER"

who may have gotten it wrong. The fragments were written between 1930 and Spengler's death on the 8th of May 1936. We can draw some conclusions from some scattered hints throughout. As I understand them, the first few fragments reference the Nazis' assuming power. It appears Spengler did not start working on the second volume until 1933. It was originally believed the project was scrapped following the Night of Long Knives at the end of June 1934, but a few hints indicate otherwise. Fragment 83 references the Night of Long Knives as well as Hindenburg's political testament, so the piece could not have been written before August 1934. If the enumeration by Spengler's niece is even broadly correct, this would imply that most of the materials for the second volume were written after that point. Fragment 254 mentions that the German people "once again have accepted for a year what others would not have accepted for even a month", which suggests it was written at the turn of the year 1934/35 or 1935/36.

On the whole, it appears Spengler did not work on the second volume of The Hour of Decision very intensely. He likely took some notes every now and then, possibly whenever something related to politics angered him. If many of the fragments were produced after the Night of Long Knives, I would guess they were written in the weeks and months immediately afterwards and possibly as a reaction. A further analysis of Spengler's estate in Munich could make it possible to identify periods of time between 1933 and 1936 when he was focused more on ancient history and when he may have worked on the second volume. The 278 fragments are still a good deal away from being a fully fleshed-out text. They are not ordered thematically and revolve around a few key concepts, producing a certain amount of repetition. Spengler also seems not to have developed the terminology and wording that the finished book would have had. On several occasions he speaks of the Third Reich in the past tense, indicating that he had planned to properly write the book after the Nazis were ousted, which of course didn't happen during his lifetime. It seems as if the book existed in his mind and the notes were just supposed to capture certain formulations or aperçus and to aid his memory with some key points for when Spengler would start writing it in earnest.

In fragment 17 Spengler presents the planned title for the first chapter of the second volume and clearly states that this is supposed to be the first chapter: "Wer ist deutsch? Wer ist germanisch?" ["Who is german? Who is Germanic?"]. Spengler already argued in favor of race as a spiritual rather than a biological concept in the first volume and sure enough, he pursues this further, arguing at greater length that national socialism is unfitting for the German and the Germanic spirit. This seems to be the main angle for this planned chapter. One feature of the regime that Spengler detests is the utopian and chiliastic strain in the rhetoric and political imagery. He felt it was neither the time nor the place to talk about chiliasm, Gnosticism, Joachim of Fiore or anything like that, and suffice to say that Spengler's heroical realism was not in vogue with the nascent regime. In this he was mirroring the critiques levied against him by regime-aligned writers who called him a backwards-looking prophet of doom with no place in the new Germany .

Spengler also went back to comments he had made on economic matters in The Decline of the West and Man and Technics, where he laid out that capitalism was a fruit of the Faustian Nordic spirit. This was of course an implicit critique of Max Weber (who famously attributed the rise of capitalism to the Puritans and Calvinists) and Werner Sombart (who argued that the Jews had invented and shaped the spirit

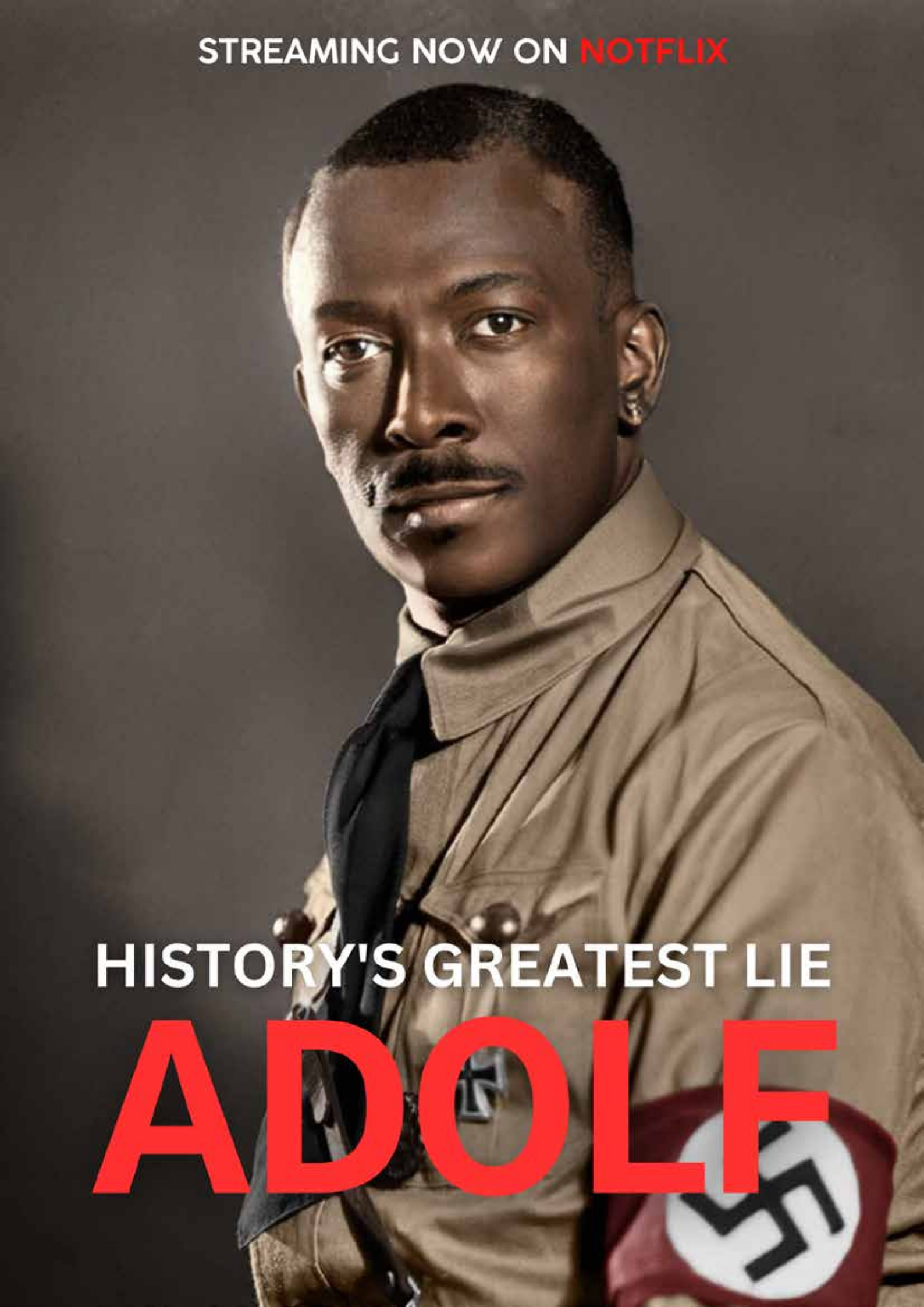
of capitalism), which Spengler made explicit in these notes. Spengler – ardent Natural Hierarchy Enjoyer that he was – resented all propositions that had the sniff of class warfare. For him, the true antagonism was not between "proletariat" and bourgeoisie" but between captains of industry and the stock exchange. Spengler was too much of a Nietzschean, following the Pathos of Distance, to truly buy into any movement that relied on the masses. In these notes, time and again he expresses his distaste for mass events, public speeches and such things. Spengler called for Caesarism, the rule of exceptional individuals, and mobilizing the masses via a party apparatus is antithetical to that. One detail that evoked his wrath in these notes repeatedly was the term Nazi "Volksgenosse". "Genosse" is the German equivalent of "comrade" and thus has a communist connotation (the literal translation, "Kamerad" weirdly has a rightist connotation nowadays in Germany). This of course relates to the old-school reactionary talking point of nationalism being a corrosive egalitarian dynamic that dissolves the social order, regardless of whether it does so in the name of liberating the workers or by appealing the identity of the Volk.

In the first volume of "The Hour of Decision", Spengler introduces the concept of the "White World Revolution". By this he means the internal malaise of Faustian culture (mostly in the sphere of politics) as opposed to the "Coloured World Revolution" which means the threat of outside forces. For Spengler, the White World Revolution starts with enlightenment liberalism and includes just about all political movements from the 18th century until now, including national socialism and Italian fascism. The White World Revolution will only be overcome by Caesarism, and national socialism is simply a part of the problem and not a part of the solution. As an admirer of Mussolini, he at least entertains the possibility of Italian fascism being not so much a dead end but transitory in nature while being misguided in and of itself. These thoughts were articulated with a modicum of subtlety in the first volume, but now the gloves are off.

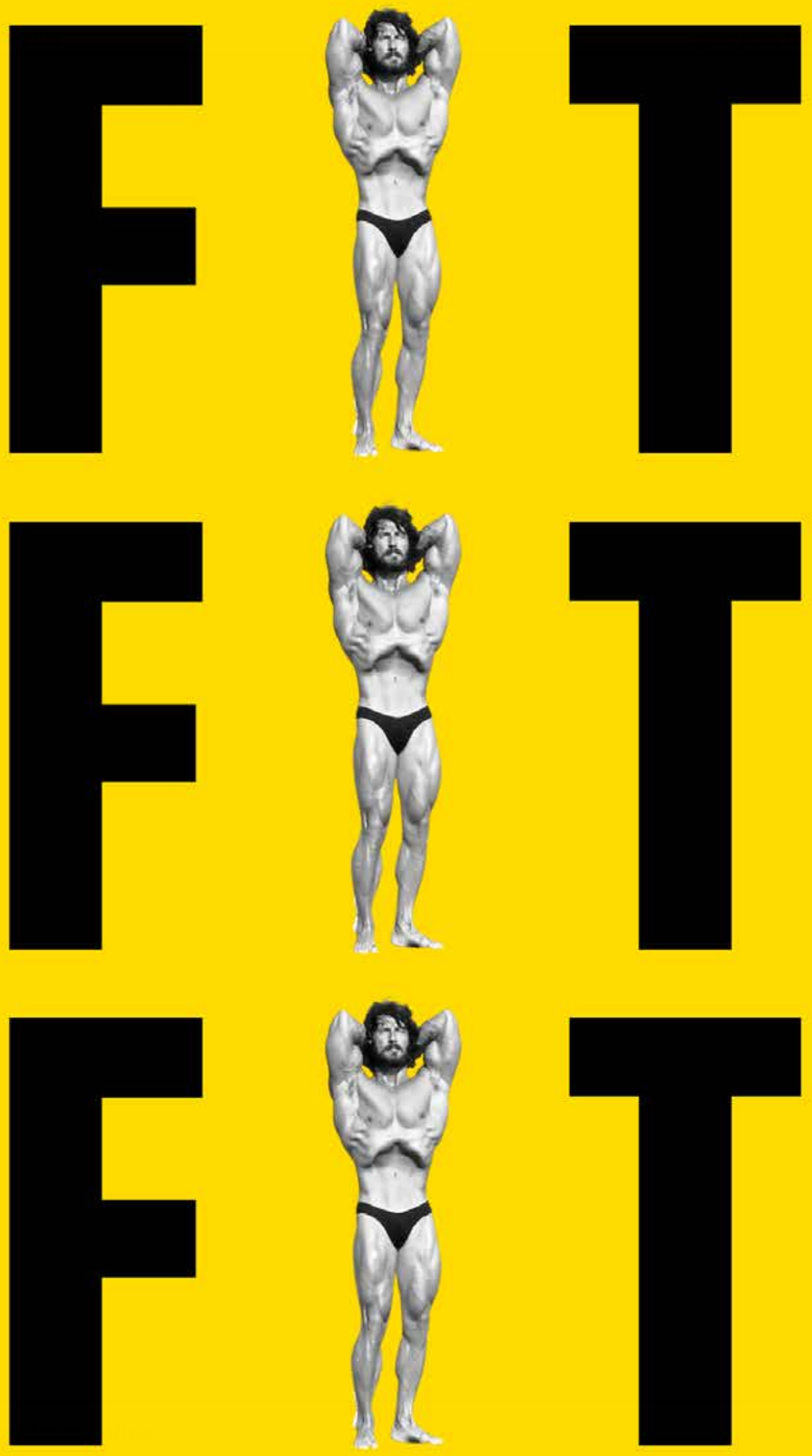
The second planned chapter of the second volume was supposed to go into all of this in much greater detail, it would very much have been a chapter where Spengler ties together a lot of the things he hinted at in previous writings. In Prussianism and Socialism, for example, he devoted an entire chapter to the depravities of the revolution and its farcical nature. He too wrote a chapter on the revolution in his 1924 essay "Neubau des Deutschen Reiches" ["Rebuilding the German Reich"] and this would have been the point where he returned to that. The German revolution, Spengler maintained, was not over. It merely moved through several states, as the French Revolution did. The Hitler government was merely the latest, maybe the last state of the German revolution and of course Spengler eagerly awaited a Caesar who would put an end to all of this. This chapter would have been a history of the Weimar Republic from Spengler's point of view, interpreting it all as stages of one revolutionary dynamic.

As entertaining as the notes are on this, Spengler sadly doesn't really explain how one gets from Point A, the original revolutionary events of 1918/19, and Point B, the present day of the early to mid-1930's. The chapter would essentially have been the "empirical" side of the book, whereas the first chapter was the more "theoretical" assault on certain aspects of national socialism. And from this vantage point we can outline what the planned second volume of "The Hour of Decision" was supposed to be. While the first volume was the "big picture" view of Germany's situatedness in current history, the second volume would have been the more granular, concrete perspective. It would have been Spengler's return to low-brow everyday politics.

As much as it pains me to say, I don't think the second volume of The Hour of Decision would have presented essential new insights by Spengler, but rather a summary and concretisation of themes he had already covered or touched upon. Obviously, it would have been a supremely entertaining polemic and for that alone it would have been great to have it. And Spengler also has a habit of always being interesting, whatever he talks about. Hopefully one day this collection by Fabian Mauch will be translated into English, but that's a tall order for a small dissident scene.


STREAMING NOW ON NOTFLIX
HISTORY'S GREATEST LIE
ADOLF

www.WildIsle.co.uk
Wild Isle
BONE BROTH CONCENTRATE
from Hebridean Cattle
Broth from the Croft
290g
Beef Bone Broth Concentrate
from the Outer Hebrides
Small family business
Sorry - UK only
Now trialling "Pay as you Wish"
- check us out!



PROMOTION

In a world characterized by disorder and chaos, passivity is a failing strategy. Our long-term health is one area of concern that is under direct assault. To truly live and thrive, one must actively refuse to succumb to the prevailing entropy that follows from the conditions of the current day. The shaping of our collective physical, mental, and social landscape requires a forward stance and a positive vision that honors strength, virtue, and a shared purpose to sustain healthy communities.

Without action, there is only degeneration.

In the current state of the modern world, the meaning of health has been diluted. The institutions that were intended to uphold a standard for the vitality of a nation's people have gradually turned against the very populace they were meant to serve. We are provided with guidance and instruction that weakens, sickens, and harms us. The default setting of our current state of being is one that encourages fragility. The more we succumb to dependence on corporate and government provision, the sicker we become as a people. Pursuing an alternative means of well-being outside the confines of the medical-industrial establishment is met with suspicion and scorn. However, it is up to those who wish to break away from these current incentives to seek authentic guiding principles aligned with what is good and beautiful.

Put simply, we must strive to get stronger, healthier, and more resilient on our own terms.

Axios was founded to help you pursue strength in the face of the consequences imposed by modernity. Our vision of health and fitness is rooted in vitality and responsibility, rejecting harmful dogmas that hinder our perseverance. To reverse our current course, the true remedy lies in engaging in physically demanding practices of strength development and adopting behaviors that support our ability to withstand the challenges of social decline.

Whether you need coaching, customized routines, or a supportive community to achieve your goals, Axios provides the guidance and expertise to help you reach your potential and conquer your objectives. Founded by strength and conditioning professionals experienced in various arenas of human performance, Axios offers strategies that accommodate to your constraints and preferences. With expertise gained from professional and collegiate weightrooms, military units, biomechanics and physiology labs, our heritage is rooted in the principles utilized by the best minds in the field. Committed to authenticity, Axios strives to deliver the best training methodsA tailored to your needs, skill level, and environment.

The path forward demands a commitment to physical action. Relying solely on the online and digital landscape will not grant us the future we desire. Real action, effort, and community are essential to procure a healthier standard of life. The only way out is through. If you're ready to make a change and begin to take responsibility for your outcomes, Axios has the expertise and understanding to help you cultivate long-term habits.

AXIOS

REMOTE FITNESS COACHING

"A GOOD SOLDIER FIGHTS NOT BECAUSE HE HATES WHAT IS IN FRONT OF HIM, BUT BECAUSE HE LOVES WHAT IS BEHIND HIM."— HERODOTUS

In this age of **atomization,** we have become **isolated, disconnected, and lost.** The true **strength** that comes from **interdependence** is overshadowed by the allure of personal freedom.

This same paradigm has **destroyed** our health, **crushed** our ambitions, and **lowered** our standards of physical competence.

You may choose to face this battle alone, but you're always **stronger** in numbers.

FIND YOUR WAR BAND.

STRENGTH TRAINING / COACHING / GROUP PROGRAMS

JOIN NOW **AXIOSCOACHING.COM**

@AXIOS_COACHING

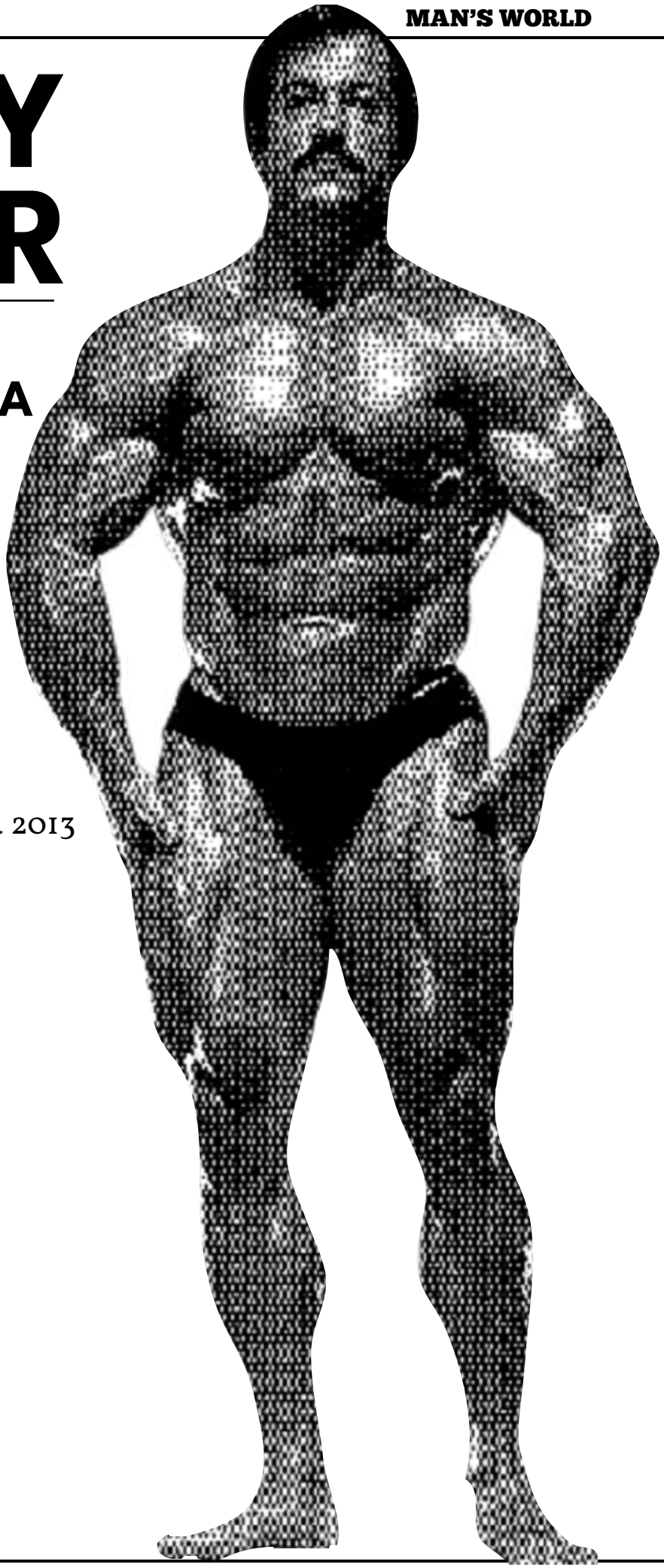
THE EXPERIMENT

CASEY VIATOR

ETERNAL PHYSIQUE

CASEY VIATOR

THE MAN WHO WON MR AMERICA AT 19 AND PUT ON 63 POUNDS OF MUSCLE IN 28 DAYS



VITAL STATISTICS

CASEY VIATOR
September 4 1951 — September 4 2013

Height: 5'8"
Weight: 215-225lbs (93-102kg)
Arms: 19"
Chest: 50"
Waist: 31"
Thighs: 28"
Calves: 18"

TITLES WON:
1970 AAU Teen Mr America
1970 AAU Mr USA
1971 AAU Mr USA
1971 AAU Jr. Mr America
1971 AAU MRr America
1980 Louisiana Grand Prix
1980 Pennysylvania Grand Prix
1980 Pittsburgh Pro Invitational

Casey Viator is best known for two things: winning the Mr America at the tender age of 19, becoming the youngest competitor ever to do so, and taking part in the famous "Colorado Experiment", under the tutelage of Arthur Jones, in which he managed to pack on an astonishing 63lbs of lean tissue in just a month.

Viator was a keen sportsman from a young age, especially baseball and athletics. His participation in these sports made it clear, without any specific training, that he had extraordinary potential to build muscle. With the guidance of his uncle, he began training the Olympic lifts from age 13. After making good progress in both size and strength, he realised that the best way to maximise his physical development would be a programme that focused on individual muscle groups rather than simply training compound movements.

Success came immediately for Viator once he transitioned to bodybuilding. At the age of 17, he entered the 1968 Mr Louisiana and took first place. He impressed in subsequent contests, although he didn't take home the gold, mainly through lack of stage experience rather than muscular development. In 1970, he placed 3rd in the Mr America, winning the "most muscular" award, and won the Teen Mr America and Teen Mr USA contests.

It was at this time that he first met Arthur Jones, who would help him ascend further, to the elite level of bodybuilding. Jones was the creator of the innovative "Nautilus" system of machines and also a pioneer of a more rational approach to bodybuilding that emphasised effective stimulus — intensity —and rest over massive volume. This rational approach would later become the basis of Mike Menzter's famous "heavy duty" and Dorian Yates's "blood and guts" systems. Jones could see that Viator was limiting his massive potential for muscle growth by overtraining, so he helped pare back Viator's routine.

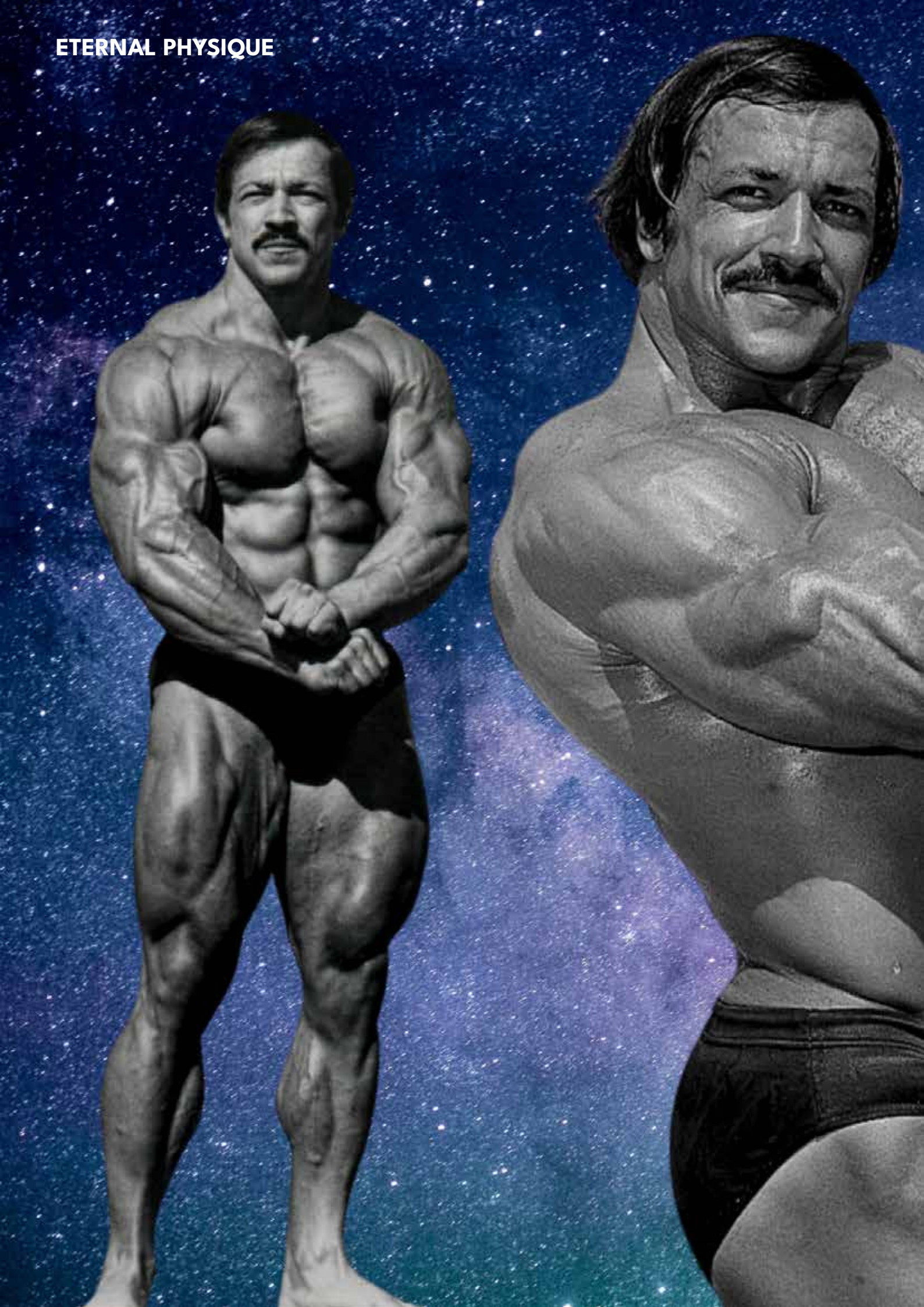
By all accounts, Jones's intervention was a success. In 1971 Viator destroyed his competition in the Junior Mr America and the Mr America competition, winning the "most muscular" category in both as well. Superstardom seemed assured. Unfortunately for Viator, fate would intervene. At the start of 1973, he lost part of a finger in an accident at the gym, and then suffered a reaction to anti-tetanus medication that almost killed him. He refused to train and fell into a heavy depression.

By May 1973, Viator had lost nearly 35lbs. Arthur Jones decided it was time for a second intervention, and persuaded him to return to training. At Jones's direction and using his signature Nautilus equipment, Viator was able to gain 63lbs of muscle over a period of four weeks — just over 2.25lbs of muscle a day — as well as losing 7lbs of fat. As absurd as this might sound, Jones kept the receipts and published a report on his experiment with Viator, which came to be known as the "Colorado Experiment".

The Colorado Experiment has mystified and divided the fitness community ever since, with some claiming Viator's remarkable gains were simply due to unacknowledged use of anabolic steroids, which Jones and Viator both denied, and others claiming it was a kind of "muscle memory" and that the results would not be replicable with an untrained individual. Whatever the case may be, the fact remains that Casey Viator really did put on over 60lbs of lean mass in a month.

Viator chose not to compete for five years after the Experiment, at the insistence of Jones, who believed he needed to take time to recover physically and mentally from his ordeal. In 1978, he returned to competition and placed 2nd in the Mr Universe. In 1980, he won three competitions — his best competitive performance — but his winning days were now over. After top 3 placings in five competitions in 1981 and 1982, including the 1982 Mr Olympia, he decided to retire. He briefly returned to competition in 1995, placing 12th in the Masters Olympia.

He continued to train, and to train clients, as well as writing for *Muscle and Fitness* and *Flex* magazines. He died of a massive heart attack on his 62nd birthday, in 2013.



Containing 80+ drawings and interpretations, Draw Me a Gorilla is the personality test everybody's trying. Over 120 pages you'll learn everything you need to know about drawing and interpreting drawings of gorillas. Available now from Amazon.com.

Rebel Print'n

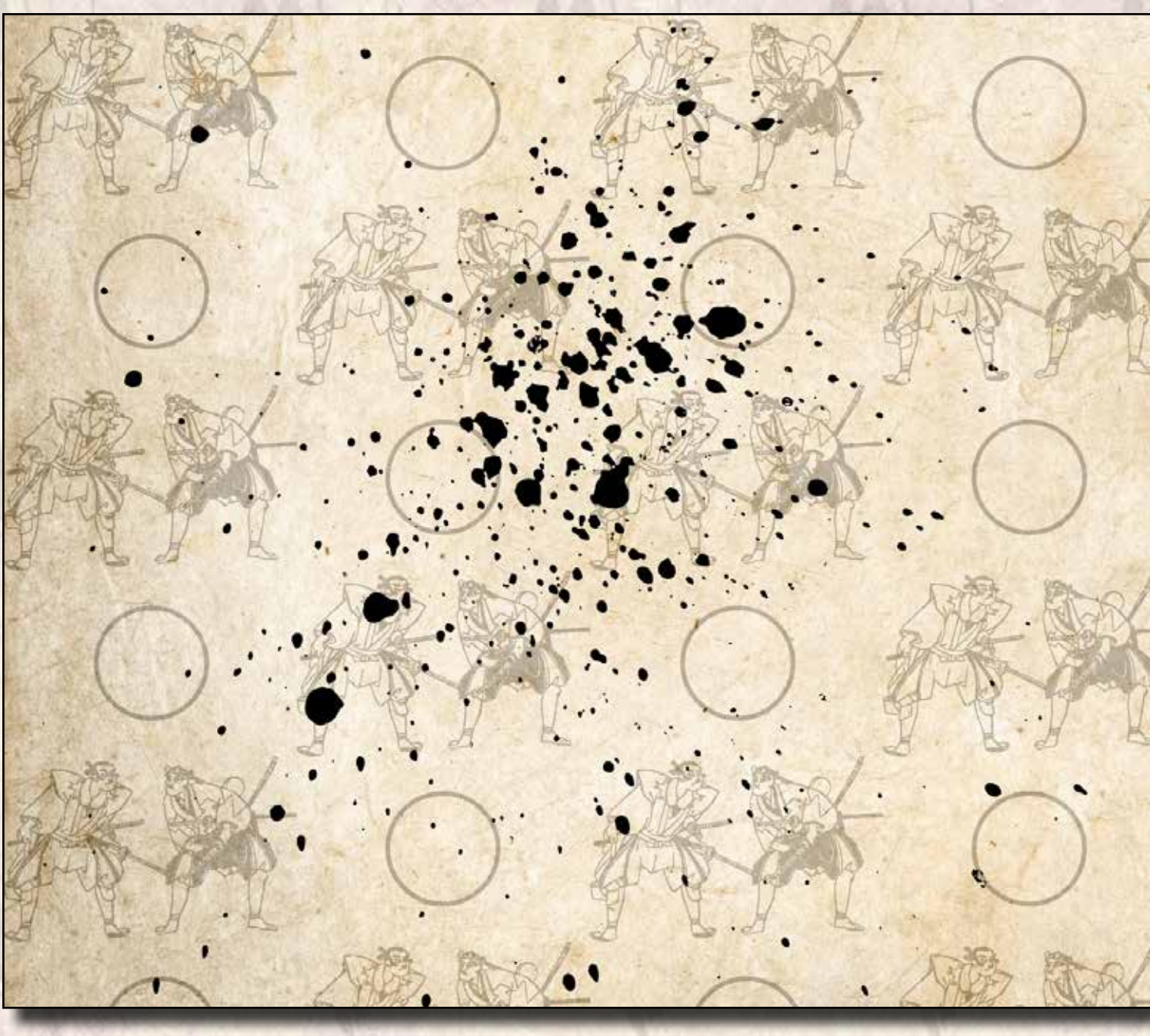
make
your
casual
classic

evoke
sheer
force
in style

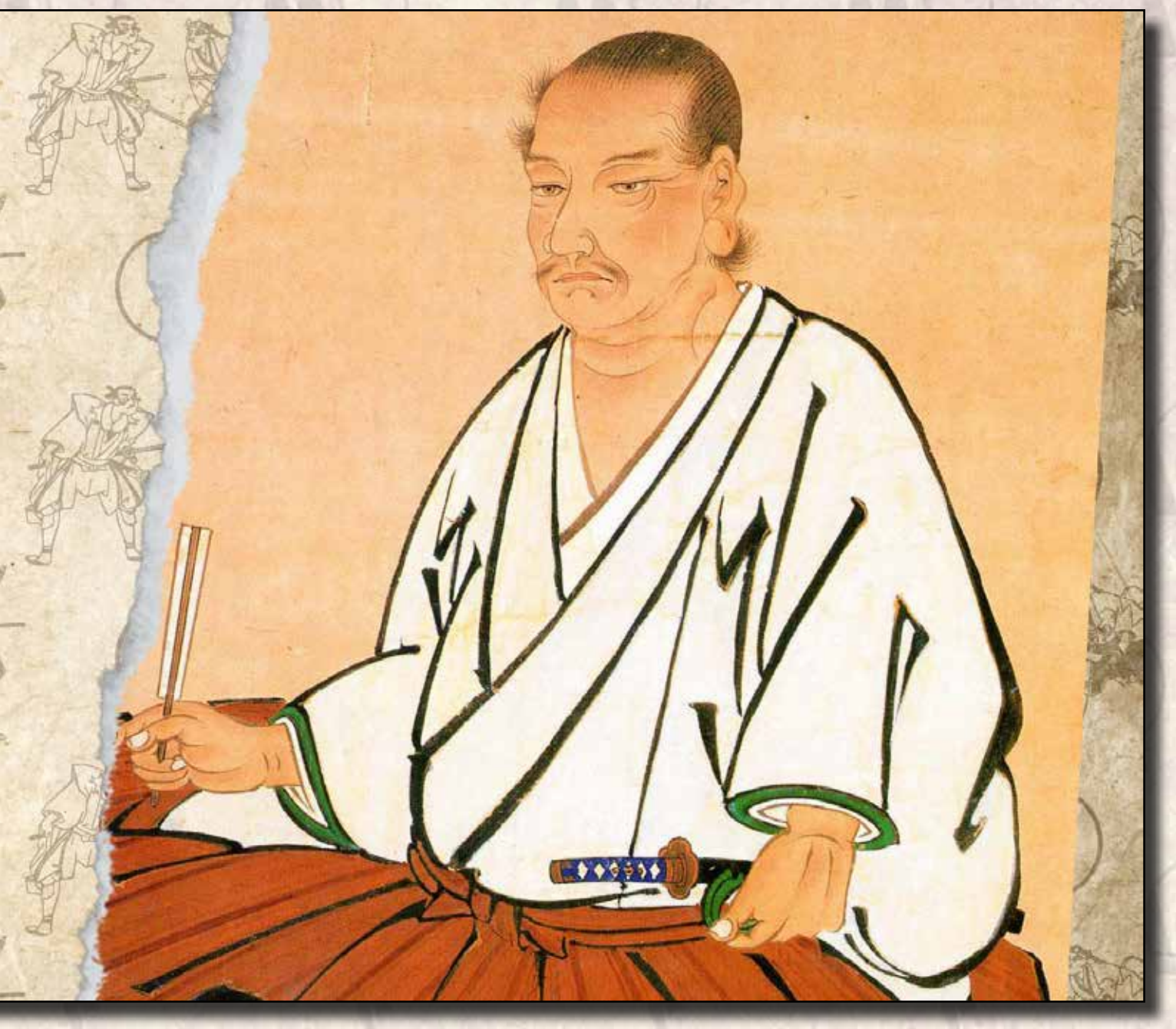
ig: rebel_printn

www.rebelprintn.com

SPIRIT



"TRAINING MORNING TO NIGHT, ONCE YOU HAVE POLISHED IT TO PERFECTION, YOU WILL ACHIEVE AN INDEPENDENT FREEDOM, NATURALLY ALSO ACQUIRE WONDROUS ABILITIES, AND HAVE MYSTERIOUS, LIMITLESS POWER. THIS IS THE SPIRIT OF THE PRACTICE WE UNDERTAKE AS WARRIORS" - MIYAMOTO MUSASHI



THE SPIRIT OF THE SAMURAI

In an exlusive collaboration with Countere Media, we delve into the ethos of the greatest warrior caste in history

by ALARIC THE BARBARIAN

The samurai are a subject of endless fascination in the West. At once foreign and familiar, inscrutable yet intuitive, the Japanese warrior-monk holds a special place in the Western imagination. The idea of a feudal warrior caste harkens to the knights of European history, but there's a deep uniqueness to the samurai. They seem to take the archetype of a knight and go further, to extend it to its limit – for better or worse.

This is a common observation of Japanese culture as seen from a Western perspective. There are endless similarities between the two civilizations, but there's just something different. The British and the Japanese both

enjoy tea, but the Japanese take it a step further, with their intricate tea ceremony being an art form in itself. Westerners respect hierarchies, but the Japanese more so, with a great level of ritual around deference to elders and superiors. European knights put their lives on the line for God and country and were always willing to die for a cause; however, the samurai were willing to die over any dishonor, to advance any goal.

It is the practice of seppuku, ritual suicide, that is the most inscrutable in the West. The Western warrior ethos is to conquer, then live to fight another day; the samurai, however, saw the act of dying as intentional and even beautiful. For any reason and at any time, a samurai was ready to die in spectacular fashion, leaving behind only a haiku in remembrance. Everything in a samurai's life was codified and ritualized, from drinking tea to speaking to creating art, and his death was no exception to this rule.

In America, the samurai (especially the ronin, a masterless samurai) is often likened to the cowboy of the Wild West. In fact, many Westerns borrowed their plot points and themes from samurai movies. This similarity was noticed by both cultures. Today the cowboy archetype is common in Japanese media. Though the samurai's strict adherence to ancestral tenets is quite foreign to the cowboy's untamed freedom, they are spiritually one and the same: warriors driven by strong principles, setting off into the untamed distance to bring order by force.

Yet unlike the cowboy, samurai were not an anomaly in Japanese history, and the caste remained a feature of Japanese society for 700 years. Beginning in the Kamakura period (1192-1333), the samurai arose out of provincial warrior-bands and began to formalize their arms and armor, training, and code — an initial foray into the creation of a unified warrior culture. But it was in the Muromachi period (1338-1573) that the modern image of the samurai arose. During this time, Zen Buddhism spread among the warrior class, and bushido developed as their unwritten moral code, emphasizing duty, martial prowess, cultural refinement, and honor. Bushido evolved past a set of rules and into a unique lifestyle: one of commitment, loyalty, and a life without regrets. In short, "death before defeat or dishonor." This culture would last in varying forms until 1871.

Due to the rigorous training needed to become a samurai, the class became necessarily hereditary, an element which would be formalized during the Tokugawa shogunate (1603-1868). Beginning at a young age, samurai would start to learn martial arts and swordsmanship from their father or a local fencing master.

To learn fighting alone was a monumentally long curriculum. Samurai carried two swords, one short (wakizashi) and one long (katana). They also fought with polearms (naginata, yari), two-handed swords (nodachi), and bows. All of these weapons had to be mastered on foot and on horseback. Physical strength was developed through hard exercise, with early forms of weightlifting preparing trainees for the armor they'd wear on the battlefield. Samurai had to run, ride, climb, swim, and jump in armor, and all of these skills were developed starting in childhood.

At the same time, young samurai were instructed in culture and philosophy, immersed in a particular blend of Zen Buddhism and traditional Shinto. Day-to-day actions like tea ceremonies, etiquette, and language — samurai were expected to be eloquent yet terse and speak only what was meaningful — were an important element of their education. Samurai were also taught literature, art, and poetry. Many would go on to pursue painting, writing, and calligraphy throughout their lives. Traversing between battlefield fury and courtly composure required a great deal of tutelage, and their education would continue well into their teen years.

"This thing called strategy is the practice of the warrior class. Those who command must carry out this practice, and those who fight should also understand this path...Few, however, care to follow the path of the warrior. A warrior has what are called the Dual Paths of Scholarship and Warfare to follow, and must have a liking for both of these Ways."

— Musashi

源平盛衰記
六

誠忠義士肖像
中村勘助正辰
國芳画
横川彫竹
正辰

"UNLIKE THE WESTERN KNIGHTLY TRADITION, SAMURAI FIGHTING WAS MEANT TO BE QUICK, EXPLOSIVE, AND DECISIVE"

While these cultural elements were important, the primary goal of training a samurai was to initiate him into the warrior religion; martial instruction took up most of the day, beginning early and ending late. As trainees grew in age and martial prowess, they would move from wooden swords to metal blades. At this point they'd begin to learn cutting, a deeply ritualized and technical element of Japanese swordsmanship.

Partially due to sword and armor development and partially due to the philosophy of Japanese martial arts, samurai weapons were expected to be wielded with a certain sense of authority — the goal was always to cut completely through a target on the first stroke. Weapons technology itself intertwined with this idea: the katana is a brittle blade, but incredibly sharp and strong along its edge, lending itself to these powerful slashes.

Unlike the Western knightly tradition, samurai fighting was meant to be quick, explosive, and decisive. This was aligned with Japanese armor technology as well: often made of bamboo, wood, and leather, good armor could withstand solid strikes or glancing cuts, but a proper slash could cleave straight through.

The development of war technology and the techniques countering them is a chicken-and-egg situation: no one knows which came first, but both elements advanced within that framework for centuries. As a result, battlefield engagements were meant to be decided in a few strokes, with none of the hack-and-slash of Hollywood fight scenes. To win, one would have to create an advantage and execute a near-perfect strike, and most Japanese swordsmanship techniques were built around these goals.

Today, Japanese sword arts prioritize cutting rolled tatami mats to demonstrate one's ability. This is something of a modern adaptation. Historically, samurai often preferred to practice on dead bodies or convicted criminals for the sake of realism. Witnessing and participating in this method of training began quite young, to desensitize trainees to blood and gore. Hardening the body was seen as almost secondary to hardening the spirit, and a familiarity with brutality, as well as a closeness with death, was encouraged by such training.

The samurai obsession with death is a truly unique element of their culture, one that begins with surface-level desensitization but actually runs much deeper. In fact, death was their single most important philosophical focus: it pervaded every action, every thought. The *Hagakure*, an eighteenth-century work on bushido, summarized it unceremoniously: "The way of the warrior is death." In a sense, this was completely accurate: the samurai was meant to see himself as a figure of living death, a long-dead man who propels himself forward only through courage and moral rectitude. The samurai was a man condemned, an executioner of enemies who himself was always teetering on the brink of destruction. Many have called samurai culture a death cult, and they're not too far off.

However, this can lend itself to certain common misinterpretations, so it should be clarified further. The samurai ideal wasn't some beaten-down notion of following the rules to avoid dying. Rather, it was a culture so steeped in death that meeting one's end was like meeting an old friend. This familiarity with death was meant to bring a sense of freedom, deeper purpose, and vitality. Musashi summarized it well: "Beneath the raised sword lies Hell, which you dread; but if you move ahead, you will find the Land of Bliss."

If one is always ready to die, he necessarily lives a more vital, richer life — this was the true goal of the samurai obsession with death.

The *Hagakure* describes this element of their ethos as "conquering immortality by dying without hesitations." From this, we can see that the samurai were no death cult. Rather, they were a life cult, one fixated on the ephemeral nature of everything good and beautiful.

Beauty is another particular focus of Japanese warrior culture, elevated especially for its ephemeral nature. Cherry blossoms are the classic example: blooming for only two weeks each year, they are beautiful partly because they are temporary – doomed, even.

Samurai saw an appreciation for beauty, intertwined with ancestral superstition and religion, as central to warrior life. Take their armor as an example. Ornately decorated, it was custom-made to align with the wearer's astrological alignment – a holdover from the Shinto tradition. Weapons were much the same, and their design was so important that later Christian samurai would take the risk of hiding crosses in their swords' handguards, even though the punishment for such belief was death. The samurai tradition was to wear one's heart on one's sleeve, even when it was dangerous.

Yukio Mishima, a modern samurai revivalist in a sense, found great similarities between ancient Greek and Japanese notions of beauty. Natural splendor, the human form, and an honorable death were valued highly in both cultures, to the point that Mishima considered them sister civilizations. Despite being worlds apart, they evolved towards the same pinnacle: a focus on honor, beauty, and vitality.

The Japanese notion of vitality is perhaps the most difficult to elucidate, as it grew from a different framework than Western analogues. It isn't the devil-may-care youthfulness of Hippocleides, the wanton disregard of Diogenes, or the free-wheeling ambition of Alcibiades. Nonetheless, the samurai valued the "divine carelessness" that characterized the higher men of Greece. It was just expressed differently.

Take, for example, folk heroes like Miyamoto Musashi. Early in his life, Musashi was challenged by the respected swordsman Sasaki Kojiro – a bitter rival of his, who had mastered dozens of complicated techniques and wielded a sword so long it was called the "Drying-Pole." They were set to duel on a small island at dawn, and Kojiro was expected to deal with him handily. But on the day of the duel, Musashi overslept and showed up three hours late, in no visible rush.

To add insult to injury, Musashi was wielding a boat oar instead of a sword. At the sight of this disrespect, Kojiro threw his scabbard to the side in anger. HIs opponent further enraged him by commenting "if you have no more use for your sheath, then clearly you have already lost." Enraged, Kojiro charged him... and Musashi proceeded to dominate the fight, killing his opponent with only the oar. Later in life, he would take challengers under similar circumstances, beating all comers with only a wooden sword.

The values in this story come from different roots than those of Greece, but the vitality and audacity are the same. In Musashi's duels, are there not echoes of Achilles? Is that not the same daring audacity of the Greek hero?

The key difference here lies in the origins of Japanese warrior culture; its uniqueness came from its adoption of Zen Buddhism. The samurai arose at around the same time as the other notable group of warrior-monks — the knightly orders of the Crusades — and had fascinatingly similar views on asceticism and morality. But while Christian warrior-monks focused on piety and prayer, the samurai developed a different method of spiritual actualization: meditation, both in the traditional sense and in a way specific to combat. This is where the obsession with death crystallized into everyday actions. A life on the brink of death had to be vital and noble, but it also had to be one of extreme discipline.

It is here that Eastern (especially Zen) thought often proves troublesome to Westerners, as the language surrounding it is intentionally vague and somewhat esoteric. Talk of "realizing the true Way" and "achieving emptiness" was meant to be exclusionary when it was written, only to be truly understood by those who came from the right pedigree and had achieved the minimum levels of physical proficiency.

The foundational texts of samurai Zen Buddhism were meant to be vague and inaccessible – and today, that means they tend to

sound like generic New Age garbage. Despite this element, there are certain writers who have cut through the esotericism and presented the samurai warrior-religion as it was. In *Zen: The Religion of the Samurai*, Julius Evola summarizes the samurai view on meditation: "The bow and the sword become the vehicles for 'active meditation', in which action is the foundation of an eminently spiritual path. Action eventually becomes spontaneous, unhindered, flowing from the remote center of one's being in the perfect harmony of spirit, weapon, and body. When this harmony is achieved, one goes beyond technique, leaving behind hatred as well as love, and one's action becomes irresistible."

This goal was at the core of samurai spirituality: to master the body and external world as a path towards internal, spiritual mastery. Martial prowess became a way to build this internal mastery. The ideal samurai was therefore one who had mastered the external world via warfare and had also mastered himself. To the samurai, these goals were one and the same.

The ultimate goal of this mastery was to reach a state of "perfect spontaneity", a state in which actions are not decided upon, but merely happen, exactly as is necessary. Some today would call this a flow state, though this is a dubious descriptor, as it wasn't just meant to happen in the heat of battle. Rather, the samurai aimed to exist in this state at all times, never concerned with the minutiae of life, always building toward something higher; always on the offensive, both literally and metaphorically.

"As for the Way of strategy and single combat, in all things you must be constantly intent on taking the initiative, always taking the initiative. The idea of "taking up a position" means waiting for someone else to take the initiative. You should work this out thoroughly."

— Mushashi

Here, the analogy to the knightly orders deepens. Through ascetic life and faith, the Templars, Teutonic Knights, and Hospitallers aimed to live an existence exactly in line with God's intent: a state in which their piety would carry them through battle, as though they themselves were merely a vessel. Similarly, through self-discipline and meditative training, samurai aimed to eliminate desire and internal strife, reaching a state of spontaneity in which their actions in battle and in life merely flowed from them, rather than being actively decided upon.

This notion is quite foreign to nearly every culture today. Asceticism is rare, and warrior asceticism is even rarer. However, it was the driving force behind samurai culture. Their ritualized lives, their obsession with the macabre, and their focus on beauty all stemmed from the desire to achieve this state of "perfect spontaneity." Once it was reached (or as Musashi would say, once the Way was realized) the individual samurai would approach combat without hesitation, and with unstoppable force. In life, he would be moral, just, and insightful, and his appreciation of the world's beauty would not be hampered by its fleeting nature, for he himself is fleeting, but recognizes this and therefore lives only in the moment.

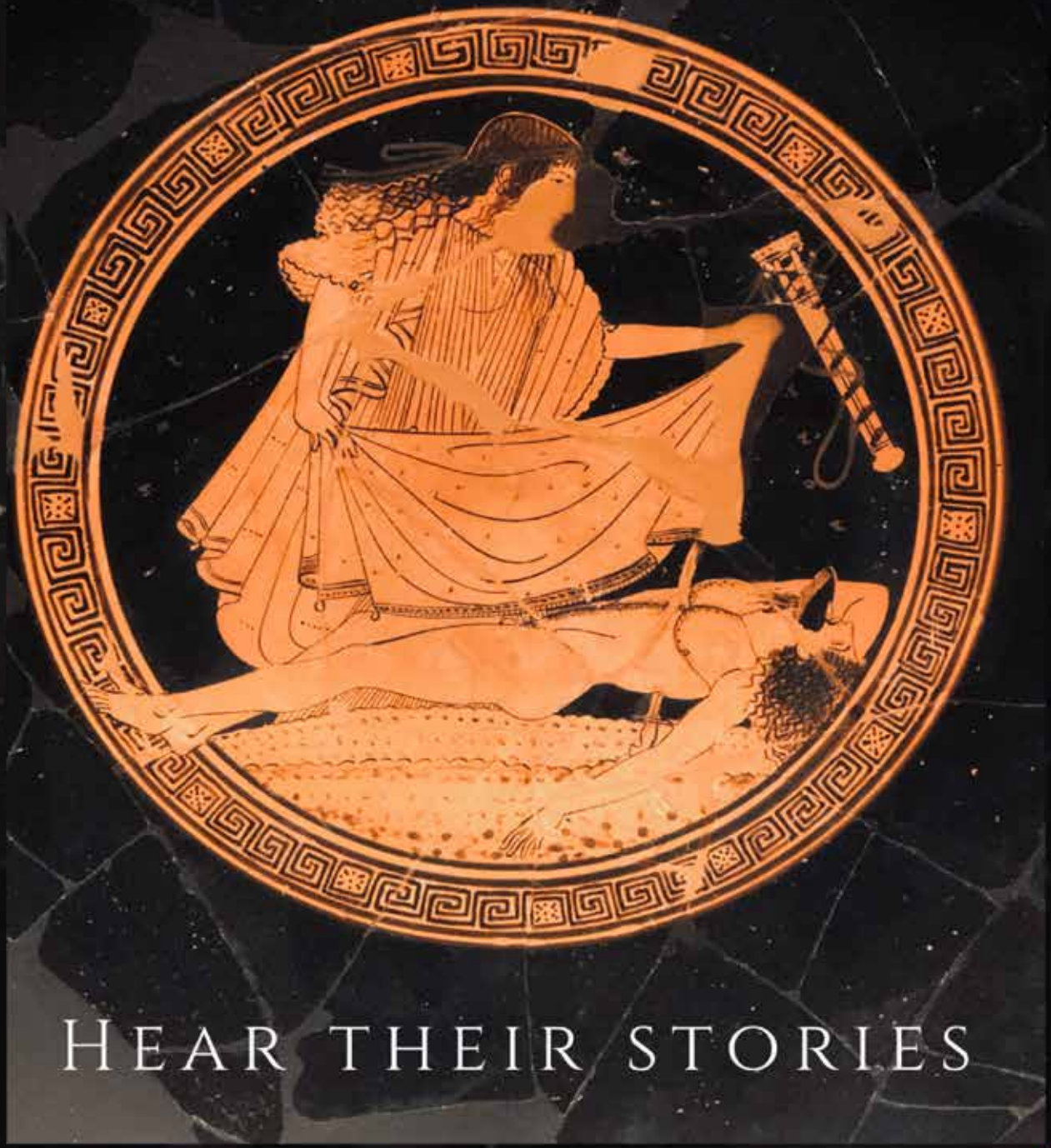
This harmonic existence was seen as the pinnacle of a samurai's metaphysical life and his ultimate goal. It was intertwined with the social laws of bushido, emphasizing duty to one's lord, protection of the weak, and a high standard of personal conduct.

Like all warrior ethics, this was an aspirational ideal, not necessarily a practical one. The standards of bushido and the tenets of Zen were meant to be reached for, yet remain near-impossible to fully attain. But as in the case of the Chivalric Code, it was the striving that mattered. The samurai spirit was characterized by this striving toward a more vibrant life, through duty and metaphysical improvement. At the same time, the threat of destruction, by one's own hand or another's, loomed constantly, to the point of familiarity and even fixation.

Between these, we see the samurai as he was: a contradiction, a paradox. A man walking a razor-thin wire, teetering between death and perfection.

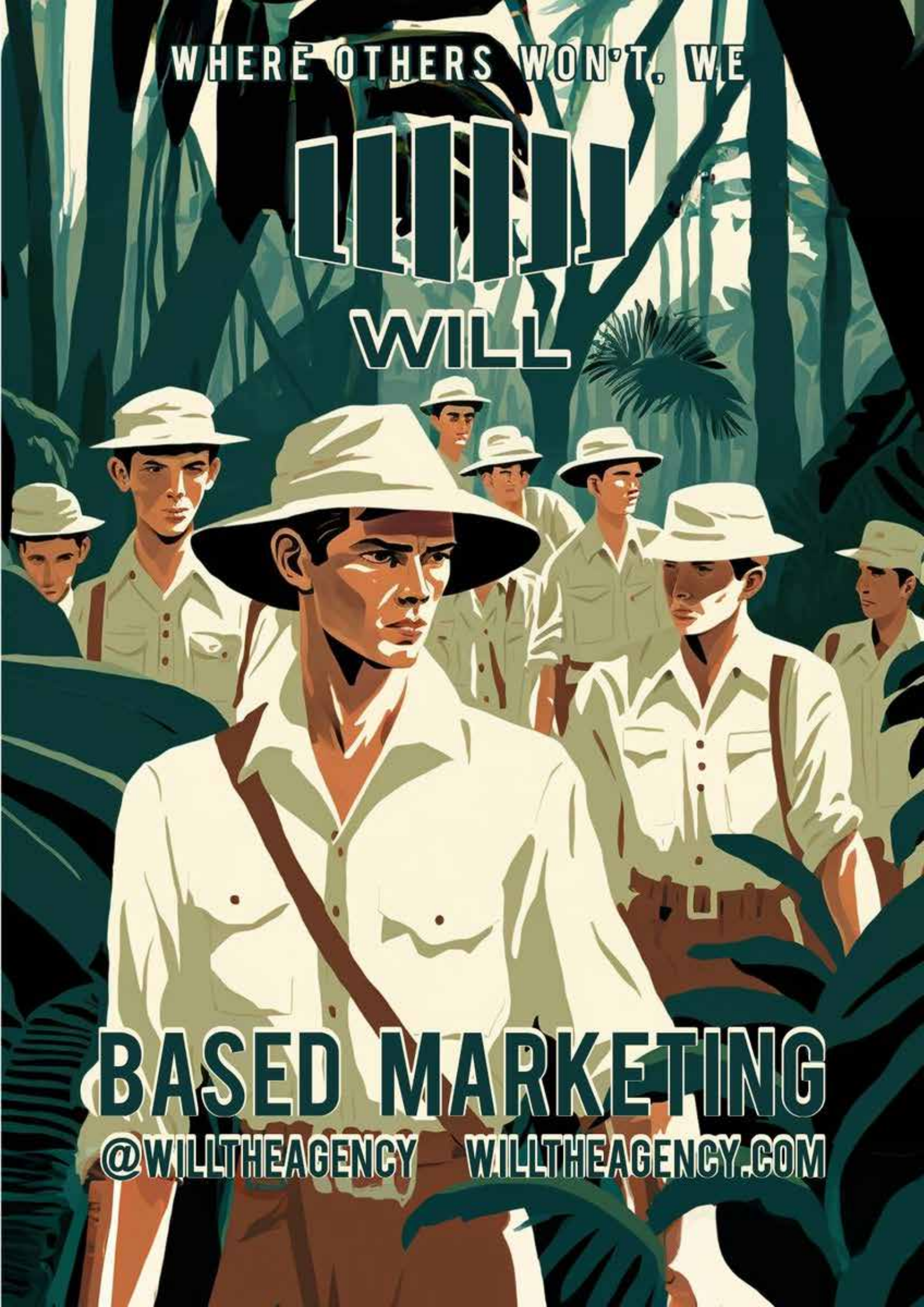
Yin and yang.

THE COST OF GLORY



HEAR THEIR STORIES

ANCIENTLIFECOACH.COM


WHERE OTHERS WON'T, WE
WILL
BASED MARKETING
@WILLTHEAGENCY
WILLTHEAGENCY.COM

NOOR BIN LADIN
in conversation with
RAHEEM KASSAM

The name's Kassam, Raheem Kassam. A mix between an international man of mystery, political fixer and a highlyA well-read, honest journalist (anA oxymoron nowadays), Raheem has a unique position in the world of politics. As we discussed during our call for this interview, he's been at the forefront of the populist movement, taking part in the key political moments of the past few years. As he points out, he's the only person who was both at the Brexit victory party as well as President Trump's election night in 2016.

In fact, Raheem had to postpone our talk because he was "travelling with 45 this weekend". On that occasion, he was one of two reporters who accompanied President Trump during his trip to Georgia and North Carolina's state GOP conventions the following day of his outrageous indictment. You can read all about it at the National Pulse, Raheem's news site he justA relaunched last month, with great success.

We spoke for a couple of hours as Raheem smoked his Hestia cigarettes (if you know, you know, he tells me), covering MAGA, foie gras and much more in this exclusive interview for MAN'S WORLD.

Noor Bin Ladin: Raheem, let's get straight into MAGA, how this populist nationalism movement started, and what was your a-ha moment?

Raheem Kassam: For me, it was in July 2015. I had set up the Breitbart office in London the previous year, and the company sends me to cover FreedomFest in Las Vegas. The London editor gets dispatched, because the London editor demanded it, because the London editor likes going to Vegas (laughs). So I go to Vegas and I take my friend Ben Harris-Quinney who's a columnist at Breitbart London. Ben's in charge of the Bow Group in England, which is the oldest conservative think tank. So we're there and Donald Trump shows up. Everybody thinks it's very strange because Donald Trump is not a libertarian, and FreedomFest is an extremely libertarian conference. The big hall is packed and everybody's wondering "What does Donald Trump have to say to a bunch of libertarians?"

When he walked in, about 20% of the audience were in rapturous applause and the rest kind of either just politely clapping or not at all. Trump gets up there and talks for about 50 minutes. I'm sitting in the back of the room, and by the end of the speech, about 80% of the audience are giving him a standing ovation. That was the moment Ben and I realised there was something there. Ben said, "You know, I think that Trump has the ability to be America's [Nigel] Farage". And I told him, "Well, you should write that as an article" and he goes, "But Breitbart likes [Ted] Cruz". "It doesn't matter. I have the publisher button, and I'll publish whatever the fuck I want" I replied, knowing full well I might get in trouble, but also knowing that I could just be like, "Oh, I'm very sorry, I'm English, I didn't realize!", you know? I did that a lot, and I still do that a lot.

So we publish this thing and a couple of months later Steve [Bannon] invites me on a quick and hazy trip. We flew together from Reagan airport I think – this is back when Steve can just fly commercial, with the public — on an American flight down to Miami. We get into an Escalade on our way to this meeting. So we're in the car and I turned to him — you know, Steve was Steve back then, and

I wasn't anybody, right? He was the head of the company and I was just some grunt from London — I said, “Look, this is an opportunity for me because I don't know when I'm going to get to talk to you about this again”. His face is buried in his phone and he just sort of looks at me like, “The fuck did you just say to me?” and I'm like, "I just want to talk to you about something.” He says, “What do you want to talk to me about?" I said, "You need to get off this Cruz shit." He puts his phone down immediately. He goes, “What do you mean?” I said, “It's Trump”. And I walked him through the theory of the case, right? The next day we're sitting in the car going back to the airport, and he turns to me and goes, “You know, you might get your Trump thing after all”. “What do you mean?” I said. “Oh I just had Rebekah Mercer on the phone and she's not convinced that Ted Cruz is actually a natural born US citizen and we might not be able to back him in the race.”

And you notice the change from then onward. That’s when Breitbart started to be all "Trump, Trump, Trump". And then Steve went to the campaign and the rest is history. But see, the thing is people don't know the little weird, quirky back stories... the fact that Rebecca Mercer, Cruz's own donor, effectively shanked him right? With their biggest right wing media sponsor at the time... I bet you Ted Cruz to this day doesn't even know that!

Noor Bin Ladin: But now they will after reading this article.

Raheem Kassam: That’s what happened! It's things like that I think of when you ask me about MAGA’s roots. I've answered it in a roundabout way, but it's important because we’re coming full circle right now. MAGA is returning to its roots currently. It lost its way for a while, went all Jared Kushner, all fluffy and wooly for a period of time. We had Brad Pascale running the campaign, and he’s never run a campaign, you know? How about, don't put those people in charge of your campaign?! And now you see that it's coming back to its roots, back to the first people who used to support it. It's that core team, the stalwarts, Jason Miller and those guys, around Trump once again. And so in order to fully return MAGA to its roots, you have to know what those roots actually are.

“MAGA is returning to its roots currently. It lost its way for a while, went all Jared Kushner”

You can talk to Steve about a lot of this as well, because he does have some memory of it. But it was such a weird time. Sometimes we'll reminisce about it. Steve actually came over in 2014 to England and we took him to this tiny, little town hall — it may have even been a school hall — in the east of England. Way out of the way, not a “cool" place. I think it was Clacton-on-Sea. And this is Stephen K. Bannon, who went on to be the chief strategist in the White House, just hanging out in this hall on Clacton-on-Sea, and he's like, "I guess I’m here to see a rally of some sort”. This was Nigel’s rally with Douglas Carswell, who was one of the defectors from the Tory Party who went to UKIP. Steve stood at the back of the room in his battle jacket, and I remember him sort of looking around and being like, “This is it. This is it. You've packed school hall full of people who are actually willing to put their shoulders to the wheel and attempt something here, attempt to wrestle back control of not just of their local politics, but of their national politics”. They weren't just there because Douglas Carswell was a good member of Parliament. They were there because they wanted out of the fucking EU, and they were willing to do something about it. Hundreds of people in a sleepy little town in the East of England.

And then it starts to happen more, and more, over 2014 and 2015. Nigel basically took that thing on the road. And I followed him around, I studied him intently. Even before he was really au fait and on totally friendly terms with me, he’d seen me in every pub and at every rally. He must have thought I was a nutter. “This guy’s just fucking everywhere.”

And one day Nigel just turned to me and said, "Listen, I actually need somebody to help brief me and help write my op-eds and all this stuff. Do you want to come and do that?" I was like, "Yes, I think the answer to that is yes!"

Noor Bin Ladin: When was this?

Raheem Kassam: 2014, at the UKIP Independence Party Conference. About six months after setting up the Breitbart London bureau. So then we start going around the country doing these rallies everywhere. And Steve would see those rallies, and I know for a fact that Stephen Miller read a lot of Nigel's speeches from the time, consumed a lot of Nigel content. I think I've even got a picture of him chasing Nigel around the Capitol Hill Club, way back when. In fact, I have a funny picture of me, Miller and Harris-Quinney at the Capitol Hill Club in 2014 for Nigel's speech.

If you were to ask me to pinpoint the triangulation between Brexit and Trump, it was that trip, that moment. It was where all the MAGA-leaning staffers in American politics were looking across to what Nigel had built with UKIP and Brexit, and thought, "Well, if this guy can fucking do it and he's in the pub 11 hours a day, then we can certainly do it" (laughs). And I think that spurred them on.

As I said Miller took a lot of inspiration from Nigel speeches and writings — and I had written those, and I don't think Miller even knows that to this day. And Steve took a lot of the rally energy and plowed that into the Trump side of things. It was just practical populism. Populism in practice probably is a better way of saying it. Not just lip service, right? Obama paid lip service to populism. Ron DeSantis is currently paying lip service to populism. No, what these guys did is populism in practice, and it almost killed all of us. And probably still will.

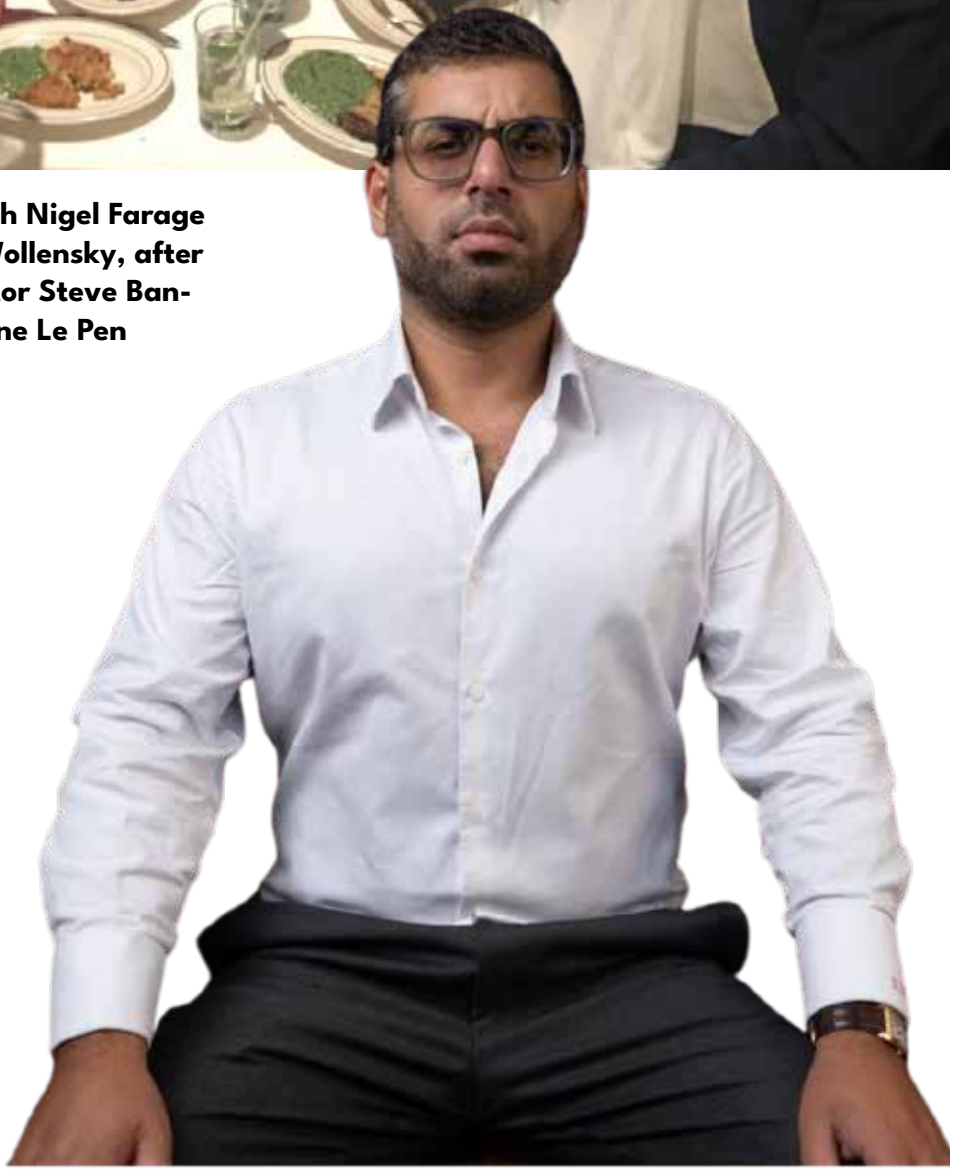
Noor Bin Ladin: Are you saying the MAGA movement's roots are actually in the UK?

> **"So many people nowadays, especially the younger voters, have never lived a great America."**

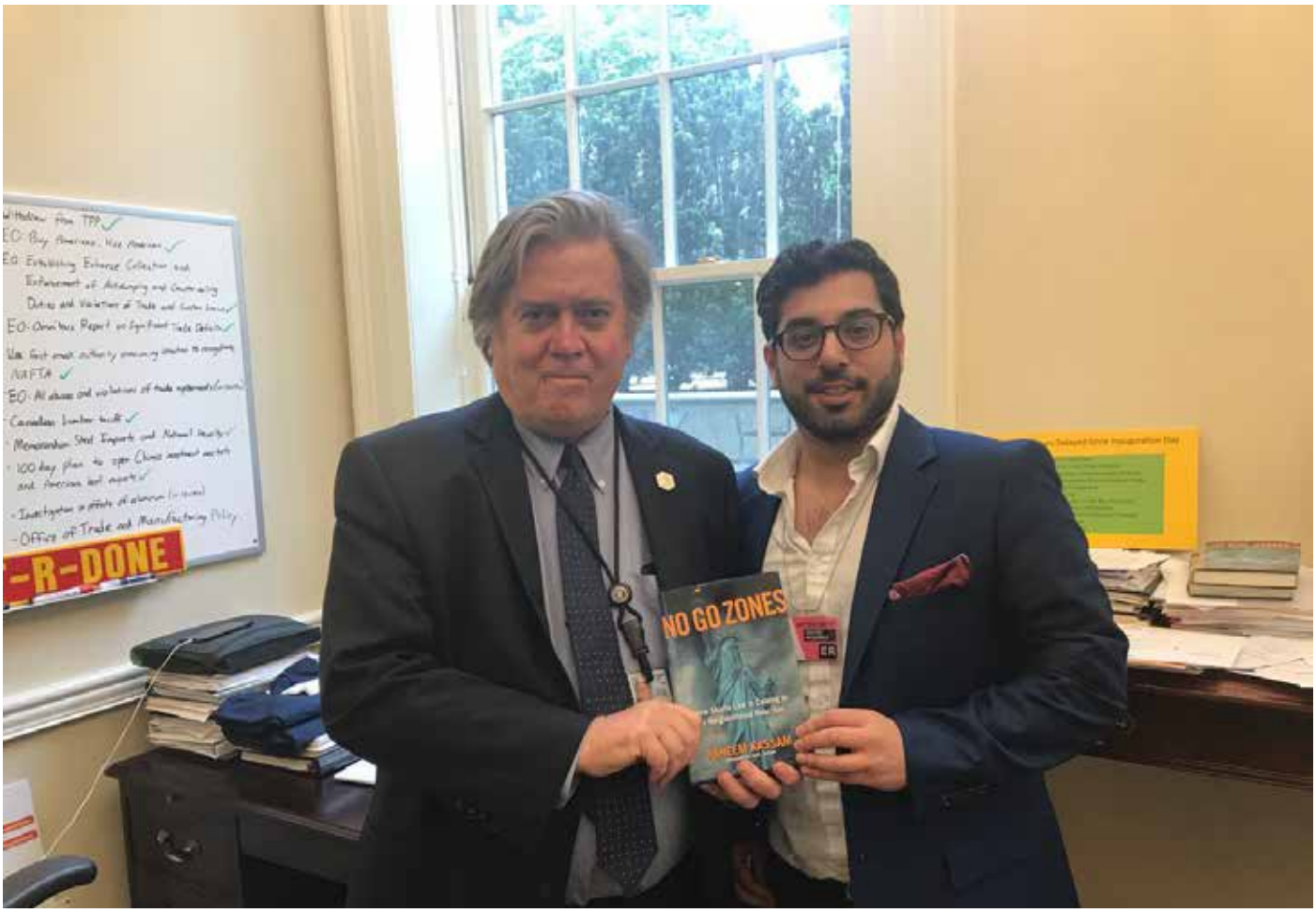
Raheem Kassam: Well, the MAGA movement has a number of roots, and one of those roots is definitely this trajectory that Trump went on in the eighties and nineties. Extremely America First in all of his thinking. He understood the difference between a good America and a great America, because he lived a great America. So many people nowadays, especially the younger voters, have never lived a great America. So it's alien to them when he says "Make America Great Again."

I told Trump on the plane he needs to start throwing the word "glory" around a lot more than just greatness. Because glory still exists to young people, like in sports TV, banging a hot chick... That's the stuff of glory to them, right? But greatness, people they don't really get greatness. Yeah, it's "great", "meh". There's many other things about that that makes such sense. You can't say "Keep America Great": you have to say MAGA because we're not great again and blah blah, blah. I told him "I can see you trying to riff on something there... but you're not showing any progress. You got to show progress. You can't say "Make America Great Again, Again". You guys gotta start saying Make America Glorious Again". Don't make that the main thing, but throw that in there every so often, right? And I told him he should play Elvis's American trilogy, which ends with "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah." And he put it on his Bluetooth speaker as we were landing and we're swaying back and forth, listening to it...

And so not to say that MAGA's roots are in the U.K., but certainly I think the practicalities of how you campaign for something like that have, I think, not just Brexit roots, by the way, I think they have old English pamphleteering roots, much like the Founding Fathers' practical populism from the late 1700s. This was, "Hey, we're going to get in everyone's face about this." A lot of people are going to find us quite obnoxious, but we're going to get



Clockwise from top: Raheem with Nigel Farage and others at dinner at Smith Wollensky, after Trump's 2016 victory; with mentor Steve Bannon; with French politician Marine Le Pen


NO GO ZONES
-R-DONE

the message rammed home.

Noor Bin Ladin: Absolutely, just like the Revolution. You mentioned DeSantis paying lip service to populism. Let's talk about the DeSimps. As someone who has remained steadfastly MAGA, I certainly appreciate your punches on Twitter.

Raheem Kassam: The summer soldier and the Sunshine Patriot, right? And we're seeing who are the summer soldiers, now. They've all ducked off to DeSantis camp. The weather is hot and the pool has a slightly nicer temperature. They've got a parasol that they can sit under so the sun doesn't burn them. You know, a lot of these people have been friends of mine for a long time. Matthew Tyrmand, Dave Reaboi, Josh Hammer, Jordan Schachtel, Steve Cortes. I've known Jordan since 2014. Same with Tyrmand, and Reaboi. I've known Reaboi longer, since 2010. And he just ups and blocks me out of the blue one day, doesn't even say anything. We don't have an argument, just blocks me. And I thought to myself, okay, well, maybe he's blocked me because he wants to retain the friendship after this and he thinks this is the best way to create some space. And I called up Tyrmand and I asked him that. He goes, "No, he just fucking hates you now". Interesting, because I have no feeling of animosity like that towards them. People are allowed to be wrong, right? They're allowed to be wrong, like I'm allowed to be wrong too — I've just never availed myself of that privilege.

But I will forgive them. I tweeted this morning Tupac's video "I Ain't Mad at You" and just wrote "me to Steve Cortez". You know the lyrics of that song? "We were once two brothers of the same kind, used to holler at a hoochie with the same line." It's like we were brothers and we'll be brothers again. This is why I'm heckling him now with Tupac videos and such, because I know he's probably sitting there every day going, "I fucked up, I fucked up". So my message for the fucking DeSimps is do your thing, go out there once more — because remember they're old Cruz people, too and they have stayed the same. They have the same thoughts. The failed march of moderate Republicanism is their mantra — and so just do your thing, you're always going to be these people, that's why you never got jobs in the admin, none of you, because everybody knew that about you. So fine.

"If you let them win here, it sends a message that echoes through the ages, that America is no longer free"

Look, I'll also say this. There was a period of time in early 2022 that Trump wasn't really saying anything. He was just kind of chilling, and I wondered at the time, "Man, maybe he doesn't even want to run?" Part of me still thinks that there's a part of him that's saying, "Why are you doing this, man? You're this 78 year old guy who's being put through the wood-chipper, and your whole family, on a daily basis. And I asked him that question actually, on the plane "How do you do it?" Just straight up, "How do you go through all of this?" And he looked at me and went in his typical fashion, "What choice do I have?" And you know why that was really interesting to me? Because he has choices. So he's not saying what choice do I, Donald Trump have. He's saying, what choice do I, former President Donald Trump, have? He's talking about duty. Right, that's very different. Because he has no duty for himself personally to run again. If anything, he has a duty to himself to chill, enjoy retirement, spend more time with his family. But he does it out of duty. I could hear that very intently.

And the other thing about that — and I think this will be abundantly obvious to you — is if you let them win here — and their ultimate victory is no Trump on the ballot next time — then it sends a message that echoes through the ages, that dissent will not be tolerated, that America is no longer free. That you don't actually have political opposition in the 21st century. And I think that's it. That is Orwell's boot stamping on the face of human history forever, except it's the boot of globalism stamping on the American worker's face forev-

er. That's what "anybody but Trump" would represent. People ask me why I get so upset about the DeSantis stuff. It's because that's what it represents to me, it's that deep.

Noor Bin Ladin: Light is the best disinfectant. And it means that the next administration is going to be much tighter.

Raheem Kassam: Yep. I said this in a speech at the Capitol Hill Club for the D.C. Young Republicans the other day. Steve Cortes' daughter, Kingsley Cortes, was chairing the meeting. So I said, "Listen, I'm sorry, Kingsley, Madam Chairman, but your dad's fucked because he's never getting a job." And the whole room erupts in laughter and applause, you know?

Noor Bin Ladin: Let's get back to your story, and how you got into politics.

Raheem Kassam: There's a wonderful picture of me sitting on a riverside wall on the Thames outside the old London County Hall. I'm sitting behind David Cameron, this is in 2009 or maybe early 2010, as he's giving the launch speech of the Conservative Party's election platform. There are all these huge banners that say, "Time for change" and everything's super optimistic. Remember, the Labour Party at that point had governed for 13 years. Do you remember the '97 election? Tony Blair used this song by D:Ream called "Things Can Only Get Better", and it was played every-fucking-where. It was more of a propaganda election than Obama's was. Every radio station was playing the Labour Party's anthem, all the time. And it was kind of that moment for the Tories in 2010. Everything felt upbeat and forward-thinking, but not in a lefty way. And there I am, behind Cameron, and I'm running a campaign — an unwinnable campaign — for a friend of mine who's running for Parliament. Her name is Michelle Donelan. And funnily enough, a few years later I would end up taking Michelle

"'Anybody but Trump' is the boot of globalism stamping on the American worker's face forever"

into the West Wing to meet with Steve [Bannon]. She's now a Cabinet minister. Secretary of Education in England I think. So I ran her original campaign and we got an amazing swing, by the way. About 9% swing in our favor against a national swing of 5.3%, so we almost doubled the national swing in that seat, which is why they gave her a safer seat the next time around, which led to her being in Parliament, which led to her being in government. And the heart of our campaign was populism, but it was an unwinnable seat in northern England. I almost wrote a book after it, titled "Dare to Dream". A bit cheesy, but it was about why unwinnable campaigns are always worth fighting because you will chip away, chip away, chip away. That's how the left does it. Just keep chipping away. I didn't write that book, but I've probably still got some of it somewhere. And what a foreshadowing of Brexit that was! Brexit was a 3%, 5% issue back in the early nineties. By 2016 we got it over the line of a majority.

So anyway, while we got a major swing, the Conservative Party didn't, and they ended up having to go into coalition with the Liberal Democrats to govern. There's that old photo of David Cameron and Nick Clegg walking into Downing Street together and it was almost immediate for me, maybe it took a year, before I realised I just couldn't do this. The Tories are giving up too much to the Libs in this governing coalition, and I started to look for a way out. Around 2012, 2013, my buddy Matt Richardson, also involved with UKIP, starts telling me, "Look, man, I think we have to jump, a lot of us have to jump, all at the same time." I thought, "I'm sick of this government anyway, I'm in." Turns out it was basically two of us. Very few other people did it, and certainly not many other people who had a profile. Now, I had a small profile. I was just on the young Conservative National Board at the time, right? But it was something.

And then one night, I met Nigel. We were standing outside the Roux on Parliament

Square — a Michelin-starred restaurant that had just opened and broadcaster Joanne Hilditch from the BBC Daily Politics was having her birthday there. So all the politicos are there. And I see Nigel smoking outside and we've never really had much of a conversation together, but I lit up a cigarette — even pinched one off him I think — and said, "Enjoying the UKIP stuff. Really on board with it, thinking of jumping over." And as we're talking, this girl Donata Huggins — she used to date a friend of mine, Harry Cole, who's now the political editor of *The Sun*, and who was on the same panel that Steve and I first ever met on in Cambridge in England, small world — anyway, Donata comes up to me and Nigel, starts talking and tells Nigel, "Can you believe it? Raheem took me out for dinner last night, we had two dozen oysters, and he didn't even try and fuck me." And Nigel turns to me and goes, "What is your bloody problem?" And I knew at that moment that we'd be great friends.

Noor Bin Ladin: That was the first time you guys met?

Raheem Kassam: That was our very first conversation. We had seen each other in rooms and waved at each other and nodded as you do. But yeah, that was the first proper conversation we had ever had. I mean, it's bizarre to me the way all of that happened to Raheem Kassam, from an Ismaili Muslim family, Uxbridge, West London. Went to a shitty state school and if you speak to any of my teachers or my professors at university, they would absolutely disavow, disavow, disavow, the way I went off the rails, because they were all lefties, right? And apparently Franz Patterson — who is the international affairs professor at the University of Westminster — uses me as a warning story, where you should not allow your politics to go, according to students who go there now and who message me sometimes. To summarise how I did it and where I came from, I just wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

In America they have these Tuesday meetings — if you ever heard of them — in England they're on Wednesdays, and it's just a room full of RINOs, grass tops, think-tank heads, activist groups, some senators, some congressmen. And I remember there was one occasion where I was sitting around the table and it's my turn to talk. I must have been in my early twenties. I can't remember what I said, but it was something innocuous about blogging, because I had a blog back then called Keep Right Online – that was my writing origin story by the way. And this guy just says to me, "Oh, thank you for your contribution. But I think I speak for a lot of people around this table when I say your ideas are nice, but you should just wait your turn in the future", and I just went, "The fuck are you talking about? I'm sitting here now, like, I'm going to say my piece."

Noor Bin Ladin: So the guy says, "Wait your turn". Meaning when?

Raheem Kassam: Right, like until you were 30. His implication was "You're too young to be sitting around this table telling us how to be right wing on the Internet." And I was like, "No, you guys are fucking cringe and I'm telling you how to do it properly." Things like that would happen to me all the time. Once I was in Parliament — we used to go drinking in Parliament all the time. Usually there was always a friend who worked for an MP, and we'd show up to the Sports and Social at 4:30 in the afternoon. It was a very Labour-heavy bar, but we used to go there to infiltrate and we'd just drink, drink, drink. It was raucous. There were fights. I got pictures of this one guy, a newspaper seller in parliament, who'd been punched by an MP in the nose. So I took a picture of him all bloody and immediately got on the phone to The Daily Mail and sold them the picture for £4,000. Wonderful bit of change for a guy in his early twenties (laughs). Most nights in Parliament were raucous out on the terrace, fucking champagne glasses getting thrown into the Thames. That's what the Tory party was like. And there's me, a little brown boy from Uxbridge, thinking "What the fuck is going on here?" But also I'm loving it – fear and loathing in Westminster.

Noor Bin Ladin: And tell me, when did your interest in politics first kick in? University?

Raheem Kassam: I didn't pick a political allegiance until after university, actually. In 1997, at

11 years old, I was already really interested in politics, watching it all on television. Even before that, I was watching the first Gulf War, at about six or seven years old. Obsessed. My mother would always joke whenever Saddam Hussein was on television, she would say "Raheem, Raheem, your friend's on TV." Because she knew I was obsessed with what was going on. He wasn't my friend just to make that clear!

From '97 to about 2003, maybe even 2005, I was very New Labour, Tony Blair "Things can only get better". Because Blair described himself as kind of a Thatcherite, and that was the only world I grew up in, the post-Fukuyama, end-of-history world. And so a slightly right-leaning Labour prime minister sounded like a fairly good compromise at the time. And remember, it wasn't the Labour Party who did any of this woke shit. It was the Tories who legalised gay marriage. The Labour Party were offering a referendum on membership of the European Community in the 1970s. It took the Conservative Party until 2015 to offer that referendum to the public! So you can see how it was a rational conclusion. Labour was far more in touch with the common working everyman. Obviously that's not the case anymore, but they were for a while. I changed when Gordon Brown came in and started implementing hardline socialist budgets, raising taxes, discouraging inward investment in that sense, discouraging people like my father, who was a business owner and entrepreneur. He owned a fast-food chain. My animosity towards Soros, by the way, comes from the fact that when Soros shorted the Pound in 1992 and Britain dropped out of the exchange rate mechanism, my family went bankrupt as a result. You know, immigrant, working-class family, the people that the Soros's claimed to care about. So my animosity to Soros is personal, and he exacted something on my father that I intend to exact on his son. But if I can't bankrupt them financially, I will bankrupt them politically.

And so when I left university I wrote to my member of Parliament, John Randall. Sir John Randall now. He owned a local department store called Randalls that I used to go past every day and where my father used to shop. He had been the MP for 20 plus years. I reached out and he said, "We'd love more young people getting involved. Come see me in my office." This was in 2008. He then told me "Why don't you come out next week with us. We're going to do some doorknocking and we'll show you how it's done." And that's where it all started, and how I joined the Conservative Party.

Noor Bin Ladin: You're 22 years old at that point.

Raheem Kassam: Yeah. So I start attending conferences every year. Networking. Going to the pubs in Parliament. I didn't know anybody. I just showed up and started talking to people. In a £70 off-the-rack suit from Next. Just showing up in Parliament. Didn't even know how to tie a tie properly. My shoes were probably black school shoes from Clarks.

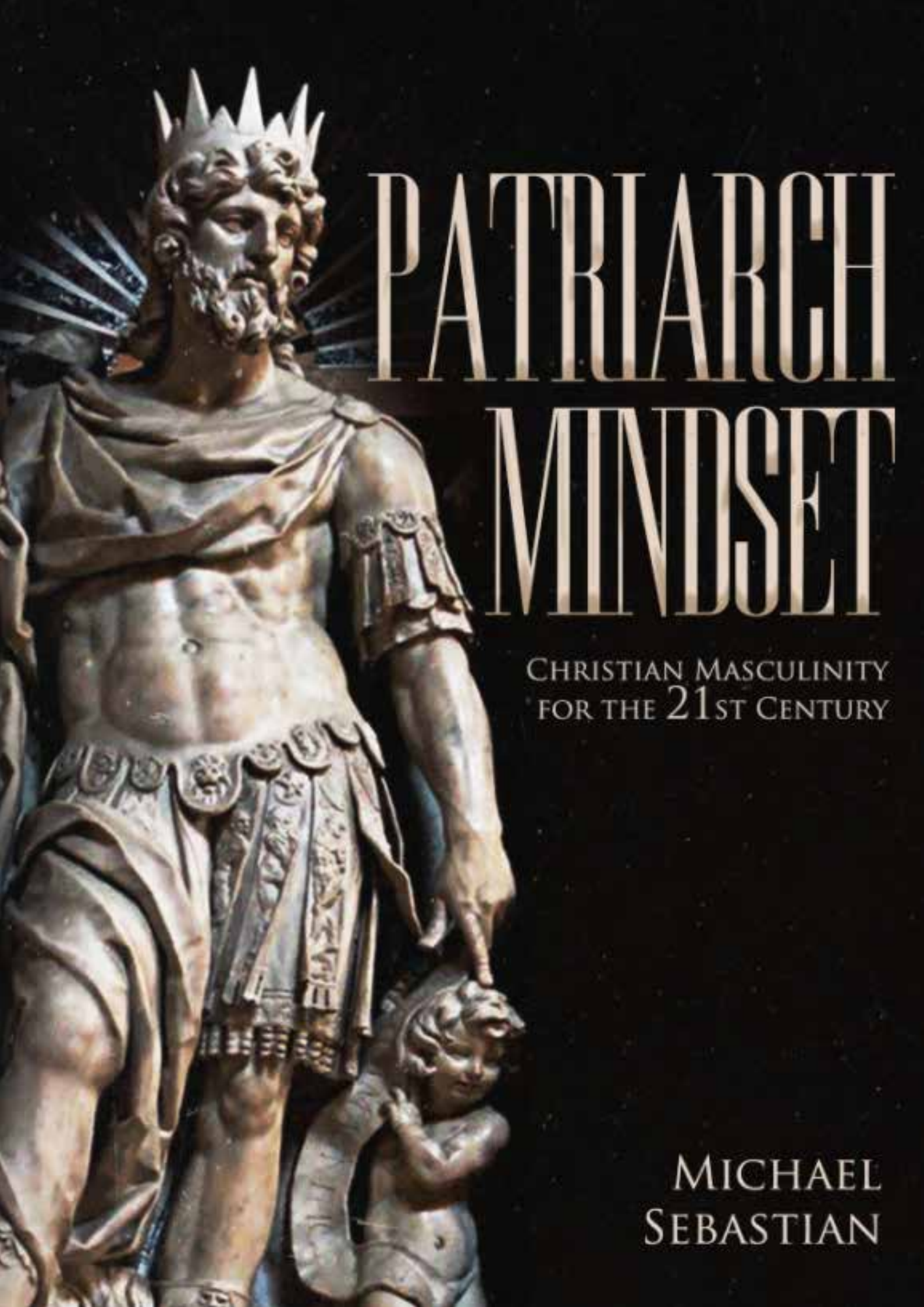
Noor Bin Ladin: As a child, you're watching the Gulf War on television. When do you start reading and learning so much about politics, also in terms of history?

Raheem Kassam: Oh, not for a long time. Well, I studied politics at university, so I did a lot of French Enlightenment, Revolution stuff. I knew the basics, but really, especially in terms of American politics, that process didn't start for me until about 2009 when I first went to CPAC and well… I mean, if you want the God's honest truth about it, it's the hot Libertarian American girls. They were talking to me about Thomas Woods, Robert Nozick, Murray Rothbard and Ron Paul, and I'd just barely heard of Ron Paul at the time. So I'm thinking, "Okay, I'm going to go read *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged* and impress these hot libertarian girls with all my hot libertarian knowledge." And that led me on to other things.

That's how I learned about and became obsessed with Barry Goldwater. You know, I've got so much paraphernalia here. Obviously the MAGA hats. I've got this incredible book called Suite 3505, which is about the Goldwater election campaign, an original signed picture of Barry Goldwater, a signed Enoch Powell letter and a signed Barry Goldwater letter. Then I got really lucky a few years ago, I was on a plane with Steve [Bannon] and there was a guy sitting opposite me and I said to him, "Dude, you

Darren Beattie / Alex Sheppard /Joe Kent / Amanda Milius / Richard Poe / Ned Ryun / Raw Egg Nationalist / Kash Patel / General Flynn AND MANY MORE

noorbinladincalls.podbean.com



PATRIARCH MINDSET

Christian Masculinity for the 21st Century

Michael Sebastian

look a lot like Barry Goldwater." He replied, "Well, I should hope so. I'm his son." We had a long conversation and he asked for my address as we're getting off the plane. Two weeks later I get this picture book of Senator Goldwater's photography from the Arizona desert in the mail. Amazing photographs of Indian tribesmen and things like that. Signed it for me and everything. This is what comes of hitting on hot chicks at CPAC back in 2009, it always leads somewhere good, right?

Noor Bin Ladin: So girls were your motivation?

Raheem Kassam: Yeah! There was a girl called Rachel, from Arkansas. We just hit it off, and she introduced me to all of that. She used to work for some congressional member, I forget, and she took me into Congress and that was my first ever time there. We were in our early twenties roaming the corridors, everything was really exciting and cool. We would go the Union Pub here in my neighborhood. I still go there. It's where me and the great turncoat Alyssa Farah, who's now at CNN, The View… She used to work for Trump, and we would go drinking there all the time together. I know all of these people very well, maybe too well in some cases.

Noor Bin Ladin: you really are the Waldo of politics!

Raheem Kassam: Yeah, historians will look back and they'll actually start spotting me in all these weird locations, like a fucking time traveler or something. I was also at the big Nice rally that Marine Le Pen gave when the party became the largest party in the European Parliament, and that was her real ascent moment. If you look at the photographs of her sitting down, you can see me one row behind her, just like, "Hey, what's up?" I've been everywhere man. You can also see me by the side of the stage when Giorgia Meloni is talking in 2018 at the Atreju.

Noor Bin Ladin: Now she's bringing in 1400 new migrants a day into Italy.

Raheem Kassam: Yeah, and the Ukraine stuff…

Noor Bin Ladin: The Ukraine stuff, and her recent fawning all over Elon Musk. What a fake. So what is she? Controlled opposition?

Raheem Kassam: Did you see, we criticized her last week, right? I tweeted "Hey, I remember when Meloni was actually a populist nationalist and not just pretending to be one." I think she's like MTG, you know: she tries to play both sides. In a lot of ways she is their MTG. Somebody should write the article, "What if Marjorie Taylor Greene became president?" And you can just point to Italy.

Noor Bin Ladin: I love that Laura [Loomer] is calling her out on all this BS. This is a characteristic that I admire in Laura, which you seem to have as well. You don't make any concessions and won't compromise your principles to go along.

Raheem Kassam: Yeah, but look, I will also correct when I'm wrong, right? Like, I left the Labour Party, I had a mea culpa moment on the COVID stuff. You know, we very much went along with the early 30-days-to-slow-the-spread stuff. And, you know, there have to be mea culpa moments like that. Not everybody is going to be right all the time. You may always make a strategic or tactical error. Everybody does that, right? The greatest generals in human history have made strategic and tactical errors. But where you can be morally assured in your position, coherent in the long term and where you can be morally uncompromised is where you should live, right? That's what you wake up in the morning thinking about.

Noor Bin Ladin: Right. This mindset is no doubt integral in navigating the cut-throat political world you're in, I'd imagine.

Raheem Kassam: They're all pussies! It's fucking child's play, You know, I work a lot, but I don't work very hard. I sit around, write the articles I want to write. I'm not in the coal mine, right? This is why I don't like the woke stuff. This is why I've said on a few podcasts that the idea of congratulating somebody for being anti-woke is like saying, "Yay, you're not a communist and a satanist. Well done!" And so Ron can run on "I'm not woke and I'm anti-woke", and I'm like, "Yay Ron you're not a satanist! Good

job!" By the way, that's why his campaign is not connecting because he's trying to appeal to the lowest bar that they expect of anybody on the political right. It's not a high bar to jump. You can link that back to what we were talking about in terms of practical populism – that isn't practical populism, that's your lowest bar, entry-level conservative position.

And look, you may have seen some of the graphics that have gone up that show the more Ron spends, the lower he goes in the polls. I actually don't think that's the correlation. The correlation is every time he says "woke" in a speech, he goes down because people are like, "Yeah, we get it, like chicks don't have dicks. Tell me something else." So I reject this idea that it's a cut-throat industry because standing up for civilisation should be the basic thing that all of us are able to do all the time. And people do that differently, by the way. Some people stand up for civilisation by having ten kids, and that's their contribution to that fight. And that's honestly far more of a positive contribution to human civilisation than me sitting here tweeting from Capitol Hill in my bathtub.

Noor Bin Ladin: Considering the economic constraints we have today in our society, it's certainly much more of a challenge to sustain ten young children let alone one or two.

Raheem Kassam: To sustain myself! Granted I'm buying foie gras to eat at home. But I think the other part of the reason I don't like to talk about how cut-throat and difficult politics might be is because I don't want to discourage anybody from getting involved. And I don't want fear to be a factor that reduces motivation that way, because I think everybody who can should be practically putting their shoulders to the political wheel. And it literally could be as much as, you know, the Christian conservative talking point of like, hey, maybe you get home from work and you can't go door knocking or whatever, but maybe you could call your representative's office and not hang up until they answer your call, right? Because they'll try and keep you on hold for 45 minutes so you give up, but just put your headphones on, cook dinner while you're waiting to talk to these people. Because when you lose $300 on a flight cancellation from American Airlines, most people are spending the 40 minutes on the phone to get that 300 bucks back. But you're losing your country to these politicians, and a lot of people won't spend the 40 minutes on the phone to get the country back. It's outrageous.

Noor Bin Ladin: Right. One thing we have in common is that we're not American but we both love America. What makes you an Americanophile?

Raheem Kassam: America is what England should have been. It's old England, right? If you look at Walter Bagehot and the English Constitution, that is effectively the governing philosophy they implemented in America. Had I been one of the Founding Fathers, would i have changed a thing or two? Certainly. I wouldn't have changed the Senate voting system. Senators used to be elected through the state legislatures, not directly elected by the public. And it was to create this House of Commons / House of Lords type of balance, and they got rid of it — I think it was the 17th Amendment. So now the whole of Congress is democratically elected. It's majoritarian mob rule effectively. Which sounds funny to be opposed to necessarily as a populist. But populism isn't democracy, right? Democracy can be a part of an overall, overarching populist philosophy. But the two things are not the same. And you have to have checks and balances in government. And right now in the Congress, you don't have checks and balances. You may as well go unicameral at this point. You may as well go unicameral in the UK Parliament at this point, because the Lords are not landowners who have a different stake in the future of the nation. It's just political appointees. The same way that being a member of Parliament is now a political appointee job. It's just a veneer of democracy. And this is what the left is protecting, by the way: the veneer. It's not real.

The question about Americaphilia, probably also stems from some environment, some culture that Donald Trump himself actually embodied. Which was hard men who work hard, who play hard. Like tough guys who have a smile

on their face. I put an old Coors Light advert on my Instagram reels, with a song about playing touch football, drinking too much and hot cheerleaders played over this heavy rock song and it's all like "America"... At the end it's just two cans of beer being smashed together. Fuckin' drink beer, Right? That is, I think, the America that people miss. The Simpsons, Homer Simpson actually as a character, probably did the most damage to that archetype of the American suburban beer swilling male than anybody else would do. And listen, I understand REN will tell you beer guts and drinking sugar and all of that is a bad thing. Fine, swap it out for whatever you want. But the idea that there was a masculine environment where camaraderie was always the sole currency is something that has been terribly lost. So my Americaphilia is probably not contemporaneous, it's historic and nostalgic.

Noor Bin Ladin: I remember as a child – four, five, six years old – I felt like I was in the land of the free whenever I would step off the plane onto US soil. Even at that age, I could feel the energy was so different from Europe. And the infrastructure was more advanced. Trump campaigned on this also, on the country's crumbling infrastructure. You go to an airport in the U.S. today and you'd think you're in a third-world country. Meanwhile, airports have been completely modernised in Europe.

Raheem Kassam: And then you go to Asia, you know? Yeah, it's crazy. We used to come to America a lot as kids because we have family in Florida. And I certainly share those impressions. But as an adult, I have a similar thing as well. I used to decamp at Dulles and as soon as I got off the plane — I used to smoke these Davidoffs — and I would get out a Davidoff, I'd stand outside and just look across Reston, Virginia. The airport is surrounded — or used to be, I don't think it's as many now — on all sides by American flags on different buildings in the distance. And I would always think, "Wow, that's cool". You don't get that level in England where the Union flag is flying from eight, nine buildings. But you'll have a Gregg's on any high street.

Noor Bin Ladin: We experienced this shift between the USA of our childhood where it was normal to be a patriot and to love your country, and today where children are taught to hate their own country and flag.

Raheem Kassam: And further, I would say that it was it was not just normal, it was abnormal to be unpatriotic, you know.

Noor Bin Ladin: Completely. Even more twisted, they weaponized American patriotism to wage these wars abroad, turn the natsec apparatus inwards, etc... It's really so sick and evil what these people have done to the country.

Raheem Kassam: Sick, evil — and genius though, right? I always say to people, let's be smarter. Let's weaponize everything ourselves. I'm not interested in the people who say "Oh, we're going to dismantle this and dismantle that". Fuck that. Let's weaponize it ourselves. If I were Donald Trump, I would give a speech tomorrow where I say, "Okay, so let's talk about that last budget deal. You got 93% of funding for the 87,000 IRS officers, right? That means you got 81,000 IRS officers. Yeah, well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do with those 81,000 IRS officers when I'm back in the White House — I'm going to weaponize them against political left and explicitly go through all of your funding, your think tanks, your globalist groups and corporate networks. That's what we're going to do. Yeah. How about it?" Suddenly, you'd get someone like Adam Schiff to defund part of it. Like, "Oh, they're going to use it against us? We don't need it". But we're stupid. We'll go, "Oh, we'll fire them on day one". No, I don't want to fire them but use them to go through the fucking Left's garbage cans. How else are you going to get to grips with it now? I don't think Tom Fitton or James O'Keefe have the operational depth to go through all of that. I don't know.

Noor Bin Ladin: Speaking about exposing all these abuses, how did you become involved with the National Pulse?

Raheem Kassam: The Pulse

actually used to be the American Principles Project's in-house campaign blog. I first negotiated the sale of Human Events from Salem, Regnery, took that over and ran it for about a year. That was right after Breitbart. I said to Terry Schilling, "Hey, I want to make something of the Pulse, let's turn it into a real news site", because at Human Events I wasn't in control, and that's what I needed. As you can probably tell from my website now, everything, all the headlines are written by me, the picture choices are mine, the final copy edit is mine. At Human Events, it became a process by committee, and I don't do well in committees. So we started the Pulse in early 2020 and did some investigative work, some analysis, published other people, external writers, op-eds.

Then Amanda Milius reaches out to me and she's like, "Hey, I've got a friend from California and she's young, but she wants to do writing in DC". And that friend was Natalie [Winters], and Natalie originally wanted to write about the border. In fact, funny story. She couldn't get a meeting with me because I was just running around being obnoxiously busy. And one day I guess I'm getting in an Uber somewhere and she was at the place I was getting an Uber from, and she goes, "Hey, look, if this is the only chance I can get to talk to you, can I just get in this Uber with you and I'll, like, find my way back?" I was like, "Yeah, sure, whatever". So she gets in, starts talking to me. I'm doing the Steve [Bannon] thing where I'm buried in my phone. And she goes, "Oh, I really want to be a writer. I really want to do the news". She's 18 at this point in time. I'm thinking, this girl is going to go off to college, I'm never going to hear from her again so what's the point in entertaining this job interview? And I said, "all right, what's your beat?" You know, as in what do you want to cover? "The border". I said, "Yeah, do some border stuff. But to be a border reporter, you really need to be down at the border. And I'm not sending your 18-year-old ass down to the border." So she went, "Okay, well, what about the China stuff?" I was like, "Now you're onto something." And then we spent the next two years owning the China beat. Nathalie was incredible at research and connecting the dots. She was kind of autistic in the way she learned to use government databases and figure out how to find information that they were trying to hide. And it just grew from there.

Noor Bin Ladin: Three years in, you decide to relaunch the National Pulse. How come?

Raheem Kassam: I had this epiphany over Christmas. People are sick of reading 750, 800 words of dirge copy that's packed with filler and sub clauses and is trying to keep you on the page as long as possible because those websites place a premium on what they call "time on site". Because then they can serve you more ads and then they can show their advertisers that their audience spends 15 minutes on average on the site. Yeah, they spend 15 minutes on average on the site because two of your articles take 7 minutes to read each! People don't want that. They want a 30, 45 seconds, one minute read tops — and get out. And for the people who want more, we have a little button at the bottom of every article now — which I'm going to rename "Go Deeper" — linking to a deeper version of that story. Because guess what? I respect my audience and I'm not going to waste their time. So me and Harlan [Hill] — formerly Trump 2016 and 2020 Advisory Committee, previously a Democrat to that, he was a Bernie bro — we built this new site, and it's all reader-funded. $9 a month sustains us.

Noor Bin Ladin: You don't have any financiers at all?

Raheem Kassam: No finances, no advertising, nothing. No corporate backers, no donors. It's all reader-funded. That's why we call ourselves "radically independent". If people don't want us to exist, we won't exist because they will have voted with their wallets. It's been incredibly successful since we launched it six weeks ago, and we're almost breaking even already. But I need people to understand this as well. I was doing the calculation today. Between the time spent, staffing, the technology, the support staff... once you factor all of that and then divide it by how many stories we do every month — approximatively 200 — it costs us over $250 to produce one article. So if you like the site and you value the work, which millions of people

do because they keep coming back to the site every month, you have to sign up. Otherwise, it's going to go bankrupt because it's expensive to produce. *The New York Times* and the CNN's of the world can do it because they're underwritten by advertising from Pfizer and all of this shit. I'm entirely reliant on ordinary, run-of-the-mill patriots. And I don't want investors because even if you retain control legally, they still text you and call you every day. "Hey, I didn't like this headline." "So? So fucking what?" And they've invested, you know, a quarter of million dollars or whatever into your product. Yeah I never told them that came with headline-change rights... I once had a donor who called me up and asked me to change the image on an article, because the image implicated another firm on whose board he sat. Well that's compromise. And I don't want those compromises.

Noor Bin Ladin: Conviction over compromise. One last question for our MAN'S WORLD readers before I let you go — what is masculinity to you?

Raheem Kassam: I would have offered a totally different answer to that question just a few years ago. And I think it's a testament to the "macho blogosphere" that my answer has changed, because they have helped me reinterpret what masculinity is. I used to think that masculinity was however you felt comfortable as a man, that masculinity can exude through a tailored suit as much as it can exude through looking and being like Liver King. I've started to change my view on that, though I still have the most wonderful tailored suits on Capitol Hill. But that's not what makes the man. The suit is simply a reflection of who you already are. It won't make you any better. So now I think it comes from the inside out, something I wish I had known earlier in my life. I also wish I had read Marcus Aurelius earlier in my life. I don't know if you saw one of my tweets last night. I came home drunk and just wrote this long tweet about how I've lost five close friends in the last two years. Alcoholism, couple of car accidents, COVID... So I wrote this thing and somebody replied to my tweet and said, "Are you drunk?" And I tweeted back, "Yes. Are you?" There's a difference between being "drunk" and being "drunk-drunk", you know? Because Nigel was in the pub multiple times a day, the press would ask him, "Are you an alcoholic?" And he would say, "No, I'm not an alcoholic, I'm a boozer." Two different things.

Just like I'm not I'm not a stoner. I don't smoke weed and mong on the couch. I smoke a very specific Afghani strain of Kush that is creative, uplifting, chatty. It's a stimulant, and I have jars and jars full of this Afghan kush. And if there's anybody out there who thinks, "Oh, I really like him and I really like his work, I just wish he didn't smoke weed" — the work wouldn't exist without the weed. The whole process, everything in it, the weed, the workout, the wine, the women, it's all part of the same thing. And now I understand that in order to exert influence over all of those things — rather than allow all of those things to exert influence over you — the strength comes from within. The strength comes from physicality, which is why am deadlifting and squatting. Now, I'm not in the best shape by any stretch of the imagination, but you compare a picture of me now to a picture of me five years ago, I'm 40 pounds lighter. You can actually start to see some fucking definition in my arms and my shoulders. And I'm not a little weakling who, if I'm out on a date with a girl and somebody starts a fight, I'm not going to be that little wimp hiding in the corner. But there was a point in my life where I probably would have been.

At this point, we need selfless warriors. You can be a little selfish on your own time and your own terms, but when it comes to the work — and I do actually mean it to sound this lofty — of saving Western civilisation from itself and its creations — its demons — you have to be selfless about it. You have to ask yourself what other choice you have, like Trump told me. It's just no use being on the sidelines, being a cheerleader, or being on the bench. Get on the field. Get on the pitch. And give it everything you have. If a boy from Uxbridge can contribute, in some small way, in some small part, to all that has taken place in global politics in the last decade, then I dare say you have some readers who can do way, way more. Just... do it.

MORNINGS SHOULDN'T SUCK
Wake Up To Life
WWW.MORNINGROUTINES.CO

MOZGOVOY

An exclusive short excerpt from the latest book by the author of 85 Days in Slavyansk

by ALEXANDER ZHUCHKOVSKY

Between 2013-2015, the second Azarov Government in Ukraine and its president Viktor Yanukovych were overthrown by a revolution known as "Euromaidan". An anti-Maidan movement coalesced in response to the revolutionary protests, but when the revolution succeeded, anti-Maidan fractured into many separatist and pro-Russian forces. The country descended into a civil war over the independence of the Donbas region.

One of the separatist groups to come out of anti-Maidan was the Prizrak (Ghost) Brigade, led by Aleksey Mozgovoy. In 2015, Mozgovoy was assassinated in an ambush, and while it was quickly declared an attack by enemy Ukrainian forces and he was made into a hero, questions surrounding his death began to circulate just as soon. In 2020, he was posthumously convicted of a 2014

double-murder.

Mozgovoy, *written by Alexander Zhuchkovsky (author of* 85 Days in the Slavyansk*), investigates his assassination and explores his legacy. As the book's blurb explains: "Part biography, part murder investigation,* Mozgovoy *analyzes the protagonist's psychology, ideology, character, and motivations. Through the character of Mozgovoy, the author delves into many poorly covered episodes of the Russian-Ukrainian War, like the victory at Debaltseve and the military and political processes within the Donbass republics."*

MAN'S WORLD brings you an exclusive excerpt, depicting the events of the day, the ambush itself, and its immediate aftermath. Mozgovoy *is published by White Sun Publishing (@wsunpub) and the following translation was provided by ElevenFortySeven(@1147x1147)*

DEATH

09:00

The brigade's head of security, Alexander Yuryev (callsign Pesnya), called security officer Sergei Malyshev (callsign Angel). He had left for two days to Donetsk, but had to return to Alchevsk by 1400hrs, when he was to begin his watch. Yuryev called the fighter to make sure he was on his way back.

Malyshev was hitching a ride to Alchevsk and was running late. At about 1100hrs Yuryev called Malyshev again and hurried him.

LORD MILES IN AFGHANISTAN

LORD MILES ROUTLEDGE

On August 15th, 2021, the nation of Afghanistan passed from West back to East. On that day the victorious Taliban insurgency retook the city of Kabul after twenty years of American occupation. The NATO-backed government had collapsed within days. Tens of thousands of people fled to the city to seek refuge and evacuation. And there in Kabul was a hitherto unknown British university student enjoying his holiday, suddenly caught up in history.

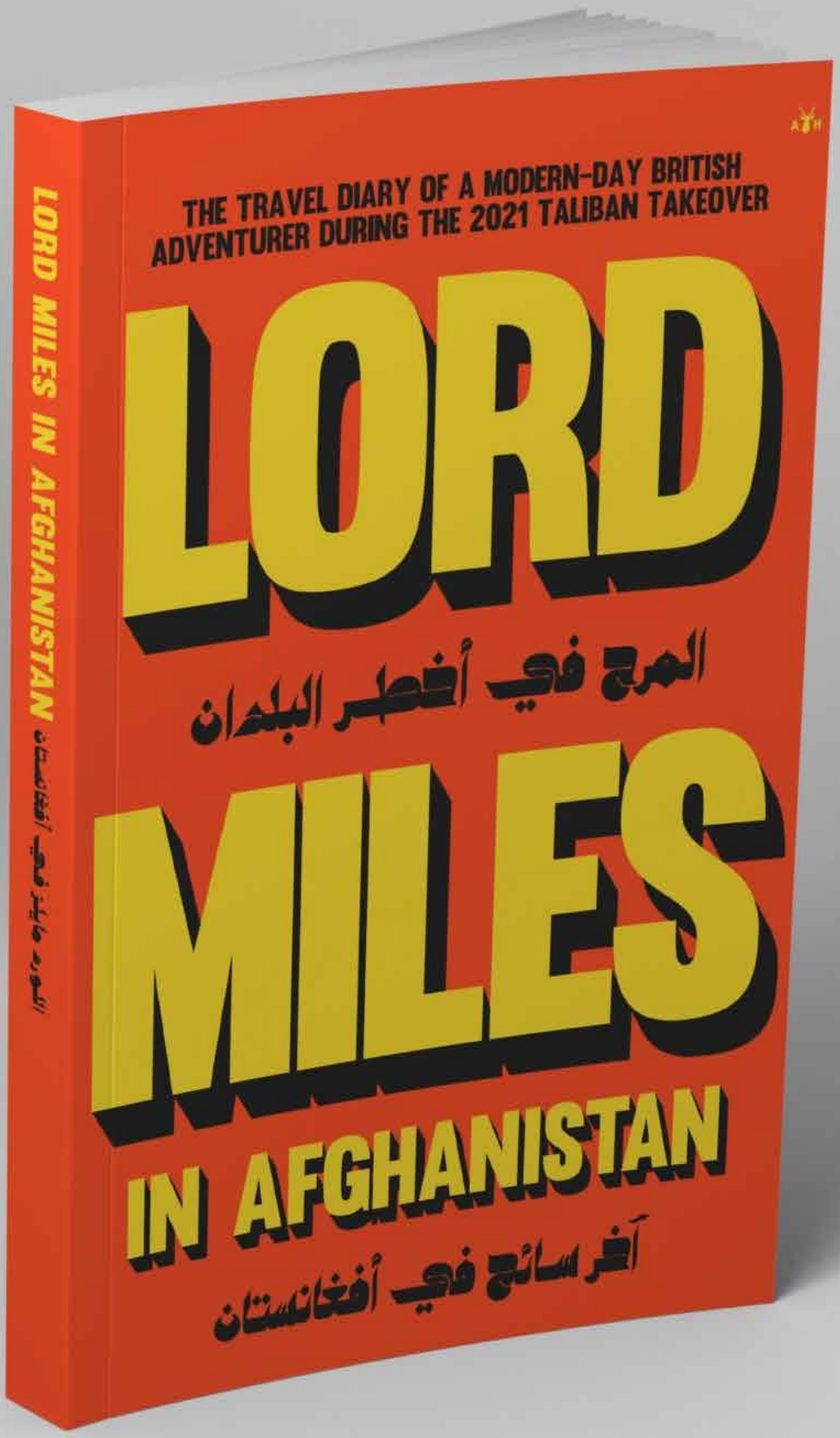
Lord Miles Routledge was the last person issued a tourist visa by the Islamic Republic of Afghanistan. Miles began chronicling his travels in one of the most dangerous countries in the world on the online message board 4chan, where he found himself with a riveted global audience. When the Taliban reached Kabul, headlines around the world picked up his story and people watched to see if he would make it back home. Fortunately, he did, and through the process discovered his calling as a true modern adventurer, traveling over the following year to other places including the Kazakhstan protests, the frontlines of the Ukraine conflict, South Sudan, and eventually back to Afghanistan for some desert target practice with his new friends in the Taliban. This book is his first-hand account of his first and most infamous trip to Afghanistan. Miles experiences a fascinating kaleidoscope of natural beauty, war-torn desolation, poverty, humanity, courage, and generosity. He finds himself in many places off the beaten path and meets a colorful range of characters. Throughout it all, his eternal optimism and indomitable faith ensure an invigorating narration for this unique journey.

Antelope Hill Publishing is proud to present Lord Miles Routledge's autobiographical account, *Lord Miles in Afghanistan*. This fantastic journey by a unique author showcases the best of the adventuring European spirit.

أنتيلوب هيل للنشر
ANTELOPE HILL PUBLISHING

LORD MILES IN AFGHANISTAN

ANTELOPE HILL


THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A MODERN-DAY BRITISH ADVENTURER DURING THE 2021 TALIBAN TAKEOVER
LORD MILES IN AFGHANISTAN
اللورد مايلز في أفغانستان
LORD
المرج في أخطر البلدان
MILES
IN AFGHANISTAN
آخر سائح في أفغانستان

13:00

The head of security called Angel for the third time. Yuryev was preparing for Mozgovoy's departure, and he needed one more fighter for the security team.

The fact that Yuryev had been calling Malyshev since the very morning speaks to an important fact: Mozgovoy's departure from Alchevsk was not sudden, but had been planned in advance.

Malyshev never made it in time, and that saved his life. He returned to the headquarters closer to 1800hrs, after everything had already transpired.

Aleksey Mozgovoy did not leave the headquarters throughout the day. In the afternoon, press secretary Anna Samelyuk came to his office.

16:30

Chief of Staff Shevchenko stopped by to see the brigade commander. He had photographs in his hands, printed on a color printer — reconnaissance data taken from a drone on the Bakhmutka. The headquarters used these data to mark out targets for the artillery.

"What are you, loafing around?" joked the Chief of Staff. "And the reconnaissance team is at work!"

"You see, people are working?" Mozgovoy said to Anna, having received the documents. It sounded as if in reproach — people do real work, and here we are fiddling with some papers. Having finished working with the documents, Anna went home to change.

17:00

Aleksey Markov popped in. Mozgovoy was sitting at his laptop, wearing a black uniform of thick fabric that the brigade had received in Kamensk-Shakhtinsky, a Russian border town where Mozgovoy and Markov had recently gone to make arrangements with a clothing factory to have the brigade's uniforms sewn.

The deputy brigade commander of the rear was doing routine headquarters work, consisting of preparing documents to be submitted to the commander for signature. After picking up the signed reports, Markov left.

17:15

On this Saturday, the headquarters was quiet and empty, with no civilian visitors or journalists. Guard Aleksey Kalashin (Halls) was on duty outside Mozgovoy's office, and guard Andrey Ryazhskikh (Metla) was on guard duty at the entrance to the headquarters. The third guard on duty, whose callsign was Albanets, had asked to leave the day before for family reasons, which is why Yuryev kept calling Malyshev to hurry him back.

The Prizrak commander radioed the head of security and said he was ready to go. Pesnya drove the car to the entrance of the headquarters — it was the Toyota Sequoia which had been damaged in the first attempt on the brigade commander on March 7. The Toyota had already been repaired and had new windows. Instead of license plates, it had "Novorossiya" plaques.

The brigade commander came down and sat in the back seat on the right. Metla sat to his left, Halls sat in the front seat, and Pesnya, as always, was at the wheel.

17:20

Aleksey Markov approached the office again. It was closed, there was no guard nearby. Markov popped in to see Shevchenko:

"Where did Borisych go?"

"I don't know, he didn't report. Maybe someplace in the city," muttered the Chief of Staff, not taking his eyes off his work.

17:25

The Toyota stopped at Anna Samelyuk's apartment in the center of Alchevsk. Five minutes later she came down, and the car headed for Lugansk. The way lay along the M-04 highway through Mikhaylovka, and it was not more than seven minutes to the settlement at a decent speed.

At the entrance to Mikhaylovka, a white Volkswagen Transporter minivan driven by Anton Sereda, a resident of Alchevsk, appeared ahead of Mozgovoy's car. He worked as a driver in Lugansk and was returning that day from Novoazovsk. Behind the Toyota was a dark green Zhiguli 2104 of local resident Yakov Trakiy. His wife Anastasia, who was in the late stages of pregnancy, was traveling with him.

17:33

On the right side of the highway in this location are hills with bushes and small ravines. Behind the hills is a dense forest belt. A country road goes off to the right, leading to the oil shale quarry and to the neighboring villages. A hundred meters after this intersection the road turns to the right by thirty degrees. Thus, as soon as Mozgovoy's car passed the intersection, it immediately found itself with its windshield facing the hill. And that's where the ambush was waiting.

The first bullets fell on the hood, hit the engine and punctured the radiator. A long trail of antifreeze stretched from the car. Beyond the intersection, the white minivan braked and bore left as the highway was blocked by large rocks. Pesnya was forced to slow down too. At that moment, a powerful explosion rang out on the right from the road. The forced braking due to the rocks and the deafening explosion allowed the ambush to target the car of Mozgovoy at point-blank range.

The Zhiguli stood on the highway near the intersection — the bullets pierced its tires and fatally wounded the driver. The driver of the Volkswagen, immediately after the explosion, abandoned control and fell to the floor of the cabin. The car drove about two hundred meters, rolled onto the left curb and collapsed onto its right side. The Toyota took the same course, stopping not far from the Volkswagen, — Pesnya was wounded by the first shots and quickly lost control. All this time — about a minute — the cars were under heavy fire. After the firing subsided, another explosion was heard on the hill.

Aleksey Mozgovoy, Anna Samelyuk and Aleksey Kalashin died instantly. Alexander Yuryev and Andrey Ryazhskikh lived another ten minutes or so. The pregnant woman, Anastasia, who was in the Zhiguli, had also died there. Her husband fell out onto the road and lost consciousness. Yakov was picked up a few minutes later by a passing car, but died on the operating table in Alchevsk.

17:36

The phone of Alexander Kozlovsky — a security guard of the brigade commander on a resting shift — received a call from Yuryev. He reported the attack and hung up. Kozlovsky notified the Prizrak officers of what had happened.

After the Toyota stopped, Pesnya got out of the car and rolled into a ravine. From there, he called Kozlovsky and several other people, then tried to dress his wounds with a bandage and injected an anesthetic.

Anton Sereda laid in the cabin of the minivan for a few minutes, then kicked out the broken windshield and climbed out. He laid behind the car for a little while longer and then ran to the houses in Mikhaylovka.

ORGANIC COTTON
UNDERWEAR

LEGIO GLORIA

THE WHITE SWAN

FAISAL MARZIPAN

LOST CAUSES

by RICHARD NICHOLS

An exclusive extract from a thrilling spy thriller in the grand tradition of Fleming and Forysth

PROLOGUE

HACIENDA SAN GERONIMO, YUCATAN STATE, MEXICO
HURRICANE SEASON, 2005

The Operator stood motionless in the shadows, his eyes unblinking, his back to the wall. The large semiautomatic rested easily in his hands and there was a thin sprinkling of sweat across his forehead that glistened in the half-light like early morning dew. The strain of constant alertness was beginning to show now, etching fresh cracks in his already weathered skin, and he could feel the usual tension build in the muscles around his neck. An impulse made him want to pretend none of this was happening and he swallowed hard, reminding himself that millions of lives were at stake; that if he hesitated now, he'd let the side down. Worse than that, he'd let himself down.

Tightening his grip on the weapon, he felt the droplets of sweat gather into a fitful, itchy trickle, then fall from his face as a roar of laughter escaped from the closed door beside him. It was followed by the slap of dominoes and he formed a picture of the four men in his mind's eye; saw them seated at the table, saw the beer bottles and cigars in their hands, the weapons by their sides...

He knew there was no alternative. He had the darkness. He had the skills. He had the firepower. He had everything except the vehicle. Then there'd just be the mad dash for freedom and the long drive to Belize. Five, maybe six hours should do it. Once there, he'd have no difficulty making contact with the right people. They'd believe his story. They'd take care of things...

And if he failed?

A slow grin spread across his features, and taking a deep breath, he stepped away from the wall. Then, turning slowly to face the door, he examined it for a moment, and picking a spot a couple of inches to the side of the rusted doorknob, he kicked out with the flat of his right foot. The ancient joinery splintered as the lock was ripped from the rotten frame with a dry cracking sound, and the door was still swinging open when he followed it into the room. A split-second later he acquired his first target through the thick blue-grey haze of smoke. Instinct pulled the trigger, but years of training and countless hours on the in the 'Killing House' at Hereford put the bullet through the man's left temple, instantly eliminating him from the equation.

The Operator swung the handgun round. The other three men were frozen to their seats, still trying to make sense of things when he fired again. For one of them, it was his last conscious moment. He died as two rounds entered the back of his skull, soundlessly turning his brain into a thick grey slush that exploded out through his face. He fell forwards on to the table, providing a clear shot of the man opposite. He was about to scream something when two more expertly placed rounds tore into his sternum, and he slumped in his seat mouthing words he'd never get to say.

The Operator was moving easily now and swiveling with reflex speed he turned the weapon on to the fourth man, taking him out with a double tap to the head. The back of the target's skull just seemed to vanish from one instant to the next, and less than three seconds after he'd entered the room, the Operator stepped back into the shadows.

So far, so good, he thought. He was ahead of the curve. His free hand went to the spare magazine. The subsequent quick-release, change and slap home took but an instant. Then he was moving again, frisking each of the dead bodies in turn for the key to the vehicle. He finally found it on one of the Cubans. Clasping it tightly in his free hand he slipped out into the courtyard. There the full moon was only a few days old, but there were plenty of clouds in the night sky and the world had been reduced a dull monochrome. The pick-up truck was a hulking shadow a few yards to his left. He jumped in and was pulling the door shut when the floodlights came on all around with a great blinding flash. Ignoring the subsequent hail of gunfire, he jammed the key into the ignition. He twisted it. The diesel engine rumbled into life with a satisfactory growl, and he pulled away in a cloud of boiling dust, heading straight for the wrought-iron gate as one of the guards stumbled into his path. He looked half asleep and had only just brought his rifle to bear when the front of the truck struck him. Then he was gone from sight, with only a wretched scream and slight bumping motion to indicate his fate. The gate offered slightly more resistance, but nowhere near enough to check the vehicle's rapidly increasing momentum. It broke away in a tangle of twisted metal, and suddenly he was clear of the hacienda, moving at speed along the dark rutted track to freedom.

A final salvo from somewhere over to his right shattered the passenger side window and the windscreen. Shards of flying glass pricked his face. They drew instant beads of blood but did no real damage, and he leaned forward, punching a hole in what remained of the windscreen with his fist. Ahead of him, the track stretched through a long, low tunnel of interlocking branches that scraped the top and sides of the vehicle as it bounced over half-seen potholes, and he sat back, letting the fast-moving air cool his exposed skin. For the first time in almost a week, he felt himself start to relax... It all seemed so incredible, he thought suddenly, so impossible and so surreal. A few short days ago he'd been dodging rain showers on a cold grey Belfast morning; now he was fleeing for

his life through some godforsaken Mexican jungle, thousands of miles from home, thousands of miles from back-up...

The realization that the fuel tank had been ruptured was a while in coming. First there was the casual glance down at the gauge. Then the double take and subsequent confusion, and by the time the red warning light came on it was too late to do anything about it. The engine coughed erratically and died a few seconds later, and he was urgently considering his options when the glimmer of distant headlights appeared in the darkness to his rear.

A grim sense of unease took hold of him then, and with the handgun firmly in his grip he jumped from the vehicle as it slowed to a halt. The surrounding jungle gave him plenty of cover, but the undergrowth was thick and thorny, and he was still dangerously close to the track when he heard the sound of doors slamming and the issue of shouted instructions. Powerful torches cut bright furrows through the trees as high-velocity rounds slashed the air around him. They were all well aimed, and he was diving sideways when one struck him high in the back, punching the air from his lungs as it burst from his chest.

Crashing to the ground, he tumbled for several feet and lay still. Curiously, he didn't feel anything, only a kind of numbness, as though his whole body had been anaesthetized. For a moment he wondered what had happened. Then his eyes started to lose their focus as the already dark world around him darkened some more. In the background, he thought he could hear voices. They seemed irrelevant now, unreal and far removed, and lying there he felt almost at peace. He tried to remember where he was but that proved surprisingly difficult. Even his name escaped him, and he was struggling to stay conscious when the pain finally brought him round. Then the crack of renewed gunfire reminded him what was happening, and the eyes started to find their focus once more.

Inhaling raggedly, he rolled over to check the wound. It seemed to take a lot of effort and it came as no surprise when he saw all the blood. There was so much that it was hard to tell exactly where he'd been hit, and he probed the area with his fingers, watching in horrified disbelief as they disappeared into a hole in his left shoulder. There they found a slick, glistening mess of flesh and bones, and fighting the urge to retch, he tried to establish the extent of the damage. Experience told him it was severe, probably fatal; that if the shock didn't kill him the loss of blood certainly would. He'd seen other men die in the Falklands from lesser wounds, and they'd had top-flight surgeons and sub-zero temperatures to help them...

He sank back into the soft, warm earth and closed his eyes. He felt light-headed, slow and lethargic, and could feel his body consuming whatever strength he still had at an alarming rate. But despite the pain and exhaustion there was no room for despair in the Operator's make-up, no panic, nor any sense that this game was over. If his life as a soldier had taught him anything, it was that he must do his duty or die trying. 'Carrying the torch', he called it. It was a simple enough religion; one that had served him well over the years. He saw no need to go changing it now and remembering he still had a message to deliver, he gathered the handgun in his grip and pushed himself unsteadily to his feet.

The next few minutes passed by in a slow-moving nightmare without beginning or end. More bullets thrashed through the foliage around him, and he fell many times, the thorny undergrowth trapping his legs, the sauna-like heat sapping the last reserves of strength from his body. Time and distance soon became amorphous things, signifying nothing, and he was in a weird trancelike state when he finally stumbled onto the hard asphalt of the main road. It was empty of traffic, and in desperation he looked around. With great relief he saw that the petrol station was not far to his left, exactly where he'd hoped it would be. It had been shut for the night, but it would do, and gritting his teeth he lurched from his position, leaving a long trail of blood as he staggered across the deserted forecourt to reach the main building.

A sharp blow with the butt of the gun was enough to shatter a window. Then it was

"You can't trust anyone in the world. The only person you can rely on is that anonymous person on Twitter telling you to put your balls in an ice bucket."

#mansworld

a simple matter to open the door from the inside. He almost fell through it and using the available light he quickly found a telephone. He put the receiver to his ear. The dial tone was steady, and setting the weapon to one side, he punched in Credenhill's number from memory. He held his breath as the connection was made. It was a poor line full of static, but clear enough for him to hear the woman's voice at the other end, her soft West Country accent sounding absurdly calm under the circumstances.

"Credenhill," she said, in a warm, almost motherly tone. "Go ahead please..."

"It's Franchise," gasped the Operator. "Tell Mainstay I'm aborting. Repeat, aborting..." He was interrupted by a short burst of gunfire. Bullets erupted through the thin wall like a string of miniature volcanoes, and he'd only managed to shout a few more words when another burst filled the room, smashing the telephone to pieces in front of him.

He slumped to the floor. This time he knew he'd been hit for sure; once, maybe twice, he couldn't tell. Screamed instructions to his legs went unanswered and he soon gave up trying. They were fucked. He was fucked. Everything was fucked. Everything except the zero option; the one he'd hoped he'd never get to use...

Dropping the receiver, he searched for the gun. It was beyond his grasp now, so he reached for the small plastic capsule he always carried instead. Inside there was a tiny glass vial. It was for 'emergency use only', but this seemed like as good a time as any, and he was putting it to his lips when the barest outline of an idea came to him. It was a long shot; that much he knew; a lost cause, if ever there was one. But right then it was his only hope of completing his mission, and without a moment's hesitation he threw the vial to one side and searched for something to write with.

Pens and pencils lay scattered all around. Grabbing the nearest one he found a scrap of paper and scribbled out the key pieces of intelligence as they came to him. Then, forcing the paper into the hollow capsule, he replaced the lid and had just stuffed the whole thing into his mouth when he heard whispered voices and the crunch of broken glass. Swallowing hard, he looked across to see the giant Basque standing in the doorway. He was staring down at the Operator along the barrel of an AK-47 assault rifle, his face covered in sweat, his trigger finger twitching. His eyes flicked around the room several times then, barking an instruction in Spanish, he closed the gap between them and repeated the instruction.

The slow grin split the Operator's face for the last time. "Sorry, amigo," he replied at last. "No speakee the fucking lingo."

The next thing he saw was the rifle's butt as it flicked towards the side of his face. The blow was delivered with controlled, almost clinical precision, and it connected with a sickening crunch, breaking teeth and bone on the process. The Operator had the brief sensation of falling into a dark abyss, and if he wasn't already unconscious as he toppled over, he was when the back of his head hit the floor with a resounding thud. None of that mattered very much, however. Not anymore. He had done his duty and that was enough.

It was time to pass the torch to somebody else.

CHAPTER ONE

HEREFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND

The small city of Hereford in the heart of England's cider country is probably best known for its medieval cathedral and the white-faced breed of cattle that bear its name. All in all, it's a sleepy place, and the same goes for the cluster of charming little villages that surround it, many of which might best be described as bucolic. There are some exceptions to this rule, however, and Credenhill is one of them. It leads a somewhat sinister double-life that has given the place a notoriety that stretches well beyond the apple orchards and low rolling hills in which it sits. In short, Credenhill punches far above its weight, and has done ever since the UK's legendary Special Air Service Regiment decided to relocate there in the late summer of

1999.

Things in Credenhill would never be the same again. Today the village is regularly disturbed by the sound of live firing, the strangulated cries of screamed instructions, and the passage - often at high speed - of a wide assortment of helicopters, lorries and unmarked vehicles from the British government's various motor pools. Then there's the low-key but palpable presence of the SAS troopers themselves; many of them characterized by deep tans, recently acquired and regularly refreshed; as well as by a casual alertness, an extremely high level of fitness and vaguely menacing air.

But the SAS is not the only Special Forces unit headquartered in this strange little village, because in the aftermath of 9/11, a new regiment was born. Called the Special Reconnaissance Regiment, it was based on an existing unit so small and secretive that few people even knew of its existence. Officially known as 'Joint Communications Unit (Northern Ireland)' but more commonly known as 'Group', it had been created in the 1970s to penetrate the all but impenetrable defenses of the various terrorist organizations at large in the Province; and its agents, usually referred to as 'Operators', quickly established themselves as an elite within an elite, successfully forging tiny, isolated bridgeheads in the bitterly contested No Man's Land that was Northern Ireland in the latter decades of the 20th century.

Inevitably these men and women lived in the shadows, and many of them would die there. Such - as was now becoming clear - may have been the fate of the Operator known as 'Franchise' whose last communication with his handlers had come in the form of an all too brief telephone call made from parts unknown against a disturbing backdrop of intense gunfire.

The call was automatically logged and recorded at 0623 hours local time. It was taken by a pretty young switchboard operator after the first ring, and she spent the next ten seconds or so trying to make sense of the chaotic scene that was unfolding in her earpiece. Then, before she really knew what was happening, the line went dead and she was left listening helplessly to the hollow sound of the dial tone that followed.

Although still in her early twenties she had been in the job long enough to understand the significance of what she had just heard. Franchise was clearly down, and for a moment she sat motionless at her desk, her mind a raging battleground of hope and dread. The latter quickly triumphed and fighting a paralyzing sense of shock she went back to work, her fingers a blur of urgent motion as she followed a well-rehearsed emergency drill. Once it was complete, she collapsed back into her seat, her strength expended. She knew she had performed the small series of tasks with all the speed and competence expected of her but that was little comfort, and she could do nothing to stop the tears that now burst from her eyes and streamed down her pretty face.

*

Since Franchise's last known sighting almost a week earlier, all of Britain's major intelligence agencies had been put on the highest alert in an effort to establish his whereabouts; the level of threat he might be facing; and what steps if any should be taken to guarantee his safety. So far, they had failed on every count making this new communication something of a godsend, and news of its reception was immediately circulated throughout the vast network of agencies responsible for the nation's security, including GCHQ - the Government Communications Headquarters - in nearby Cheltenham. With help from at least three geo-stationary satellites and some technical assistance from their counterparts at NSA headquarters in Maryland, it took them less than fifteen minutes to pinpoint the source of the call to an isolated petrol station in south-eastern Mexico. Then, less than an hour later, following a digital analysis of the call's contents, they provided a preliminary report confirming that the voice did indeed belong to Franchise; that the gunfire was both incoming and genuine; and that the telephone had suffered some sort of 'catastrophic and irreversible damage' before the call could be completed,

almost certainly on account of the aforementioned gunfire.

While useful on several different levels, the new information raised as many questions as it answered. For one thing, what was Franchise doing in Mexico? For another, had he survived the incident? And last but not least, what were Group and its associated agencies going to do about it, if indeed they could do anything about it?

Up until now, the man charged with handling these issues was Franchise's Commanding Officer - codename, 'Mainstay' - a gruff, no-nonsense Lieutenant-Colonel, formerly of the Scots Guards and the SAS and now permanently seconded to the SRR.

There is an old saying in the British Army that 'the uglier the man, the better the soldier', and such had proven to be the case with Mainstay. He was one of those awkward looking individuals - jug-eared, bug-eyed and as lanky as a ladder - who, if it weren't for the officer corps of certain British regiments or, perhaps, the clergy, would have found it difficult to fit into any kind of normal life. But there was no doubting his competence. A Highlander from a long line of Highlanders, he was anything but the distant deskbound caricature of a CO so often portrayed in books and films. His boots had seen a lot of mud and blood in their time - his service record read like a compendium of recent British military interventions - and a lot of that blood had been his. And though a strict disciplinarian, he had what is sometimes known as 'the touch'; an instinctive understanding of his men's needs and passionate concern for their wellbeing. This, coupled with a reputation for getting results at almost any cost, made him as popular with those below him in the military hierarchy as it made him unpopular with those above.

As he sat alone at his desk reviewing the details of Franchise's call, he was inevitably reminded of the fate of another Operator, Captain Robert Nairac. Nairac had been on his fourth tour in the Province when he had been abducted one night and taken across the border into the Republic of Ireland. There he had been subjected to a series of exceptionally savage assaults before being killed in cold blood. What happened next is still subject to some dispute. Some say he was buried in an unmarked grave; others that his body was fed into the grinders at a meat processing plant. Either way, his remains were never found, and for his 'exceptional courage and acts of the greatest heroism in circumstances of extreme peril' Captain Nairac was posthumously awarded the United Kingdom's highest civil decoration, the George Cross.

George Cross or no George Cross, nobody wanted a repeat of that bloody scenario, thought Mainstay, and with the weariness that comes with great responsibility he turned his thoughts back to Franchise. Although he'd commanded a huge number of men in his time, there were few that had attracted his admiration as strongly as the man from South London. Cool, cold, deadly and absolutely stuffed with moral fiber, he was as good a soldier as any the Scotsman had ever come across, and as an Operator he was just sublime. It was inconceivable that he would have broken his cover but for the most urgent and justifiable reasons, and under normal circumstances Mainstay's response would have been both immediate and uncompromising. He would have called in the Quick Reaction Force of SAS troopers already on standby, and instructed them to go in as hard and as fast as the situation would allow.

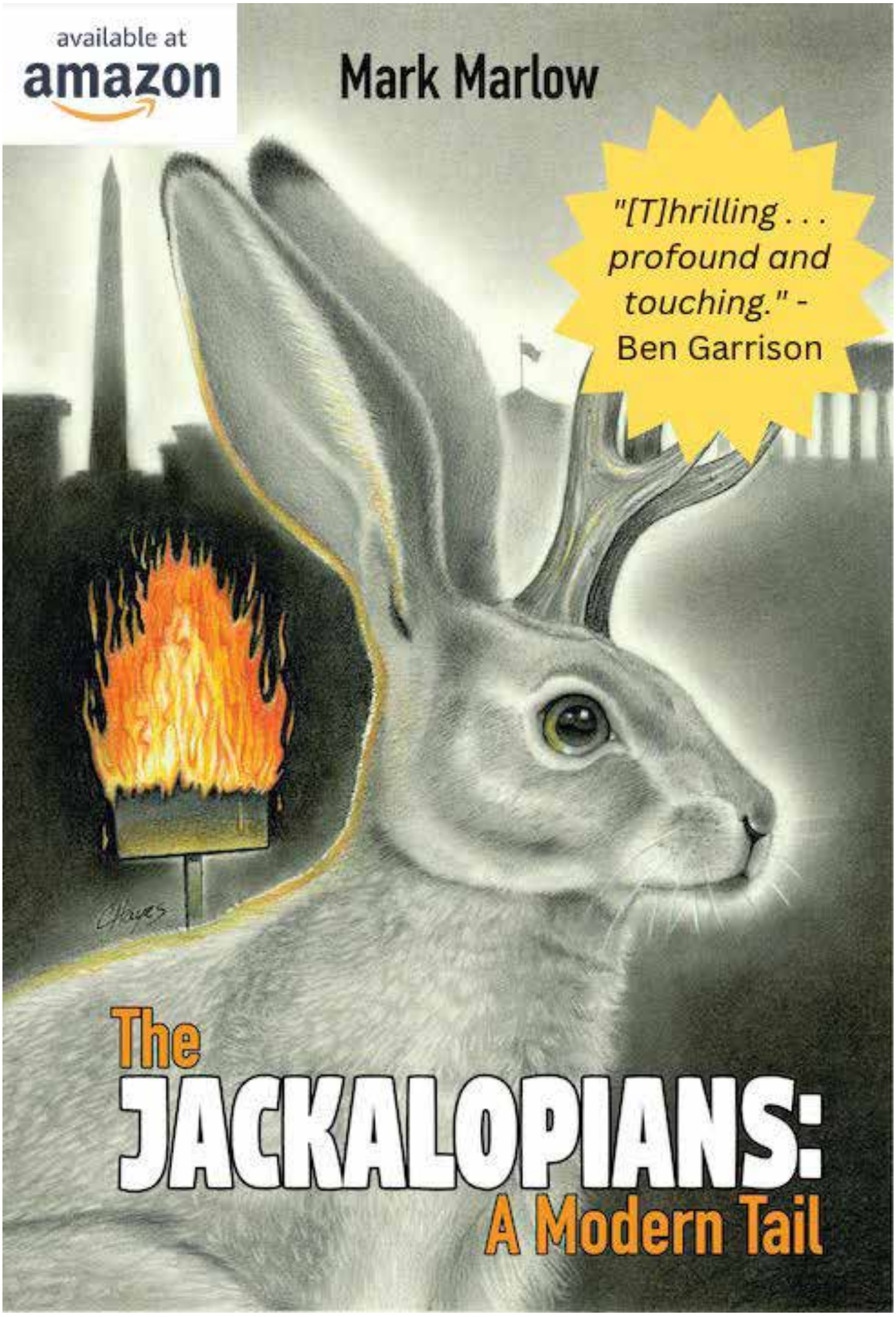
These, however, were far from normal circumstances. The call had come from Mexico, after all, a neutral country that enjoyed cordial relations with the UK. Then there were the substantial logistical headaches to consider. No matter which way he looked at it, the obstacles involved in a swift military response were insurmountable and he reluctantly came to the conclusion that there was little he could do to secure the Operator's short-term safety.

Even more reluctantly, he realized now, any solution would have to lie with the lightweights at the Foreign Office - 'the Light Brigade', as he sometimes called them, after their habit of charging off in the wrong direction, creating inevitable havoc and still managing to grab all the glory - not to mention their bastard offspring at MI6. Neither inspired him with much confidence, but,

AS LONG AS WE HAVE THE CONSTITUTION, AMERICA WILL BE AMERICA. EVEN IF THE ENTIRE POPULATION IS REPLACED.

GURNING POINT USA FOUNDER, CHARLIE DERP

GURNING POINT USA


available at
amazon
Mark Marlow
"[T]hrilling . . . profound and touching." - Ben Garrison
The
JACKALOPIANS:
A Modern Tail

on this occasion, it was MI6 that gave him the most cause for concern. It wasn't just a slogging soldier's instinctive mistrust of spy agencies that guided his reasoning, though that in itself was both considerable and constant. It was that, in his eyes, a more over-rated, duplicitous, pusillanimous, self-serving, incompetent, costly and downright useless bunch of time-wasters did not exist in the land - outside of Parliament, at least. He questioned everything about them, right up to and including their agenda and their patriotism, sometimes even their sanity, and their recent wholesale adoption of the pernicious and cancerous doctrines of political correctness and multiculturalism had done nothing to help matters.

But even that wasn't the worst of it. The worst of it was that they lacked the killer instinct. They seem to have forgotten that there were real enemies out there - enemies that would destroy them if they weren't destroyed first - as their long list of intelligence failures amply testified. The Falklands conflict was one of the most egregious examples, as was the invasion of Kuwait. Then there was the almost comically inept closure of the 'Arab Desk' - the department charged with monitoring Islamic terrorists - in the nineties, just as the Arabs themselves were preparing to launch their greatest assault on Western interests in over a hundred years. And, of course, the ongoing clusterfuck that was the Iraq War and the stockpile of WMD that never showed up...

All of these failures had come at a price, and the price had been the deaths of many a good soldier, dozens of them serving under Mainstay's own command when they were killed, and it was clear to him that the agency - like so much of the political class that ran the country - lived in a completely different world, as far removed from reality as it was from the lives of those they were paid to protect. It was a flaw made all the more unbearable by that curious combination of character traits so prevalent in so many of today's 'bright young things': a smug arrogance combined with precious little to be smug or arrogant about.

His contact at 'Six' was a classic case in point. To say that he had a low opinion of Simon Carrington was to considerably understate the case. He hated everything about the greasy little shit, from the calculated insult that was his handshake to the dismissive way he talked about Mainstay's men and their capabilities. Asking him for his opinion was like commissioning the *Guardian* newspaper to do a straw poll of its readership, and his physical presence was so underwhelming that the Scotsman was often tempted to kick him in the balls, if for no other reason than to see if he had any.

All in all, he was not the kind of man you wanted to turn to when the sky was falling. The thought of entrusting Franchise's fate to him was not just anathema to the Scotsman, it made him feel physically sick, and hating himself for what he was about to do he reached for the phone and asked his secretary to put a call though to Carrington.

*

Simon Carrington was tall, dark and unquestionably handsome, as his reflection in the mirror of his luxuriously appointed bathroom now served to remind him. Even after a late night out and too many glasses of champagne, he looked quite immaculate. His teeth gleamed, his skin glowed, and his hair - thick, glossy, longish, but recently and expensively cut - was pretty much perfect.

As ever, there was only one discordant note - his eyes. The color of glacial ice but nowhere near as warm, they had a cold-blooded, almost reptilian quality, suggesting that they were not so much windows on his soul as warnings of its complete and total absence; that the building was empty and had been abandoned years ago, if indeed it had ever been inhabited at all. They were, in other words, the eyes of a person lacking any sense of compassion, self-awareness, humility or anything even remotely resembling a conscience.

Needless to say, concepts like duty, honor, loyalty and courage didn't play much of a role in his life either. To him, they were just ridiculous handicaps, well past their sell-by date. Even the concept of reality itself was

not immune; his contempt for it was total. To him, reality was just another word for 'other people', and since he'd long ago learned that other people could be made to think whatever he wanted them to, he really didn't see the point in treating the damned thing like some sort of sacred cow. For him, sacred cows were there to be slaughtered, something at which he'd become quite an expert in his time.

No, there was only one thing that mattered to Simon Carrington, and that was his own continued aggrandizement, glorification and gratification. At this he had proved to be remarkably successful. Now approaching his thirty-seventh birthday he could count the Prime Minister amongst his closest friends, as well as a handful of billionaires, film stars, journalists and several members of the not-so-minor aristocracy. He lived in a gorgeous Georgian house in one of the more desirable parts of Belgravia, had a string of eligible girlfriends (and not-so eligible boyfriends), belonged to the best clubs, dined in the finest restaurants, patronized the right charities, and always took his holidays in Tuscany, Gstaad and Barbados, traveling first class all the way naturally enough.

His rise through the ranks at 'Six' had been no less meteoric or stellar, to use just a few of the astronomical terms that had been used to describe his career. His success in his chosen profession was not, however, reflected in any respect for the office. He saw the intelligence game as just that - a game, with winners and losers - and as long as he came out on the winning side, he didn't much care what happened on the pitch. For him, it was just a useful stepping-stone, a means to an end, and that end always had been and always would be none other than Simon Carrington himself.

With a splash of expensive cologne, he made a final adjustment to his hair and walked through into a spacious fitted mahogany-and-glass dressing room. There, he perused the vast array of perfectly pressed and presented clothes for a few moments before making his selection - a selection that included a fitted sea island cotton shirt in baby blue by Charvet; white tailored briefs; a bespoke, dark blue, double-breasted suit of the finest alpaca by Brioni; and a vintage wristwatch of white gold by Patek Philippe.

He dressed unhurriedly, checking himself carefully in a full-length mirror after donning each and every item. He then topped-and-tailed the ensemble with an exquisitely beautiful silk necktie by Hermès, and a delicate pair of slip-on shoes of the finest calf leather by Bruno Magli, so light and delicate their presence on his feet could hardly be felt.

He checked himself in the mirror one last time and liked what he saw. The overall effect was every bit as fashionable and flattering as he'd hoped; and slipping into the alpaca jacket, he filled his pockets with various accessories. Then, crossing through his bedroom, he made his way down a long, elegant staircase and stepped out into the bright light of a brand-new day.

*

It was a twenty-minute walk to Vauxhall Cross; the sprawling tangle of streets, railway tracks, bridges and walkways on the south bank of the River Thames that Pevsner once called, 'one of the most unpleasant road junctions in South London'. If anything, the revered architectural critic was being kind, and the recent addition of countless bus and cycle lanes has done nothing to improve the area's charm. Nor, for that matter, has that of the cream-and-green-colored office building that fills the five-acre site just north of the junction. A 'monstrous carbuncle' if ever there was one, this pompous, postmodern edifice was in appalling taste when built in the mid-eighties, and the intervening decades have done nothing to improve matters. Looking like a cross between a wedding cake and some Babylonian ziggurat it has inevitably and deservedly garnered a host of unflattering nicknames - Legoland, The Vauxhall Trollop, Ceausescu Towers, Babylon-on-Thames - none of which do much to reflect its esteemed status as the headquarters of Britain's world-famous Secret Intelligence Service, aka MI-6.

Simon Carrington had called it his place of work for over a decade and, having walked

up to the main entrance, he passed through multiple layers of security. As usual, he did his best to ignore the polite smiles and general bonhomie of the on-duty personnel as he did so. Then, having picked up a cappuccino from the 24-hour canteen, he made his way to his plush, state-of-the-art office on the seventh floor. There, he took his seat at his desk, sipping at his coffee as he switched on his computer, and began to skim through the many reports, updates and other communications that were awaiting his attention. Much of it was routine. There was trouble in the Middle East, and conditions in Africa weren't looking so lovely either, especially in-and-around the Horn. Northern Ireland, too, had its fair share of grief. Recent developments included a spate of failed bomb attacks, a string of unsolved beatings, and the attempted shooting of a police officer on the Falls Road - all of them carried out by the Provisional IRA or their proxies. None of these had reached the mainstream media, of course, and if they ever did it would be in such a refined and palatable form that nobody would ever link them to the Peace Process whose status as an 'unqualified success' was still sacrosanct and would remain that way as long as Simon Carrington and his colleagues in government could keep it so.

Despite several references to Group's work in the Province, he reflected only briefly on the fate of the missing Operator whose case he was meant to be following. In part, this was due to his conviction that the whole affair would turn out to be some sort of false alarm. It wouldn't, after all, be the first time that one of them had done something stupid, and in the back of his mind he'd already stamped the file with the words, "NO IMMEDIATE ACTION", confident that sooner or later the man in question would be found sunning himself on a beach on the Costa Brava or some such. But in part this lack of interest was down to simple apathy. To him, Operators and their country cousins in the SAS were just thugs with guns; hangovers from a darker age, with no real place in the brave new world that he and those around him were working so hard to create. And if the missing man never showed up again, then he for one wouldn't be losing a whole lot of sleep over the matter.

Besides, he had other things on his mind, he reflected, not least the little bit of 'rough' he'd met a few days earlier. The good-looking, smooth-talking Tunisian had been full of surprises and he was contemplating a reunion when his secretary announced that his counterpart at Credenhill was on the line...

Brought back to reality with a decisive bump, Simon Carrington swore under his breath. He didn't like many people, but even if he did, he would not have liked the gruff Scotsman from Credenhill. He'd hated the man from the moment they'd first met, and the feeling appeared to be more than mutual. As a consequence, all encounters between them were fraught with the kind of tension and mistrust more usually found in the opening seconds of a cage-fight, and it was with some hesitation and a look of evident distaste that he finally took the call.

"Simon Carrington," he said.

Mainstay ignored the younger man's subsequent attempt at pleasantries, and promptly got down to business. "I take it you've seen the update," he said, the urgency clear in his voice.

"Of course, I have..." Carrington lied with the cool, calm assurance of one long practiced in the art. As he spoke his eyes scanned his inbox. In less than a second he had identified the relevant communication, and in less than two seconds he was glancing at the contents. "In Mexico, of all places..." he added, an almost wistful tone in his voice. "Quite horrific. As you can imagine I'm still trying to digest the implications."

Mainstay had a pretty shrewd idea what all that meant and did not hide his frustration. "Well, you'd better get a bloody move on," he said, a broad Scottish accent breaking through his otherwise clipped English. "I've got a man down. A good man, too. The clock is ticking and if we're going to react it had better be pretty damned soon or there'll be hell to pay."

Having finally got to grips with some of the update's more important details, Simon Carrington relaxed a little. He was back on safe ground again and deciding to wrest the

Wha

ANTELOPE HILL

initiative from the older man he said, "In that case, you'll be pleased to know that I've already asked for an emergency meeting with the Defense Intelligence Staff and Joint Intelligence Committee. The FO will be represented by their Mexico Desk and, if all goes well, we should have a plan of action by ten o'clock."

A plan of inaction more like, thought Mainstay. The involvement of so many other agencies, while necessary, brought with it the likelihood of lost momentum, and it didn't take much imagination to see the whole thing becoming bogged down in a bureaucratic quagmire. Besides, he didn't need a polygraph test to know that Carrington had been lying through his bright, even, perfectly polished teeth. He knew damned well that the meeting would only be called once their conversation came to an end and needed no better excuse to get off the line.

"Well, if that's the case," he said brusquely, "I'll want a detailed report on my desk by midday at the latest."

With that, Mainstay hung up and Simon Carrington breathed a long sigh of relief. Okay, so he'd been a bit slow out of the blocks, but he'd survived the encounter and bought himself just enough time to play catch-up. All in all, not a bad result, and calling his secretary into the room he shouted a set of angry instructions that soon sent her scurrying. Then, with the Operator all but erased from his mind, Simon Carrington sat back in his chair and smiled, confident that one way or the other he would come out of this smelling of roses the way he always did.

*

In any normal working environment, being a self-absorbed, power-crazed maniac tends to be something of a handicap, but modern-day Whitehall is no ordinary working environment. There, such blatant moral failings are seen as positive assets; weapons to be wielded with a certain amount of panache, not to mention pride. Instead of provoking revulsion in others, they provoke respect. That goes double when the maniac in question has a habit of getting away with their petty and not so petty crimes and misdemeanors, as had proven to be the case with Simon Carrington.

And so it was that, despite the short notice, he was able to put the meeting together on schedule and complete with all of the promised attendees. It was held, for reasons of speed and convenience, at the offices of the Defense Intelligence Service close to Trafalgar Square, and chaired by Carrington himself. After a brief introductory statement, he was quick to point out that the Deputy Prime Minister was due to lead a long-planned, high profile trade mission to Mexico in the upcoming weeks. This, he explained, inevitably brought several political considerations into the equation; political considerations which would not be well served by the revelation that a member of Britain's Special Forces had been involved in what was, by all accounts, a very violent incident on Mexican soil without even so much as a tourist visa, let alone the kind of top-level authorization that was demanded by international treaty.

Of equal, if not greater concern, he went on, was the continued stability of the Northern Ireland Peace Process. For while it was possible the Operator's cover had already been blown, it was also possible that his true identity remained a secret. If so, any rescue attempt or intervention would risk raising the stakes; alerting the IRA to the fact they'd been infiltrated with political ramifications that didn't bear thinking about.

His sober words and the unequivocal message they conveyed were well received. There were no dissenting voices, and it was quickly resolved that whilst MI6 would continue to monitor the situation closely, an ultra-low-key response would be implemented. No formal acknowledgement of the Operator's presence in the country would be made; the local agencies would not be informed of the incident; nor would any other type of intervention be made.

In short, the whole episode would be best forgotten, and the meeting concluded shortly afterwards with the file being stamped, 'NO IMMEDIATE ACTION', just as Simon Carrington had always known it would.

*

A printed copy of the minutes of the meeting reached Mainstay's desk just before midday, and though his expectations had never been high he was bitterly disappointed by its contents. Any chance of riding to Franchise's rescue had been well and truly scuppered: the Operator was to be sacrificed on the altar of political expediency, his body thrown to the wolves that were almost certainly now tearing at his flesh.

Bloody lightweights! he thought, turning his attention back to the men responsible. *God! How he hated them and everything they stood for! Or* - more to the point - *didn't stand for*. He doubted that between them they had enough vertebrae to make a single human backbone, and much as he yearned to head straight to Whitehall to try to overturn the decision, he knew there was no point. He knew the bureaucratic ranks would already be closing, their shields interlocked in an impenetrable wall, and that any such attempt would be utterly futile.

The sense of betrayal the Scotsman felt was so intense as to be almost palpable. His loyalty to his men was as absolute as it was unwavering, and he would willingly have resigned his commission on the spot had it not been for the fact that Franchise was still out there somewhere. There was still a chance - however slim - that he might yet be brought in alive. And, if in the terrible event that the Operator had not survived, then there was another chance - equally slim - that he might bring those responsible to justice, ideally through the tried and trusted methods at which he and his men excelled.

In his gut, however, he knew that Franchise was already dead. The man had a suicide capsule, after all. He would not have hesitated to use it under the circumstances and, knowing the kind of man he was, would not have begrudged his fate either. And in his gut Mainstay also knew that there would be no follow-up mission to punish those responsible. In the age in which he was unfortunate enough to live, the idea would never even be contemplated, let alone sanctioned. The days when a British subject could hope to be protected and served by those in authority were all but over. If anything, the reverse was now true and, in that moment, he felt a crushing sense of loss, not just for the Operator but for his country as well.

*

Over the next twenty-four hours a steady trickle of intelligence began to filter through to Mainstay's desk. Much of this came from MI6 who, in conjunction with other agencies around the world, had started to piece together elements of the Operator's story from the moment he'd disappeared in Belfast to his dramatic reappearance in the Yucatán almost a week later. Included in this intelligence was a string of articles about the shooting that had appeared in the Mexican press, complete with photographs of the battle-scarred, blood-spattered petrol station. While relatively light on detail, they confirmed that no corpses had been found and no arrests made, and that while the police strongly suspected the drug cartels the identity of those responsible remained unknown.

For a while, it looked like things would stay that way. Then, two days later, Mainstay's worst fears were confirmed by an urgent communication from MI6's Mexico Office. Several newspaper clippings were attached. They told of the bullet-riddled corpse of an adult male that had been recovered by fisherman off the Yucatán coast the night before. Included in the reports was an artist's impression of the unidentified man's face - a face that bore an uncanny resemblance to Franchise's - and Mainstay, for one, was left in no doubt that it was indeed his.

*

Not far from Credenhill, on the edge of the Brecon Beacons National Park, there is an isolated old farmhouse that had served as Mainstay's home ever since he assumed command of the SRR some three years earlier. It is a simple, cozy, wisteria-clad affair with a slate roof, dormer windows and an acre of garden distinguished by a lawn so well maintained that it would put the outfield at

OPTIMAL FUEL
FIRST EDITION
YOUR NUTRITION PLAYBOOK
It's Time.
Available very soon
Sponsored by The Workkitchen

BLOOD OF THE LEVANT

ABDULLAH YOUSEF

Lord's Cricket Ground to shame.

The interior layout includes a spacious study on the ground floor that enjoys spectacular views of the Black Mountains to the southwest. That night, however, as the Scotsman sat at his desk with a large glass of Glenmorangie in his hand, the curtains had been drawn and his attention was wholly focused on the signed limited-edition print that hung on the wall above the blazing fireplace in front of him.

For the most part, this artwork is characterized by the deep, velvety blue of a cold midwinter night, illuminated in places by white pinpricks of falling snow and the incandescent glare of two magnesium flares as they float gently and sedately down towards the earth. The scene they reveal, however, is anything but gentle or sedate, for hidden within the darker shadows a handful of men dressed in combat fatigues can be seen assaulting an enemy machine gun post, their bayonets fixed, their rifles blazing, the bodies of the dead and the dying strewn across the frozen ground around them.

The painting, by renowned British artist Terence Cuneo, is called *Battle for Tumbledown* Mountain. It commemorates the events of the night of 14th June 1982, when men of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards were tasked with taking the Argentinian positions there during the Falklands Campaign. The assault started out badly for the Scotsmen after they stumbled into an undetected minefield, immediately sustaining several casualties. Then, inevitably, the exploding mines attracted the unwanted attention of the enemy, and they spent the next four hours pinned down by a relentless barrage of mortar, grenade, machine gun and sniper fire, sustaining many more casualties in the process.

For a long while their attack had faltered and it probably would have been abandoned altogether had it not been for the actions of their Company Commander, a young officer of Highland extraction whose ancestors had specialized in fighting hard and dying well. He'd roamed the battlefield ceaselessly, apparently oblivious to the incoming fire, rallying his men, checking the wounded, and eventually leading a counterattack so devastating that it swept the enemy from its position, thereby turning the tide of not just the battle but the war itself.

The officer in question could clearly be seen in the picture, and though many years had passed since then he still had the bayonet that had served him so well that night. He kept it as a paperweight on his desk and he picked it up now, running his thumb over its sharpened edge. Then, turning his attention back to the present he thought about the Operator, his death in Mexico and the cynical response by those in authority who'd abandoned him in his hour of need.

For most men it would have been the end of the matter. But as his actions on that cold South Atlantic night had shown, Mainstay was not like most men. He was used to taking hard knocks, used to getting up at the count of nine, and as he sipped at his malt whisky he found himself considering many things up to and including the possibility of 'taking the matter into his own hands'.

It wasn't just that he wanted to avenge the Operator's death. It was that deep down inside he knew that the terrorists responsible had been up to something, something so big that the Operator had given his life to try and stop it. And he knew he'd be damned if he was going to let the man's sacrifice be in vain. If that meant cutting corners, then so be it. He was tired of playing the game. Tired of obeying the rules. He was tired of all the politics and the diplomacy and the bureaucracy and the bullshit...

Briefly, he toyed with the idea of leaking the story to the press in the hope of embarrassing the government into action, but dismissed it knowing that the authorities would just hide behind the Official Secrets Act and wrap the whole thing up in red tape. Besides, somehow that didn't seem the appropriate route. He needed something more direct, something more resolute and defiant, and recalling a conversation he'd once had with an old friend long ago, he reached for the telephone on his desk. The lightweights had had their chance and blown it. It was time to call in the Heavy Brigade. ■

Lost Causes *is available now from Amazon.*

MOMBACHO
MOMBACHOCIGARS.COM
1925
CASA FAVILL
MOMBACH
CIGARS S.A.
Cigars of Nicaragua
COSECHA 2015
COSECHA 2015
10% off all
Mombacho cigars
with the code
"rawegg"